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ARTS

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An Interview with Hannah Höch

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Paris and New York—the two art capitals of the world today—are surveyed in this third volume of ARTS YEARBOOK. Aware of the diversities of style and idea, the differences in generation and point of view that make the art of these two cities what it is, ARTS YEARBOOK 3 looks at the thriving current scene thoroughly and presents its rich complexity. Outstanding French and American writers examine the work of contemporary painters and sculptors, new and established. Their work is further revealed through numerous full-color plates and black-and-white illustrations. This comprehensive, well-illustrated volume includes:

- ◆ Profiles of French and American artists by outstanding writers. In Paris—Vieira da Silva, Jean Dubuffet, Pierre Tal Coat, Alberto Giacometti and Jean Helion; in New York—Milton Avery, Ben Bann, Ellsworth Kelly, Franz Kline, Louise Nevelson, Richard Pousette-Dart and Richard Stankiewicz. A full-page photograph of the artist in his studio accompanies each profile.

- ◆ A color portfolio of twenty-four plates. The works of significant contemporary artists are presented in color, each accompanied by a short commentary. This is the only available comprehensive survey in color of today's art in Paris and New York.

- ◆ Two important essays—"Jackson Pollock and Nicolas de Stael" by Hilton Kramer, and "French Art and the Post-war Crisis" by Martin W. Ray.

- ◆ An eighteen-page camera study of Paris and New York from the turn of the century to the present time. The two very different milieus are seen through the camera work of Alvin Langdon Coburn, Alfred Stieglitz, Eugene Atget, Lewis Hine, Paul Strand, Robert Frank and others.

- ◆ Guide maps to galleries and museums in Paris and New York. Every art gallery and museum in Paris and New York is indicated on the maps, and the accompanying directories give street addresses and telephone numbers as well as a brief summary of gallery and museum activities.

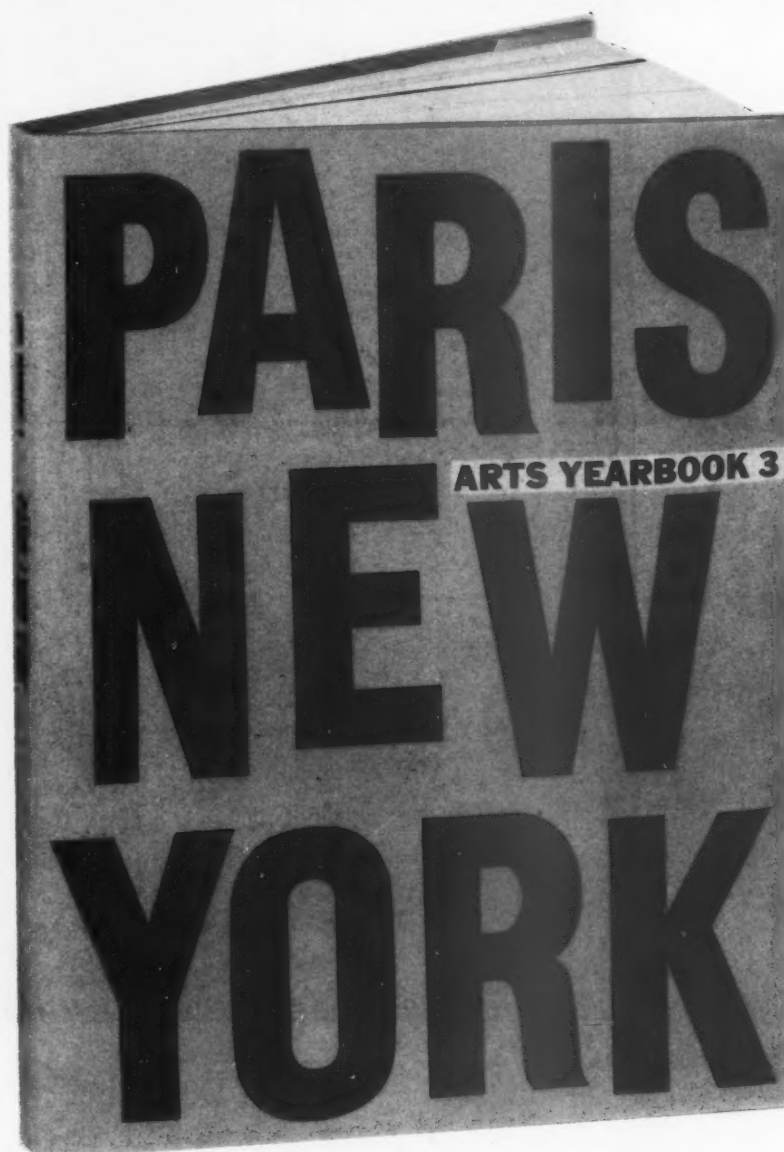
- ◆ A selection of recent French art criticism. The most significant French writings on art of the past decade are culled for this selection; much of the criticism is here translated for the first time.

- ◆ ARTS YEARBOOK 3 catches the creative excitement, mirrors the controversy and complexity that make art a part of life in Paris and New York. It is comprehensive in its outlook and draws on a wide range of critical talent to survey the present scene. A source of valuable information, fully illustrated, it is a volume of interest to everyone involved in the present international art scene.

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ARTS

December 1959/Vol. 34, No. 3

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Contributors

Edouard Roditi, whose interview with Hannah Höch is featured in this issue, will publish a collection of his interviews with European artists next spring in London. Another in the series, his interview with Gabriële Münter, will appear in ARTS next month. Mr. Roditi is a regular contributor to art and literary magazines here and abroad. He has recently returned to Europe after a three-month visit to New York and Chicago. Next year *The Literary Review*, a quarterly published by Fairleigh Dickinson University, New Jersey, will devote a special section to Mr. Roditi's contribution to American and European letters over the past thirty years.

Vincent Longo, painter, printmaker and critic, is on the art faculty of Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont. He formerly conducted the "Studio Talk" column for ARTS. A feature story on his own woodcuts appeared in the April, 1959, number.

John Anthony Thwaites writes often on the contemporary art scene in Germany and in this number turns his attention to an important exhibition of Chinese painting. Mr. Thwaites' report on the "Documenta II" show appeared in last month's ARTS, and further articles will appear in forthcoming numbers.

Sidney Geist, who reviews the new Grove Press book on *Three American Sculptors*, is a frequent contributor. He was a visiting professor at the University of California in Berkeley last year. He recently contributed an article on sculpture to the magazine *It Is*.

Donald Sutherland, who reviews the New York Graphic Society's volume on *Etruscan Art*, is on the faculty of classical literature at the University of Colorado. His essay on "The Future of Pompeian Painting" appeared in our June number. His essays and reviews have also

appeared in *The Kenyon Review* and the *New Republic*.

On the Cover

Medardo Rosso, *Ecce Puer* (1906); courtesy Peridot Gallery. See Hilton Kramer's article on the rediscovery of the artist, pages 30-37.

Forthcoming

James R. Mellow writes on the painting of Alfred Maurer . . . Sidney Geist writes on Carola Giedeon-Welcker's new study of the sculptor Brancusi . . . Alfred Werner is preparing a critical essay on James Ensor, on the occasion of an important new study of the artist . . . Hilton Kramer writes on the German Expressionists . . .

Features

24 Interview with Hannah Höch BY EDOUARD RODITI

Berlin's original Dadaist group—and what became of it—is recalled by one of the earliest and most active of the participants, now living in near-obscurity.

30 Medardo Rosso BY HILTON KRAMER

Recognized in his lifetime as a rival of Rodin, the Italian artist now recaptures attention as a precursor of contemporary trends in sculpture.

38 Peterdi as Printmaker BY VINCENT LONGO

His current retrospective exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum and the publication of his *Printmaking* doubly mark a stage in the career of a prolific artist.

42 The Chinese Looking Glass BY JOHN ANTHONY THWAITES

Munich's Haus der Kunst presents "A Thousand Years of Chinese Painting," an exhibition which draws upon the treasures of noted collections across the world.

Departments

7 Letters

11 Auctions

13 People in the Arts

15 Editorial

17 Books

Reviews by Sidney Geist, Creighton Gilbert and Donald Sutherland.

20 London BY ALAN BOWNESS

Smith, Denny and Rumney in "Place"; a Malevich exhibition at the Whitechapel; the Swiss fortnight; a promising season.

23 Nationwide Exhibitions

"Four Abstract Classicists" in Los Angeles; Julius Hatofsky in Chicago.

48 Month in Review BY HILTON KRAMER

The Wright-Sweeney collaboration at the Guggenheim Museum.

53 Margaret Breuning

54 In the Galleries

72 Where To Show

74 Calendar of Exhibitions

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LETTERS

Names or Self-Portraits

To the Editor:

Concerning the review "Names or Self-Portraits" by Lionel Abel, I should like to say the following.

It was unfortunate for the readers of ARTS that the editors saw fit to have the important new work, *The Philosophy of Art History*, by Arnold Hauser reviewed by a poet and playwright rather than a philosopher or art historian.

Mr. Abel, who is "dazzled" by the historicist philosophy of Wölfflin and gives the impression that he has just stumbled on this theory in Hauser's book, is entrusted with the task of reviewing this work. For Mr. Abel, as he states, "the very idea [Wölfflin's] is fantastic and induces one—me at least—to fantasy." He further warns that Hauser's "many arguments against Wölfflin—cannot but convince one," but, sic, "we do not have Wölfflin's rebuttal."

There is too much fantasy in this review. Mr. Abel is carried away with what he imagines he has discovered in the theories of Wölfflin to explain the Soviet dislike of abstract art. His poetic fancy about those "five pages" (I counted twenty in the Vintage edition) devoted to Shakespeare in Mr. Hauser's *Social History of Art* of which Mr. Abel says, "would be scarcely enough space to say anything significant even about a single one of Shakespeare's sonnets," is an idea a bit overly romantic. The back cover of the Vintage edition of *The Social History of Art* carries a statement by Thomas Mann, part of which I quote here. "His [Hauser's] brilliant study of Shakespeare and Tolstoi belong to the best pages I have ever read about the complex nature of the man of Genius."

Now on Mr. Abel's admissions of his own shortcomings, "that I am even qualified to criticize it" (Wölfflin's idea), or "Hauser has read everything, that is to say, more than I have," or again, "I tend to think, not being an art historian, in terms of what happened in literature," it might have been unfair of the editors to expect Mr. Abel to judge objectively the many profound observations of Arnold Hauser in this major work.

PHILIP STEIN
River Vale, New Jersey

To the Editor:

Mr. Lionel Abel, in his review of Arnold Hauser's *Philosophy of Art History* in the October ARTS, asks "... why should a bureaucratic ruling class be committed to representational painting and opposed to an abstract art which would seem to be quite free of political overtones and which tends inherently toward the decorative?" The bureaucratic ruling class he refers to is the present Russian one. I should like to give Mr. Abel my answer.

Abstract art is useless to the Soviets because it is a-political. It is dangerous to them because it communicates ideas and feelings which find their source in the free spirit of the artist and which cannot be subjugated to satisfy the demands of a despotic system. Consider Mondrian. He exerted the energies of a lifetime to discover the ultimate in purity and intensity of expression in terms congenial to him. His art is almost a moral act, it is so full of conviction. It certainly isn't decorative. One cannot imagine Mondrian submitting to the will of the Soviets to paint propaganda portraits, or design posters glorifying the fulfillment of work quotas; nor Cézanne, Pollock, De Kooning, Kline or Rothko.

Mr. Abel, the existence of abstract art implies the right of the artist to paint according to the

dictates of his will and sensibility. Artists may disagree violently with each other about other things, but they all agree that freedom is essential if art is to flourish. This message is implicit in the most decorative and ornamental of abstract works. That is what makes them abhorrent to those politicians who fear, hate or distrust non-representational art.

ROBERT REIFF
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont

To the Editor:

At the root of Lionel Abel's failure to recognize the significance of Arnold Hauser's work lie his own shallow subjectivism and his propensity toward ideas which titillate rather than stand up to factual truth. Commitment, on Mr. Abel's terms, is "the radicalism of arbitrarily adapting extreme views." This is not commendable in my view, nor does it elucidate either art or history.

In our time of suspension of standards and muddled value judgments of an art criticism deteriorated to the level of unreadable semantics, an erudite historical analysis such as Hauser's is a contribution to a genuine understanding of art and artists not to be depreciated.

VERA DEUTSCH
Kew Gardens, New York

Critics of American Painting

To the Editor:

Although I agree that much of art criticism is obscure today, I cannot agree with Mr. Hilton Kramer when he lays the blame for this on the "poetic" critics. Obscurity in criticism is caused by obscurity in the paintings. The critics mentioned are not being "demagogic," nor do they lack "private sensibility." That is all they have and all that the painters have. Mr. Kramer does not tell us how the "Great American Artists Series" could be more "clear" and "intelligent," but I think that this could only have been achieved if the critics (of De Kooning, Pollock and Davis) had limited themselves to a description of the formal relationships between the plastic elements. But if Mr. Kramer wants an "elucidation of the work of art itself," he will have to expect the critic to tell his audience what the work of art may mean.

That some of Pollock's paintings should remind Mr. O'Hara of themes in the Romulus and Remus myth is a perfectly valid interpretation, given the fact that there are qualities in the designs of Pollock which are similar to qualities described as belonging to Romulus and Remus situations. Because the qualities of so many contemporary paintings are general or "obscure," the paintings may be interpreted as having many different meanings, all of them equally valid as long as the qualities of one meaning are consistent with the other. "Poetic" criticism does not have explicit ("precise") meaning because what it is criticizing does not have explicit meaning.

JONATHAN GALLOWAY
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

To the Editor:

I should like to congratulate Mr. Kramer for blasting, in so lucid a manner, the many irresponsible so-called critics of American painting. Much of the current outflow of words seems to be an attempt, on the critic's part, to sell himself as an esoteric poet. I, for one, am quite fed up with all the interpretive and evaluative verbiage presented as valid observations by self-appointed

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LETTERS

arbiters of good and bad painting. Perhaps someday there will be books that present many good reproductions of an artist's work in chronological sequence, with a limited amount of words supplied by the artist himself.

JOHN DEGATINA
Hollywood, California

To the Editor:

In the October issue of ARTS you criticized Mr. E. C. Goossen's book on Stuart Davis. Your criticism was extremely disappointing because it failed completely to grasp the issues brought up by Mr. Goossen. You missed the point in insisting that author Goossen dwell on subject matter in Stuart Davis' paintings.

I would like to call your attention to page 19 in Mr. Goossen's book and to the following quotation: "It no longer made any difference what subject matter he chose, whether landscape or the kind of still life Cézanne had painted in order to analyze form in terms of planes of color. The pictorial organization was now what really mattered to Davis."

It is obvious that a good job of criticism would have consisted of dealing with that statement prior to inquiries about Davis' use of jazz symbols or the city for subject matter. It is ridiculous to stress subject matter when considering Stuart Davis. Did Stuart Davis consider the egg beater to have some great importance in a literary sense? ...

PETER A. STODDER
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

By now it should be clear that the commercial and materialistic world of dealers and their galleries is mortally opposed to the aesthetic and more spiritual striving of real painters. (Although paradoxically it must feed on it.) Against hope and for its own reasons art criticism has always tried to intermediate. In rare cases writing has risen above the journalistic, and as pure prose became equal—a creative effort alongside another creative effort. Whatever you say about T. B. Hess's writing, it is no worse than your own and certainly more devoted. While sometimes the miracle happens in *Art News*, I have never come across an inspiring beautiful line, an insight, some humorous words exactly to the point in your ARTS.

ANNE SEITZ
New York City

Angels and Obelisks

To the Editor:

Thank you for publishing Vernon Young's splendid examination of "The Cycles of Rome." The writing itself has the rich texture of his subject, and its movement. Seldom is such brilliant description combined with scholarship and taste to re-create so large an image.

ANNE MACGREGOR
Halifax, Nova Scotia

To the Editor:

It was ironical to read "Angels and Obelisks: The Cycles of Rome" immediately following your criticism of the ultra-poetic language as expressed in "Critics of American Painting."

ALFRED HALL
Iowa City, Iowa

To the Editor:

In reply to Vernon Young's question, "Is it, after all, too Elizabethan a conceit . . . ?"; yea.

LOUIS GREEN
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Accolade

To the Editor:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on your present policy. The hard examination of the contemporary art scene is something badly needed. To constantly re-examine values is an important job. You are doing it well.

JACK McLARTY
Museum Art School
Portland Art Museum
Portland, Oregon

Information Requested: Whittredge

To the Editor:

I am preparing a monograph on the nineteenth-century American painter Worthington Whittredge (1820-1910), and would appreciate information on his activities, as well as information on paintings held by private collectors.

SADAYOSHI OMOTO
Assistant Professor of Art
Wayne State University
450 West Kirby
Detroit 2, Michigan

Thefts Reported

To the Editor:

A theft of two pieces of sculpture occurred October 20 in our gallery. Stolen were a bronze horse by Ewald Mataré and a bronze horse by Renée Sintenis. Evidence points to a man aged about seventy who was in our gallery, well dressed in a gray overcoat and a plaid scarf. He spoke with a heavy Southwestern accent. Please print a few lines warning galleries of this kleptomaniac and warning private collectors against purchase of these items—so as to keep this theft an isolated incident and prevent it from becoming one of a series.

KLEEMANN GALLERIES, INC.
New York City

To the Editor:

This Embassy has been informed that a painting by Adriaen Brouwer has been stolen from the State Gallery in Hannover (Niedersächsische Landesgalerie, Hannover), Germany, on Monday, September 7, 1959. There is reason for suspicion that this picture might have been brought abroad and that attempts will be made to sell it. I add a translation of its description: "Adriaen Brouwer (1605-1638), *Sausage-Eating at the Chopping Block*, c. 1624-25. Oil/wood, 11½ inches high, 9½ inches wide. Since 1924, collection Dr. M. von Valkenburg, Laren. 1933, bought for a Hannover collection. Literature: W. Bode, *Adriaen Brouwer*, Berlin, 1924, p. 49f, pic. 20."

The interested party would appreciate very much if any indication which might help recover the stolen picture would be given either to this Embassy or directly to the Director of the State Gallery of Lower Saxony (Address: Direktion der Niedersächsischen Landesgalerie, Hannover, Am Maschpark 5, Germany), or to the Police Department concerned (Address: 3 Kriminalkommissariat, Hannover, Germany).

HANS ARNOLD, First Secretary
Embassy, Federal Republic of Germany
Washington, D.C.

Correction

In the November ARTS' "Notes on Masson and Pollock," the source of two works by Jackson Pollock was improperly acknowledged. *Ocean Graveness* (1953) is in the collection of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, and *Totem I* (1944) in the collection of Mrs. Emily Walker, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

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Recent Works

AUCTIONS

Portrait by Rubens Brings \$98,000 in Sale at Sotheby's

PETER PAUL RUBEN'S *Head of a Bearded Man* was sold for £35,000 (approximately \$98,000) at Sotheby's in London on November 18. The work derived from Kingston Hall, Nottingham, residence of the late Sir John Leigh, and was purchased by Edward Speelman, London dealer.

The Rubens figured among 145 items in the November 18 sale, which brought a total of \$730,000. Thomas Gainsborough's full-length portrait of *Anne, Countess of Chesterfield*, was sold for \$95,200. Two paintings by George Stubbs were purchased for \$53,200, and a Guardi and Canaletto brought \$40,600 and \$14,000 respectively.

Rivera Collection Auctioned for \$167,850 at Parke-Bernet

TWENTY-SEVEN paintings by Diego Rivera, the controversial Mexican artist who died two years ago, were sold for a total of \$167,850 in a sale at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on October 28. The top price, \$17,000, was brought by the 1914 Cubist portrait, *Jeune Homme au Stylographe*, purchased by the Iolas Gallery bidding in behalf of a Mexican collector.

The Rivera collection, primarily from his Cubist period, was originally formed by the late D. Enrique Freyman, cultural attaché for Mexico in Paris. The works were auctioned at Parke-Bernet by order of their unidentified Swiss owner.

AUCTION CALENDAR

December 2, at 1:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Valuable precious-stone jewelry, from private owners, including estates of the late Muriel McCormick Hubbard and Gertrude Corbitt. Exhibition now; closes at 5:00 p.m. on Tuesday.

December 3, 4 & 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American and English ceramics, glass and other decorative objects, American furniture. Part II (final) of the collection formed by D. Omer Tobias, removed from Piqua, Ohio, and sold by order of the receiver. Exhibition now.

December 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Americana and first editions, from the libraries of Whitman Bennett and others. Of particular interest are a complete unpublished Lafcadio Hearn manuscript, a copy of the first appearance in book form of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and the rare first edition (1736) of a description of the Pequot War by Major John Mason. Exhibition now.

December 9, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of modern paintings, drawings and sculpture. The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sair, Winnipeg, Manitoba, sold by their order, and from other owners, including Mr. and Mrs. Sam Peck, Little Rock, Arkansas. Featured are the widely exhibited and recorded small canvases by Cézanne, *Vénus et l'Amour*, a pastel portrait by Mary Cassatt of *Two Sisters*, and Monet's pastel *Portrait of Suzanne, the Artist's Sister*. Other artists represented include Henri Rousseau, Soutine, Pissarro, Sisley, Vlaminck, Braque, Gris, Picasso, as well as Corot, Delacroix, Degas, Fantin-Latour,

Guillaumin and Bonnard. Drawings include works by Gauguin, Seurat, Degas and Cézanne. Sculptures offer Epstein's portraits of Vaughan Williams and Tagore and examples by Daumier, Kolbe, Rodin. Exhibition from December 5.

December 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, old-master paintings. Estate of the late Gertrude Corbitt, New York, sold by order of the executors. Old-master paintings in the sale are highlighted by a notable series of three historical pieces, fully signed by David Teniers the Younger and Jan van Kessel; a pair of *Pastorales* by Jacques Philippe Caresme; two fine genre pieces by Teniers; and *Peasants at a Well* by Mathieu le Nain. Exhibition from December 5.

December 17 & 18, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and English furniture and decorations, property of Mrs. Florence S. K. Fleeson and other owners. Exhibition from December 12.

January 6 & 7, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Pre-Columbian art, property of James Arthur Ewing and other owners. Books on Mexico and Central America—history, conquests, archaeology, antiquities—collected by the late D. Enrique Freyman, former cultural attaché of the Mexican government in Paris, and sold by order of a Swiss private owner. Exhibition from December 29.

January 8 & 9, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, estate of the late Benjamin J. Duveen and other owners. Exhibition from December 29.

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ARTS

PEOPLE IN THE ARTS

An exhibition and sale for artist **Nell Blaine** is currently being conducted (until December 19) by the **Poindexter Gallery**. Miss Blaine, who was stricken with polio while visiting Greece last summer, is now recovering in a New York hospital. Among the numerous artists contributing works to the sale are **Milton Avery**, **Leland Bell**, **Richard Diebenkorn**, **Adolph Gottlieb**, **Robert Goodnough**, **Philip Guston**, **Grace Hartigan**, **William Kienbusch**, **Elaine de Kooning**, **Robert Motherwell**, **Ad Reinhardt**, **Hyde Solomon** and **Saul Steinberg**.

Gabor Peterdi was awarded the first prize of \$2,500 for his etching *Triumph of Weed* in the **Associated American Artists' twenty-fifth anniversary competition**. Second prize of \$1,000 was won by **Gerson Leiber** for his etching *Stockholders' Meeting*, and two third prizes of \$750 each went to **Calvin Burnett** for his woodcut *Neighbor* and **Arthur Danto** for *Posture of Contemplation*, also a woodcut. Winners of \$500 purchase awards were **Harold Altman**, **Ruth Cyril**, **Werner Drewes**, **Joseph Hirsch**, **Harry Hoehn**, **Y. Hnizdovsky**, **Mervin Jules**, **Chaim Koppelman** and **Carol Summers**. **A. Hyatt Mayor**, Curator of Prints of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, **Una Johnson**, Curator of Prints of the Brooklyn Museum, and **William Collins**, Curator of Prints of the Clark Art Institute, comprised the jury of selection and award.

Marc Chagall has been appointed artist-in-residence at **Brandeis University** in Waltham, Massachusetts. He will assume his post in January. During his residence, which under the terms of the program may be from two months to a semester, the artist will execute a ceramic mural in the university's new library. The artist-in-residence program has been made possible by a grant from Mr. Jack I. Poses, a Brandeis trustee. Chagall is the first artist to be appointed to the residency.

Boris Margo, painter and printmaker, has been appointed artist-in-residence for the fall term at **Michigan State University**.

Guest artists at the **University of California** in Berkeley for the year 1959-60 are **Charles Cajori** and **Wolf Kahn**, painters, and **Raymond Rocklin**, sculptor.

Miss Frieda Tenenbaum has recently been appointed curator for the **Heckscher Museum** in Huntington, Long Island. A graduate of Queens College, with a major in art history, and a student toward a Ph.D. in the Department of Art and Archaeology at Columbia University, Miss Tenenbaum comes to the Heckscher Museum after a fifteen-month training-program fellowship at the Brooklyn Museum.

Reginald H. Neal has recently been appointed University Professor at **Rutgers**, the State University of New Jersey, and Chairman of the Douglass College Art Department. He holds degrees from Bradley University and the University of Chicago. Before assuming his position at Rutgers, Mr. Neal was chairman of the Art Department at Millikin University, director of the Decatur Art Center in Illinois, chairman of the Art Department at the University of Mississippi and professor of art at the University of Southern Illinois.

Katherine Kuh has been appointed art critic for the pages of the **Saturday Review**, succeeding **James Thrall Soby**, who resigned from the post.

From 1957 until her resignation last summer, Mrs. Kuh was curator of painting and sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago, having been editor of its *Quarterly* since 1946. Mrs. Kuh organized the exhibition "American Artists Paint the City" for the 1956 Venice Biennale. She is the author of *Art Has Many Faces* and *Léger*.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III has been elected President of the **Museum of Modern Art** in New York. She succeeds **William A. M. Burden**, who resigned to become U. S. Ambassador to Belgium. Dr. Henry Allen Moe has succeeded her as Chairman of the Board, and Mr. Burden, who was elected President in 1953, remains a trustee.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Director of Collections of the Museum of Modern Art, was awarded the Commander's Cross of the **Order of Merit** of the Federal Republic of Germany in a recent ceremony in New York. Dr. Bruno E. Werner, Cultural Counselor of the German Embassy in Washington, cited Mr. Barr as the introducer of modern German art to the American public, recalling especially an exhibition he directed in 1931, and his 1957 presentation at the Modern of "Twentieth-Century German Art."

The election of **Mrs. John Wintersteen** as Chairman of the Board of Governors of the **Philadelphia Museum of Art** has been announced by Mr. George D. Widener, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. She succeeds Mr. R. Sturgis Ingersoll, who will continue to serve as President.

The **Cooper Union** in New York City marked the hundredth anniversary of its opening on November 2 with an academic convocation on "New Values in Science, Art and Society." Sir **Kenneth Clark**, chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, **Sir John Cockcroft**, member of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and winner of the Nobel prize for physics, **Dr. Harold C. Urey**, winner of the Nobel prize for chemistry, and **Lester B. Pearson**, former president of the General Assembly of the United Nations and a winner of the Nobel peace prize, addressed the audience.

OBITUARIES

Edgar C. Schenck, director of the Brooklyn Museum, died on November 16 in Istanbul, Turkey, where he had been stricken with a heart attack while on a lecture tour for the State Department. The author of *Expressionism in American Painting* and other volumes, Mr. Schenck had also contributed extensively to periodicals, among them ARTS. Educated at Princeton, he had made archaeological field trips to France, Italy and Syria. He was forty-nine years old.

William E. Suida, authority on Italian Renaissance masters and curator of research since 1947 for the Samuel H. Kress Foundation, died in New York on October 30 at the age of eighty-two.

Arthur Swann, noted authority on rare books and a director and vice-president of Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York, died of a heart attack on November 12 at the age of eighty-four.

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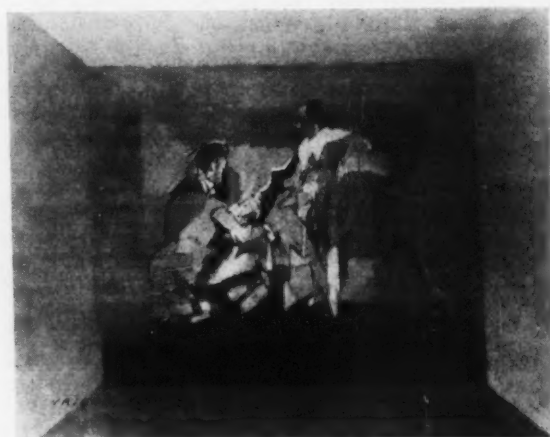
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ARTS

December 1959

EDITORIAL

"The American Imagination"

THE Goncourt brothers thought the Universal Exposition of the 1860's represented "the Americanization of France." For them, it was "the final blow leveled at the past . . . industry lording it over art, the steam thresher displacing painting . . ." How innocent they were! How little they realized that when the time came to level the European cultural past, it would not be done in the name of technology but in the name of—art!

Reading the special number of the London *Times Literary Supplement* (November 6) devoted to "The American Imagination: Its Strength and Scope," one could see at a glance how refined, how completely workable, the leveling machinery had already become in the official culture of Great Britain. The *Times Literary Supplement* speaks for the cultivated Briton at his snobbish best. It represents itself as standing for responsible literary taste, for scrupulous scholarship in history and the arts and for literary and artistic values of a seriousness which precludes the least vulnerability to passing fads. Many Americans read the *TLS* as an aesthetic fairy tale in which "good" (classical learning, French literature and truly interesting historical personalities) always triumphs over "evil" (boorish American scholarship, contemporary novels and bothersome social issues). In truth, the *TLS* does bring the American reader a kind of informed literary reportage on an international scale which does not now exist—and shows no promise of ever existing—in his own country. Yet one doubts that its characteristic tone of authority will ever again sound quite the same to American readers after this special number on "The American Imagination."

The atmosphere for this number is set by the lead photograph—"Jackson Pollock in Action"—and by the lead-off poem, an interminable farce called *Death to Van Gogh's Ear* by Allen Ginsberg. There are articles on American poetry, short-story writing, ballet, Broadway and off-Broadway theater, the universities, the Jewish influence in American writing and, alas, even American advertising. Painting is allotted two essays—"The Abstract Image" and "The Realist's Predicament"—and there are articles on architecture and art collecting. The emphasis is everywhere the same: whatever the subject, the going fashion is taken at its own evaluation, and the most carefully promoted reputations are confirmed with an air of wonder that anyone could ever have considered them otherwise. Article after article reads like a six months' accumulation of *Time's* back-of-the-book chatter siphoned through *Partisan Review* and enunciated in one of those smug B.B.C. accents. There isn't an original observation, an independent judgment or a new idea in the whole bundle.

THE essentially adventitious character of this whole enterprise is not difficult to fathom. The quantity of American advertising which gluts the pages of this special number speaks clearly enough for its success as a canny publishing idea. The number of copies printed for American distribution, said to be one hundred thousand, underscores the opportunism clearly visible in the writing itself. For what marks this number of the *TLS* above all is the modification of standards it represents. Reading it, one has the image of a cultivated English gentleman, perhaps the fellow of a fashionable Oxford college and a frequenter of the better London clubs, a man of classical education, conservative politics and enlightened literary taste, sitting down to write a popular guide to the culture of a tribe of savages who have recently come into vogue. Of course he wouldn't think of applying the standards of his own culture to this tribe—that would be absurd. He takes it all pretty much at the word of the missionaries, who, of course, have gotten it straight from the witch doctors. He makes it all seem very picturesque, charming, vital and foreign. One can imagine what this writer says to his friends about all this stuff—one can imagine it because what he says to his friends has been the point of view put forth, until now, week after week in the *TLS* for years. So far as American arts and letters are concerned, the *TLS* has moved from a position of snobbish contempt to one of wholesale (if condescending) embrace in one brisk jump.

We know, of course, what sparked this jump—in a word: success. The phenomena of American culture, both the good and the worst, have come increasingly to attract the attention and emulation of younger writers and artists in Britain, and there is an enormous audience now for anything American. The *TLS* has obviously felt the need to catch up, to get into step with something it considered odious only the other day. And the method for catching up has not been a disinterested critical examination of the whole subject but the most intellectually spineless groveling before prevailing reputations and inflated vogues.

Perhaps we must put it down to the general wreckage which has followed in the wake of the American imperium. A point of view so securely attached to positions of power was bound, no doubt, to succumb to a new display of power. But the loss is not only Britain's but ours too. One detects no tendency in this country to engage in anything resembling serious self-examination, and an organ like the *TLS* might have made itself an instrument for precisely the detached critical mind we so badly need. It has chosen instead to make itself part of the unhappy evidence.

H.K.

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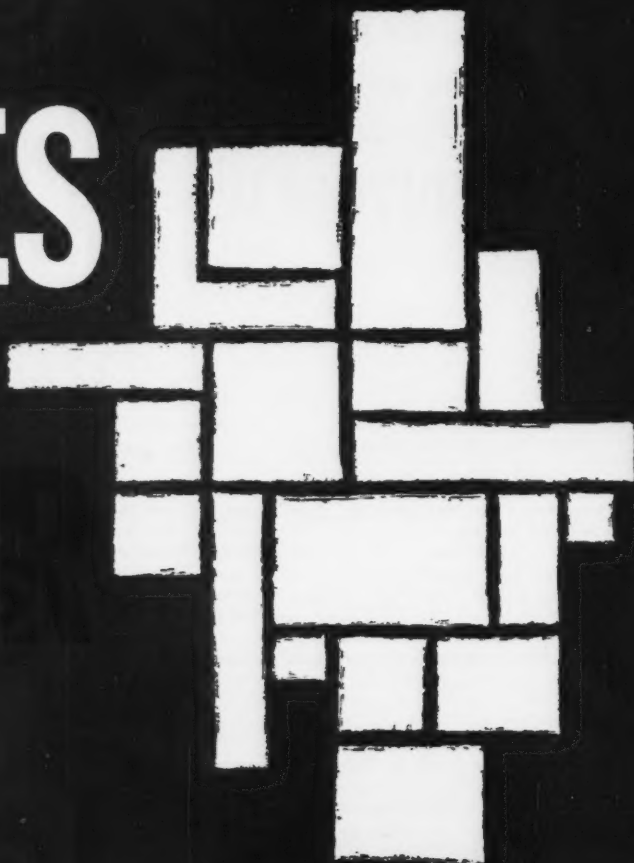
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ARTS

BOOKS

FERBER, HARE, LASSAW: THREE AMERICAN SCULPTORS by E. C. Goossen, R. Goldwater and I. Sandler. Grove Press. \$3.95 in boards; \$1.95 in paper.

ARTISTS and amateurs of the arts in the United States have for years regarded the inexpensive, illustrated French art-monograph with an admiration highly alloyed with envy. These emotions will only be intensified by *Three American Sculptors*, the first sign of what promises to be a shower of slender volumes devoted to American artists.

One would have thought that the inescapable characteristic of a volume of seventy-five pages and eight thousand words of text would be unity, oneness; yet this slight volume creates an impression of confusion both physically and editorially. Papers and printing methods, three sculptors, three writers, notes and listings tangle in a small scope. The volume offers no rationale, no claim, perhaps, of the pre-eminence of American sculpture or of the eminence of these sculptors—nothing, in short, to explain the presence here of these artists and writers. Nothing, that is, but a note on the next-to-the-last page to the effect that all sculptures, unless otherwise credited, are from the collection of the Kootz Gallery . . .

Two of the essays in this book are virtual anthologies of the troubles that beset American art criticism. All bad art criticism may be said to suffer from bad writing and bad thinking. But bad American art criticism suffers from two troubles special to it, (1) an inadequate grasp of the rules of grammar and of literary usage and taste at the elementary level (two of the present writers are unconvinced of the need for agreement between subject and verb), and (2) a dread of being boring, a straining to be interesting. This criticism assumes that thinking is not thinking unless it is knotted, complicated, difficult. It employs a fanciful vocabulary and indulges in the reaching for profundity and the soaring flight into mixed metaphor that go below and above, but never to the plane of sense. One would think that direct speech had been banished to other realms of discourse.

As if these difficulties were not sufficient, E. C. Goossen's essay suffers from another besides, namely the intractability of its material. The task of elucidating the sculpture of Ferber is an unenviable one, and may well have been the cause of the clumsy language, lumpy "ideas" and empty rhetoric of this essay. But Mr. Goossen is on his own when he says, in closing his analysis of a sculpture by Ferber, "The twisted, tapering forms seem to symbolize both the coils of the viper and the horns of that African antelope which must be hunted by trained cheetahs, reported to be the fastest animals in the world. One could continue weighing Ferber's sculpture down with 'meanings' . . . still the piece will remain light, airy and ultra-simple." If these "meanings" have weight, if these cheetahs, reported to be the fastest animals in the world, have anything to do with art criticism, then deal me out.

It is a pleasure and a relief in this context to read Robert Goldwater's article on David Hare. Mr. Goldwater limits himself to what is sayable, leaving the ineffable to poets and other types of genius. It is only a pity that he does not say more. His essay is brief, and since it first appeared in the Winter, 1956-57, issue of *Art in America*, it

does not mention Hare's bronze figures of 1958. Hare's first exhibition at the Kootz Gallery twelve years ago marked a victory of a startling image-making faculty over the sculptural sensibility. But it was a victory he could not sustain, and his work has deteriorated regularly. In this perspective his figures of 1958, anatomical in spite of their occasional dislocations, are a belated effort of the artist to achieve a sculptural foundation he has never had.

It is apt that, whereas the first two articles here are speculative and descriptive, Irving Sandler's piece on Lassaw is historical. For Lassaw is the only one of these artists who has a history, who dares to, or can, put before the public gaze a work with as early a date as 1938. Mr. Sandler is an able historian (in spite of his personal versions of the names of Lipchitz and Miró), and he has the engaging quality of honesty. This is a quality he should learn to rely on since he errs whenever he enters the field of fine writing. It is fine writing that leads him into an occasional error in judgment, and his effort to employ an honorific vocabulary leads him to misuse words like "interstices" ("centers of concentration at the thickened interstices") and "new" ("the new metals—manganese, . . . iron, zinc, tin, lead, silver . . .").

He is perfectly right, however, when he observes that Lassaw has oscillated between Miró and Mondrian. Lassaw has known both these artists, and certain of his works reflect both their influences. While his most significant—and very beautiful—works are in a softened orthogonal mode, I suspect that Lassaw's natural propensity is toward a biomorphic mode. Up to now he has not been able to rescue his sculptures in this mode from their tendency to look like accidental, "natural" objects rather than artistic constructions.

Ironically, the copyright to these articles on American artists is owned by Georges Fall of Paris. M. Fall is the editor of a series of French monographs on contemporary artists called the "Musée de Poche," and he has announced an edition of *Three American Sculptors* in that series. It is hardly conceivable that that edition will reproduce the format of the present volume. The "Musée de Poche" is altogether charming—beautifully designed and intelligently edited. *They order this matter better in France.*

Sidney Geist

GREAT DRAUGHTSMEN FROM PISANELLO TO PICASSO by Jakob Rosenberg. Harvard University Press. \$12.50.

THE title of this book is unfair to it. Publications with similar names are too often picture-book anthologies with a graceful, hasty introduction by an impressive name. Here the substantial text and 256 mainly full-page illustrations are given to exactly eight artists—which means that each of them is presented in depth. Each has a separate essay of about fifteen pages, which really is an essay on the aesthetic character of the artist and his drawings, neither a learned argument nor amiable guff. In fact this is a serious popular book, something that is done so well and often by the British but seems to make American publishers afraid that the general reader will avoid it. Even its format has this character: it is extremely handsome, but in a sober rather than a sensational way. It seems to expect the reader to look twice to observe how handsome it is.

Along the same lines, Rosenberg shows up as the kind of man who will unself-consciously talk about making an attribution in the same tone he might use about getting a haircut. To him they

are both ordinary parts of life; after all, any such book implies attributions, so they might as well be considered plainly. Yet many art historians (unlike other technicians) would avoid such technical talk. To be sure, a Harvard professor talking to the Lowell Institute can do things that could not be done by a mere mortal talking to the Oshkosh Rotary Club; I suspect even an American-born Harvard professor would feel the inhibition.

The reproductions are in brown rather than black. That is made to order for Rembrandt, and is probably just as good as black for the earliest artists, Pisanello, Leonardo and Raphael, since their paper and ink are often brown now even when they were not originally. It is questionable for Dürer, whose drawings are so much like his etchings as to color quality, and merely odd for Degas and Picasso. It is very wrong for Watteau, who liked red chalk best, but perhaps for him at least it is no worse than black. Just two etchings by Picasso are printed in black. If this was possible, it is fair to complain that no more was done. With a little care drawings almost always reproduce well, and they have certainly received it here. Even so it is too bad that a third of the reproductions (honorably recorded) are taken from other books, some of which in turn took them from still others. Nevertheless the excellent printing work results in a fine show.

Why eight artists, and why these eight? The author is happily informal about the reasons. He had just eight lectures in his series. If he could have added more, he would have first put in Michelangelo and Goya, and then Rubens, but Goya had been the subject of Lowell lectures recently! Michelangelo is less influential than Raphael—the historian's choice—and Rubens however great cannot compete with Rembrandt—the devotee's choice. Readers and especially reviewers are supposed to complain of the selections in books like this, but no one can deny that these eight would have to be included.

The content of the text is conspicuously different in the Rembrandt chapter from all the others. Rembrandt has been the author's lifetime subject, and it is pleasant to think that he can approach him not only with a scholar's understanding of the complexities but with excitement. The two qualities are blended. In no other chapter is there such a rich penumbra of drawings by other artists as those compared with Rembrandt's solutions to similar problems, such a precise pinpointing of expressive devices, or such a solid revelation of the man's maturing experience. This is the boiled-down quintessence of Rosenberg's Rembrandt, which few can match. It can be stimulating to everybody, notably including teachers and students.

If the other chapters lack this keenness and firsthand quality, they can certainly be recommended as reliable and suggestive—which is more than can be said for most art books. The reader who goes through them all without stopping will discover a rather surprising point repeated in each. Rosenberg's aesthetic approval goes to drawings which combine realistic observation with classical form. What makes it surprising is that such an approach would never work for Rembrandt, unless "classical" is wrenched into a much broader meaning than the other cases exemplify. What makes it natural is that drawing can quite normally have this quality: it is very often a notation of something seen, which is soon thereafter translated into the artist's style. The resulting merger of realistic and classical is familiar in some of the artists (I myself once wrote an essay about Degas from this viewpoint) and strange in others, such as Pisanello and Watteau, but it is made convincing in each case. It naturally would not work in other cases, and that is presumably why in his introduction the author does not even mention some great draughtsmen as possible

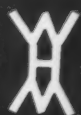


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alternates. For instance, Botticelli would not fit because he is stylized from the first stroke; Poussin is classical, but reaches classical form too soon, without enough realism; Géricault starts from realism, but the style into which he translates is not classical—though as much so as Rembrandt's. On the other hand, Rosenberg's alternates, such as Daumier, Seurat, Cézanne, and those already mentioned, either fit in obviously or could be so interpreted as easily as Pisanello.

Rosenberg does not say whether he is aware of this line of taste, which he can break away from when as deeply committed as he is to Rembrandt. If this were a book about all drawings it would be harmful, since Botticelli would have to be squeezed into it. But since it is a book on a few artists, chosen freely by the author, his definite slant is a virtue because it gives his words an extra ring as he points out specific qualities. One wonders whether this classicism has made him choose only two artists of northern Europe and five from France, Spain and Italy, with Watteau on the fence. Or perhaps, since the alternates are southern too, shall we consider drawing a Mediterranean talent? This serious popular book can be happily recommended for anybody's second exposure to drawings.

Creighton Gilbert

ETRUSCAN ART. Text by Raymond Bloch. New York Graphic Society. \$25.00.

This book is a handsome object to have around, rather another thing to look at closely, and still another to read. Taken simply as belonging to a grandiose phase of the big bound slick, in terms of display, it offers many magnificent and many entertaining pages, but it represents Etruscan art only very spottily.

It was to be expected that the picture book would become an end in itself, abstracted from original paintings and statues and other raw materials to which one ought to be as indifferent as one is to the natural occasions of a Picasso still life, for example, if one is to approach the new object properly, but alas I for one still have the nostalgia of the subject matter and am not content with this creation.

Not at all that it affords nothing so trameled an eye as mine can rejoice in. There are unforced and delectable color plates enough, such as the fold-outs of long sections from the frescoes, the full take of the rather recently discovered winged horses of Tarquinia in color, details from the Tomb of the Augurs, etc., but above all the jewelry. Such offerings may make the book well worth its stiff price to the fans of the originals.

Etruscan art is indeed so heterogeneous a collection of styles and artifacts—including the colossal and the miniature, the vital and the schematic, the fantastic and the literal, in manners both copied and evolved from the Greek, the Oriental, the Italic—that it is a wonder when a book of photographs can give a sense of this wild multiplicity and yet of a specifically Etruscan spirit (say the unsettled and proto-Baroque mixture of verve and languor in a numinosity of the visual, tactile and kinetic senses, to put it compendiously), but this wonder has happened, as in the Skira volume of Etruscan painting and in the Phaidon volume of Etruscan sculpture, so its failure to happen in the present volume may be interesting as well as saddening to the fans.

I think the failure comes from an exasperation of both fashion and scholarship. Many of the objects, especially the jewelry in gold with granulation, are as gorgeously set forth as if they were being advertised for sale by a Milanese branch of Tiffany. Bronzes and terra cottas are heightened by backgrounds of such violent lipstick red or such clammy greens and yellow that the fond contours

of the originals quite squeak under the strain. This forcing to the style of advertising or of the chic magazine can often be amusing—as when a flight of birds is abstracted from its fresco and thrown over a blank page—but it can also be horrible, as when the character of a vase in the "red-figured" style is consumed in a scarlet light, or when the Adonis urn and even the Tarquinian horses are cut out and set raw on the white page, gaining a linear sharpness, a brittle edge and a flatness which are none of their business. Aside from its arrogance on occasion, the color photography is sometimes inexpert even in terms of advertising, as in so lighting a big gold fibula bristling with a regiment of ducks that the shadows of the ducks are more evident than the ducks. In short, the color photography is often occupied with two-dimensional pattern just when the subject is most delicately or elaborately modulating its third dimension. But compared with the black-and-white photography the color seems unwaveringly superb. The perfunctory and cynical factuality of most of the black-and-white plates would be a scandal even in a cheap encyclopedia, and I can only account for this extreme difference by supposing that the crudely neon manner is being deliberately justified by alternation with the crudely scholarly.

The preface, by the Etruscologist Raymond Bloch, makes an interesting demonstration of how scholarship can blandly ally itself with advertising, on a common ground of superiority to art. Where the advertising has used Etruscan art as the raw material of its own sensational product, the preface has converted the art into historical fact. M. Bloch, by a discipline of objectivity, has all but purified his preface of such subjective functions as thought and perception.

He does exhibit neatly enough to the layman the very meager facts about the historical conditions in which Etruscan art was produced, and he ventures to interpret by way of a few anthropological notions so trite they have ceased to be disputed and can feel like fact. Nay, he even quotes from the dithyrambic comments of D. H. Lawrence, for it is a fact that Lawrence made them—but with the caution that they are not objective enough to satisfy a scholar, "sincere" as they are. But Lawrence, however he may have clobbered Etruscological fact or distorted the spirit of the paintings toward his own feeling for the world, was in on the essential—the numinosity of sensuous events, whether hieratized or left loose. Farther in by half than M. Bloch who objectively opines that the intrinsic qualities of Etruscan art are "a personal view of the world, a constant tendency to stylize lines and forms, a strong taste for color, movement, and life." And he adds that these are also the qualities which fascinate contemporary taste.

So gross an aesthetic may speak well for his objectivity, but in order to discriminate the finer qualities and specific vitalities of style in an object one really has to expose one's subjectivity to it a little. Professor Pallottino, who wrote the text to the Skira volume of the paintings, is very close to the paintings, watches every stroke like a hawk and feels it like a painter—the result being an illumination of style as an expression alive in every detail, not just as a fact. And this almost participant criticism must have helped determine a brilliant selection of objects; whereas the indifference of M. Bloch is in collusion with a selection which includes some very dead pieces, excludes both the colossal pieces at the Met and the tiny fantastic bronzes in Italian museums, neglects very seriously the Villanovan element, and, worst of all, leaves most of what is included so haphazardly associated that the sensationalism of an advertising manner does at least help out the book's effect of aspiring to coherence of quality. And to the Christmas spirit.

Donald Sutherland

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Smith, Denny and Rumney in "Place"

... a Malevich exhibition at Whitechapel ... the Swiss fortnight ... a promising season ...

LET me start with our avant-garde—if only to show you that we have one. "Place" at the Institute of Contemporary Arts was the most provocative exhibition we've had in London for some time. It annoyed some of the daily-paper critics, who are usually the mildest of men. Eric Newton in the *Guardian* thought it was silly, but then through a misconception (or an unfortunate misprint) he imagined the exhibition was called "Peace."

One walked into the small I.C.A. Gallery to be confronted with a maze, made up of man-sized paintings not hung on the walls but standing on the floor propped at right angles to one another. The paintings were ingeniously arranged so as to make four vistas, one for each of the three participating artists, and one common one. It was quite easy to distinguish the three men's styles, but by using canvases of uniform size (seven by six feet, or seven by four) and by restricting color to red and green and black and white, they gave the exhibition a unity and made it something more than a three-man show.

The three painters concerned were Richard Smith, Robyn Denny and Ralph Rumney, who are perhaps the most talked-about artists in England under the age of thirty, and this is due in no small way to the advocacy of Lawrence Alloway, the critic and program director of the I.C.A. They also happen to be to a quite remarkable degree under the influence of American painting and free from any taint of Paris.

The idea of the exhibition was outlined in the catalogue introduction, written by Roger Coleman, who was a student with Smith and Denny at the Royal College of Art a few years ago. He proclaimed: "'Place' is not an exhibition of the work of three painters in the accepted sense, neither is it an experiment in arranging paintings nor an exercise in exhibition design. 'Place' is a collaborative expression of certain ideas common to the three painters on the relationship between painting and the spectator. 'Place' is an environment."

Coleman went on to define three background influences—the Mass Media, American Painting and Space, and the Game Environment. It seemed to me that of the three, American Painting and Space was by far the most important; the other two were brought in to make things sound a little more original. So was the emphasis on spectator involvement, which is claimed to be a major difference between these young English painters and their American elders, but I doubt it.

Nevertheless, the discovery that large pictures can plunge the spectator in the space created by the painting itself was certainly an exciting one, and I don't in the least blame Smith and Denny and Rumney for wanting to try it out for themselves. This is where in theory the mass media come in, for these painters are avid cinema-goers, proud to an almost neurotic degree of sharing a taste with the world at large, and they would like their pictures to have the same kind of effect that Cinerama or Cinemascope have upon the cinema audience. (If you follow up this idea, it seems to me that you ought to paint not man-sized pictures, but very wide, slightly curved ones, like the Monet *Nymphéas* paintings in the Orangerie).

As for the game environment, I can't see why

this was considered so significant. Roger Coleman claimed that game participation can exist on two levels. First, the spectator can follow the artist's gestures and marks, and actively re-create his work—but none of the pictures in "Place" were of the kind where this is possible. Secondly, the spectator can manipulate work (again not possible in "Place") or can be faced with a maze through which he has to find a way "playing against the artist."

"Place" was indeed a maze, and this was perhaps its most successful aspect, but the works that best fitted the environment (those by Denny and Rumney) were the least satisfactory regarded as isolated paintings. Either you're making a maze or painting pictures—you can't have it both ways. And if the maze idea is to be followed up it would surely lead to something as three-dimensional as Schwitters' *Merzbau*.

If one regards the works in "Place" simply as paintings, I thought that Richard Smith's were by far the most satisfactory. They were in a style that he has been consistently developing over the last few years and now practices with considerable assurance. Both Rumney and Denny on the other hand have changed considerably recently—their new work is much calmer and less Expressionist—the forms are large and simple, the colors flat and the edges hard. This is particularly true of Rumney, who at the moment seems very much under the spell of Ellsworth Kelly.

The trouble with all the paintings—even Smith's—is that they don't go far enough. They may make one important point well but there really isn't enough in them to satisfy anyone for very long. I am quite sure that art has to be something complex and subtle: one must be able to return to a painting or sculpture time and again, discovering something new each time. At certain historical moments (1915? 1950?) there is a value in the simple statement, but can one go on repeating it *ad nauseam*? This is the difficulty that confronts many artists today, and it's no bad thing that these three painters should be facing it so soon.

IT WAS perhaps an opportune moment for the Whitechapel Gallery to put on the Malevich exhibition that has been touring Europe for a year or so and will presumably in due course cross the Atlantic. There are thirty-five paintings in the show, together with fifteen drawings, some of them projects for an idealized architecture, and



Malevich, *Red Cross on Black Circle*; at Whitechapel Gallery.

thirty-three didactic charts illustrating Malevich's artistic theories. The history of this group of works is now well known; Malevich brought them all to Germany in 1927, hoping to have an exhibition. Nothing came of this, and when he returned to Russia they were left behind in the care of a friend. They remained forgotten in Germany for thirty years until the friend's death, when the Amsterdam Stedelijk Museum acquired the complete collection.

It is certainly a revelation, and has knocked us off our feet—so much so that some of the critics have been praising Malevich at the expense of Mondrian. In many respects the two men were remarkably similar—in their religious justification for an abstract art, for example—but on all counts Malevich seems to me to be the lesser figure. He may have reached complete abstraction first, but art isn't a race, and what matters are the pictures that are painted. Three years of Suprematist painting, magnificent though it is, does not match Mondrian's achievement.

I must confess too that I find the development of Malevich's art toward Suprematism much less impressive than that of Mondrian's towards Neoplasticism. From the exhibition, which gives a token coverage of Malevich's early periods, it's plain that he was a man with quick responses. One can imagine him rushing home after seeing the latest French painting that Shchukin had added to his collection, and changing his style on the spot. But though he knew what was important, his understanding of it was often incomplete—you can see this from the Cubo-Futurist paintings of 1912-14, which show that Malevich simply did not realize what Braque and Picasso were doing when they created Synthetic Cubism.

Even so, the Cubo-Futurist paintings were the road that led Malevich to Suprematism, albeit in 1915, two years later than he himself alleged. For three magic years nobody was painting better pictures. There are sixteen Suprematist works in the exhibition, and very splendid indeed they look. At first one is most aware of rhythmic progressions of simple geometric forms across the canvas; this is a kind of abstract Futurism which grows more and more animated as more and smaller forms appear. Then in 1916 the form of the cross begins to impose itself on the composition—the static element superimposed on a dynamic pattern, the symbol of the spiritual in a material world. As the cross shapes become more insistent, so the rhythms flag, until one culminates in the completely calm white cross on white which for Malevich was the end of painting.

This was in 1913, and for the remaining seventeen years of his life Malevich painted nothing of importance, though in the early part of this period his influence as a teacher in both Russia and Germany was profound.

WE HAD a Swiss fortnight in October, and as part of the celebrations an exhibition of Swiss painting and sculpture from Hodler to Klee was held at the Tate Gallery under the auspices of the Arts Council. Professor Georg Schmidt of the Basel Kunstmuseum had arranged the show, and he was plainly anxious to make it representative and didn't just choose things we might be expected to like. As a result, among the 126 works by 33 artists there was a great deal of poor stuff—peasants at work and play, Alpine landscapes crude both in color and design, and also a kind of fancy Surrealism, full of a whimsy that I found most unattractive.

But apart from this, and though one can't pretend it provided any revelations, the exhibition had its points of interest. Some of the works would hold their own in any company—a few of the Hodlers (but he was certainly an uneven painter); Le Corbusier's Purist still life of 1920;

the five late Klees, all done 1937-39, magnificent and powerful images that sometimes (e.g., in *Feuerquelle* of 1938) show more than a hint of an impending disaster both cosmic and personal. The Giacometti paintings were excellent, but the pieces of sculpture chosen were too slight, and he was overshadowed in this part of the exhibition by Aeschbacher's stone stele-like figures and by the four works of Max Bill.

Here a clarity and purity of design take abstract sculpture almost out of the realm of art; the theoretical conception dominates to such an extent that one feels it could perhaps be equally well expressed by a mathematical formula—the work itself is not so important, and once conceived could be copied by other hands without any aesthetic loss. You get an indication of this in the way that Bill uses his materials. He is much happier with something impersonal like stainless steel or gilded brass and copper, and treats granite and marble without the slightest regard for their inherent qualities.

Of the painters with local as opposed to international reputation, two were outstanding, René Auberjonois (1872-1957) and Otto Meyer-Amden (1885-1933). Auberjonois was born and died in Lausanne, but he lived in Paris from 1901 to 1914 and his work owes something to Cézanne and Rousseau and Derain. A realist, and as gloomily pessimistic as most realists are, his very dark paintings have an impressive primitivistic quality. Most of them are quite small; almost all include figures. The same is true of Meyer-Amden's work, and eight of the ten examples in the exhibition were in crayon, which is a very modest medium. They reminded me of Odilon Redon, but organized and disciplined in an almost early-Cubist manner. Meyer-Amden grew up in an orphanage, and the boys' home and weavers' families at the artists' colony, Amden, high above the Walensee, where he settled in 1912, provided him with a subject matter that he uses with symbolic intent. He is a more convincing artist than Schlemmer, whom he strongly resembles.

OF THE other London exhibitions, several are worthy of note, but I shall have to treat them briefly. Keith Vaughan showed a number of small gouaches and drawings at the Leicester Galleries, some of them done while he was in the U.S. earlier this year teaching at the State University of Iowa. The source of Vaughan's art lies in those bathers compositions of Cézanne where he tried, not always with success, to relate figures to a landscape setting. This is Vaughan's problem, and he takes a composition to a high degree of abstraction before attempting to resolve it. He seems to work with greater ease on a small scale; his painting is better at the moment than it's ever been.

Paul Feiler's mysterious white pictures at the Redfern Gallery, with streaks of color—blue, yellow, red—emerging from the dense mass of white paint, were evocative of the Cornish landscape where he lives. So were the very feminine paintings of Kate Nicholson, the daughter of Ben and Winifred Nicholson, who had a very successful first show at the Waddington Galleries. Another successful debut was Gwyther Irwin's at Gimpel Fils: he uses paper collage as a material with textural and spatial possibilities, and is not at all interested in associative values.

When I tell you that we've also had one-man shows by Appel (Gimpel), Soulages (Redfern) and Bratby (Zwemmer), together with a Picabia retrospective (Matthiesen) and an extensive survey of German Expressionism (Marlborough), both of which I hope to discuss next month, you'll understand why we feel that this year the autumn season in London has had a particularly exciting beginning.

Alan Bowness

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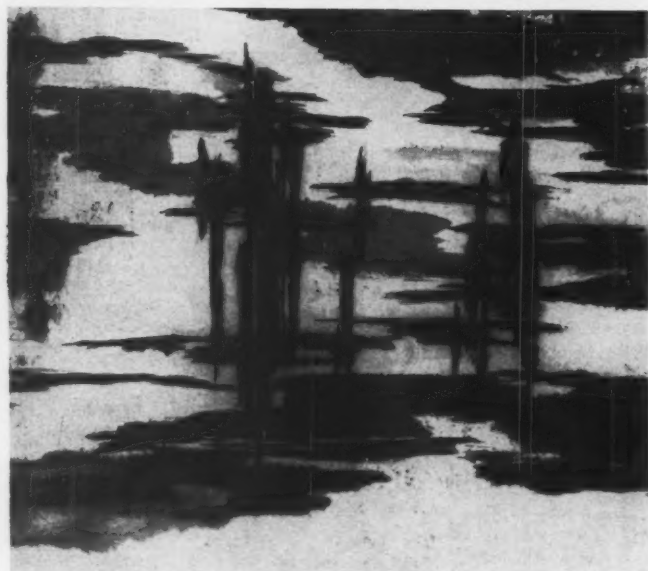
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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

LOS ANGELES: ABSTRACT CLASSICISTS

THE "Four Abstract Classicists" exhibition which recently closed at the Los Angeles County Museum made a neat, clean-cut, congruous impression, transforming the large exhibition hall into a triple-aisled temple of planar contemplation. The project seems to have been conceived with the fair-minded intention of demonstrating that a dedicated minority of "presumptuous classicists" are working today in a spirit totally opposed to the ink-blot urgency of the contemporary majority.

The catalogue introduction of Jules Langsner seeks to renovate the mantle of Classicism, which, in the currently orthodox view, was arrogated by "traditionalists" in the nineteenth century and discredited by "tradition-breakers" in the twentieth. We are told that the new Classicism shares with the old a penchant for order, but does not seek it in this world of cabbages and kings. The way to the new order, through Malevich, Mondrian and (one presumes) Zen, leads to a supramundane realm of fluctuating color planes. "At one moment a form announces its presence, and the next moment it slips away, only to reassert itself again." Karl Benjamin and Lorser Feitelson are especially concerned with such form-space reversals. Their confreres, Frederick Hammersley and John McLaughlin, are more explicit in their search for measured relationship of part to whole.

Feitelson's sweeping, somewhat mannered forms suggest the ballistic lines of modern highway and automotive design. His symbolic intentions are more vast. The catalogue tells us that the shapes in his paintings are "Magical Space Forms intended to suggest realities beyond themselves, realities Feitelson calls 'extra existences.'"

John McLaughlin is a cogent exponent of the primacy of the rectangular field of the canvas. His rectilinear color divisions give elemental form to the void. Right angle calls gravely unto right angle. Plane recedes beyond plane without losing its lapped grip on the face of the canvas. A gulf of pure white is to a firmament of cadmium yellow as an ocean of cadmium red is to a sea of black. On their own restricted terms McLaughlin's abstractions are creditable and possess a bland and circumspect authority, if not much else.

On the other hand, Benjamin, the youngest member of the group, works with strident, saw-toothed, vertically polarized shapes that rag across the canvas like TV distortions. Rhythmic but compositionally insubordinate, these shapes are perhaps intended to serve primarily as a transparent vessel for color chords which range from yellow-ocher-umber to blue-black-gray-white. Working thus with a limited palette, Benjamin demonstrates in forthright pedagogic fashion the relatedness of related tones.

I found Hammersley the most interesting of the group—richer in color, more varied in his forms, and more evocative in his imagery. He is not above creating images that relate somehow (rather in the manner of Paul Klee) to the plane of earth or table top, to the space and light that slant from a household lamp or a distant sun. Hammersley's titles indicate his intentions. A picture suggesting a table-top world is called *Shapescape*. Others are *Redscape* and *Sun Substance*. His palette brings to mind the potential bounty of construction paper in a hundred hues, shades, tints. Balancing a dozen brilliant assorted colors is an achievement even though it lack Neo-Plastic grandeur. "Color is pleasure and satisfaction," says Hammersley—a statement which places him apart from the other California Abstract Classicists.

Although these four painters all use precision-

honed forms and strictly delimited flat color, their aims vary considerably one from another. About all that can be said by way of generalization is that their ideas seem relatively innocent of the tyrannical utopianism of the prewar Purists. The East Coast Neo-Plasticists would certainly disavow most of them. Nor are they exactly in the simple American grain of the Immaculates. Perhaps they are best epitomized as representing an easygoing latterday alliance of Bauhaus and Zen.

Charles S. Kessler

CHICAGO: JULIUS HATOFSKY

WHILE most Chicago dealers are searching the ranks of regional talent for exhibition material, the Holland-Goldowsky Gallery is seeding the local scene with showings of New York artists. In Julius Hatofsky they have come up with something of a surprise: a painter deliberately set against the main stream, whose work, while it owes some debt to the New York school, is fundamentally divergent from it. For Hatofsky is obviously describing objects looked at, objects external to himself, but in a language completely abstract—personal, yet formal. His is an iconography that looks to nature for both its details and its subject matter. That which is seen is transformed in some of its own significant terms. Thus, though the symbols are privately chosen, their source is direct visual observation.

In *La Push*, *Neah Bay*, *Wall Street West*, these details, the language of Hatofsky's forms, derive from swirling waves, layered sky, from certain juxtapositions of organic matter; their colors are true to the scene described. Even the formal gloom of *Raven*, a handsome composition in blacks and grays, finds its pictorial analogies in *Shenandoah*, a huge canvas riotous with brilliant orange and green. In large paintings and in small, the effect is gained by the usage of form rather than its intrinsic variations.

The collages give the clue. Each of these is a finished work, yet the artist is formulating his language. Here is the alphabet which serves to make the statements of the paintings.

Hatofsky has chosen a difficult road. He is interested neither in the old dreams, nor in the new nightmares. He seeks, as did Mondrian, a formalization in the midst of chaos. Unlike Mondrian he looks out, not in.

Bernard Sahlins

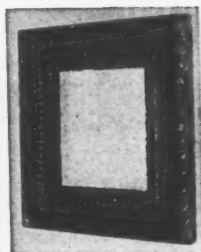


Julius Hatofsky, *La Push*; in Chicago.

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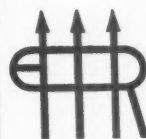
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Interview with Hannah Höch

The Berlin Dadaist group

—and what became of it— is recalled by one of the earliest and most energetic of the participants.

BY EDOUARD RODITI

IN THEIR attempts to turn their backs, in their leisure hours, on the workaday world of offices from which, until 1945, they dominated most of the economic life of Germany, Berlin's financiers, industrialists and merchant princes have generally shunned routes of escape which lead through slums or industrial developments before reaching the more elegantly feudal countryside. Lakeside suburbs that lie to the east, around Köpenick or on the shores of the Müggelsee, or to the northwest, along the Havel beyond Reinickendorf and Tegel, thus failed to enjoy the same social prestige, however unspoiled their natural beauties, as the more expensive but far more crowded woodland and lakeside "dormitory sections" of Grunewald, Dahlem, Zehlendorf, Schlachtensee and Wannsee, all spreading to the west and southwest of the former German capital's center. The economically and socially instructive vistas of the great Siemens and Borsig industrial complexes, with their huge factories surrounded by acres of well-planned settlements for workers and shopping centers as complete as those of any American "company town," seem indeed to have discouraged Berlin snobs and real-estate speculators from trying to transform the areas beyond them into the same kind of plutocratic parody of Marie Antoinette's Trianon as one used to find all the way out to Babelsberg, Potsdam and beyond.

Culture still being, in the twentieth century, mainly a privilege of those who are wealthy enough to feel the need of enhancing their social prestige by posing, in their leisure, as patrons of the arts, my knowledge of Berlin's more prosperous residential sections remained for many years limited to those where the inhabitants tended to compete as hosts to a visiting writer. In close on thirty years of coming to Berlin sometimes as often as two or three times a year and even once living there for four years, I had ventured to the northwestern suburbs beyond Reinickendorf at most a dozen times when I decided, in June of 1959, to interview the painter Hannah Höch, once a leader among the Berlin Dadaists, in her Heiligensee retreat. Our meeting occurred a few days later, in July, when it took me over an hour to reach her house—by bus from the Bahnhof Zoo to Schulzendorf, changing lines at Wittenau, then on foot through a maze of deserted streets lined on both sides by comfortable but modest villas, each set in its own private garden.

When I at last reached the section of Heiligensee where she lived, I found that Hannah Höch's modest bungalow was almost entirely concealed from the street by the summer profusion of the garden's fruit trees and flowers. On this very hot day in early July, the whole neighborhood, between three and four in the afternoon, seemed to be as fast asleep as in a fairy tale. Hannah Höch, a lively, slender, gray-haired woman in her late sixties, ran down the garden path to open the gate as soon as I rang. She seemed to have concentrated in her slight figure all the energy of this whole drowsy Heiligensee and Schulzendorf area. I was over half an hour late, having miscalculated the time that I would require to come by bus from Bahnhof Zoo. A huge bowl of strawberries freshly gathered from the garden awaited me on a table in the cool verandah. Unlike most artists of her historical importance in Paris or New York, Hannah Höch seemed to be quite unaffected, almost surprised to be considered worthy of a foreign writer's curiosity.

As we sat down for refreshment without any further ado, she remarked that she had feared, for the last half-hour, that I might have lost my way in this little-known neighborhood:

Most Berliners, unless they actually live here, scarcely know this whole northwestern area.

Very few of my Berlin friends had any idea how to get here, when I asked them for advice. I was even warned by some that it would be unwise to try to visit you in Heiligensee; they insisted that it is beyond the limits of West Berlin, in the Eastern Zone.

What nonsense! But it's actually because this part of Berlin is so quiet and so little known that I moved to Heiligensee in 1938, just before the war. Under the Nazi dictatorship, I was much too conspicuous and

well known to be safe in Friedenau, where I had lived for many years. I knew that I was constantly being watched and denounced there by zealous or spiteful neighbors, so I decided, when I inherited enough money to buy a little house of my own, to look around for a place in a part of Berlin where nobody would know me by sight or be at all aware of my lurid past as a Dadaist or, as we were then called, as a "Cultural Bolshevik." I was fortunate enough to find this little house, which had been a guard's house at one of the entrances to an airfield built in this neighborhood in the First World War. I bought it at once and moved all my possessions here, and that's how I managed to save them. If I had stayed in Friedenau, my life's work would have been destroyed in an air raid.

But didn't you feel very isolated out here?

In those years I would have felt lonely anywhere in Berlin. Those of us who were still remembered as having once been "Cultural Bolsheviks" were all blacklisted and watched by the Gestapo. Each of us avoided associating even with his oldest and dearest friends and colleagues, for fear of involving them in further trouble. Most of the former Berlin Dadaists had in any case emigrated by 1938. Hans Richter and George Grosz were in America, Kurt Schwitters had emigrated to Norway, Raoul Hausmann was in France. Of the really active members of the old Berlin Dada group, I was the only one still here.

How and when did the Berlin Dada group first begin to be active?

We held our first exhibition here in 1919, but we had already been working together as a group for a couple of years before actually adopting the same name and the same program as the Zurich Dadaists.

Was it really the same program? It has always seemed to me that the Berlin Dadaists, as a group, were far less aesthetically and more socially subversive than the Zurich Dadaists. This is perhaps because of your closer contact with Moscow artists like Lissitzky during the years of the Russian Revolution, perhaps also because of the more disturbed or revolutionary atmosphere in Germany, perhaps too because of the more political nature of the satirical genius of such Berlin Dadaists as George Grosz.

You are probably right. The situation here, in 1917, was not at all like that in Zurich, a neutral city, whereas Berlin was the capital of an empire which was tottering as it faced defeat. I myself had come to Berlin before 1914, from a very bourgeois family background in Thuringia. At first I studied art under Orlik, who was to some extent a disciple of the French Impressionists. When the war broke out, all art schools were closed for a while, and I returned to live with my family. But I came back to Berlin in 1915, and it was then that I first met Raoul Hausmann. We were both, in those days, enthusiastic admirers of almost all the art that was being shown in the exhibitions of Herwarth Walden's Der Sturm Gallery. But Hausmann remained until 1916 a figurative Expressionist, a close friend and disciple of Haeckel and at the same time an admirer of Delaunay and of Franz Marc, whereas I had already begun in 1915 to design and paint abstract compositions in the same general tradition as those that Kandinsky had first exhibited a couple of years earlier in Munich.

Were there any other abstract artists of significance in Berlin as early as 1915?

On the whole, most of the Berlin avant-garde was still figurative, either Expressionist or Fauvist. Painters like Ludwig Meidner, for instance, were still working in the same tradition as Haeckel and other artists of the Dresden Brücke group or as Kokoschka, whereas other Berlin painters, like Rudolf Levy, were more in tune with the Paris Fauvists. Among our own friends, the only abstract painter of any prominence was Otto Freundlich, who had returned to Berlin, from Paris, in 1914. But Freundlich had been living at one time in Montmartre with Picasso and some of the Paris Cubists and was still painting mainly figurative compositions. It was only after his return to Paris, in 1924, that his work gradually became exclusively abstract.

Was Freundlich ever associated with the Berlin Dada movement?



Hannah Höch and Raoul Hausmann at the First Berlin Dada Exhibition (1919).

Interview with Hannah Höch

Otto sympathized with us from the very start, because he shared our pacifist views, those of the *Monistenbund*, and our determination to reject all the moral and aesthetic standards of the existing social order, which seemed to us to be doomed. But he was much too serious and earnest to participate in any of our youthfully scandalous manifestations. We were a very naughty group, all of us still very wild, whereas *Freundlich* belonged already to a more established community of nonconformist writers and artists, all regular contributors to *Franz Pfemfer's Die Aktion*.

If I remember right, the contributors to *Die Aktion* included Gottfried Benn and Johannes R. Becher, *Freundlich* and Meidner, Yvan Goll and Hermann Kazack, in fact all sorts of writers and artists who, in the light of their later political or intellectual evolution, would now make very strange bedfellows . . .

The same might now be said of our own group of Berlin Dadaists. When we held our first exhibition in 1919, the "*Erste Internationale Dadamesse*," in Dr. Otto Burchard's gallery at Lützowufer 13, the catalogue included the names of George Grosz, Dadasoph Raoul Hausmann and Monteudada John Hartfeld. But John Hartfeld and his brother, the writer Wieland Herzfelde, later founded the Malik Verlag, which remained for many years the leading German Communist literary publishing house, and they are now both living in Eastern Germany and still active in all sorts of Communist organizations, whereas George Grosz, Walter Mehring and most of the other Berlin Dadaists of 1919 soon ceased to associate at all with Communists or to be in any way politically active.

Nevertheless, the Berlin Dadaists had originally been quite closely associated with some Communist intellectual and artistic groups.

You sound like a Grand Inquisitor!

God forbid! I myself would be the first to admit that, until the Spanish Civil War, I associated as freely with Communist intellectuals and artists as with Theosophists, Anthroposophists, pacifists or vegetarians.

So did we, between 1915 and 1925. We were very young and politically inexperienced, and Communism itself, in those days, appeared to be much more liberal and freedom-loving than it does today. During the First World War, we had all been pacifists and had found ourselves in close sympathy with other pacifists, some of whom happened to be Communists. Besides, we were still quite naïvely enthusiastic about anything that appeared to be opposed to the established order, and some of us even pretended to maintain close personal contacts with the enemy. To assume an English or American pseudonym, as Hans Herzfelde did when he called himself John Hartfeld, was already an act of provocation in the eyes of German nationalists. George Grosz also claimed to be American in some mysterious way and spelled his name "George" instead of "Georg," affecting at the same time an American manner and style of dress. As soon as the war was over, we were among the first German artists and writers to establish contact with similar avant-garde groups in New York, Paris and Moscow. In 1922, the German Dadaists even held an international conference in Weimar, attended by Eli Lissitzky, representing the Moscow Constructivists, Theo van Doesburg, representing Mondrian's *De Stijl* group from Amsterdam, and Tzara and Hans Arp, representing the Zurich and Paris Dadaists.

Today, to have once been a close associate of Lissitzky is more compromising in Soviet Russia, under the dictatorship of the Socialist Realists, than it would be in New York, Paris or here, where all sorts of highly respected painters and sculptors like Chagall, Pevsner and Gabo are known to have been at one time close friends or associates of Lissitzky and other ill-starred Russian advance-guard artists of thirty years ago. The Suprematists and Constructivists were even blacklisted or deported to Siberia under the Stalinist regime, long before the Dadaists were at all threatened here.

Very few people can understand today how innocent and truly unpolitical our connection with Communists had once been. In 1917, we were living in a social order that had approved the declaration of a disastrous war, which even the Socialist Party had failed to condemn. In the next few years, it began to look as if this whole order were about to collapse under the impact of military defeat and of the rising discontent of the masses on the home front. There were mutinies in the armed forces, then revolts of the workers here in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany. As young people who had never believed in the justice of the German cause in the war, we were still idealistic enough to found our hopes only on those doctrines which seemed to be entirely new, in no way responsible for the predicament in which we found ourselves, and to promise us with some sincerity a better future, with a more equitable distribution of wealth, of leisure and of power. For a while, we really believed in the slogans of the Communists.

AND NOW, for the past thirty years or more, you have been saddled with such compromising evidence of your political past as these photographs of the gallery where you held your first Dada exhibition, with all its subversive slogans and posters on the walls.

Yes, these are the sins of our youth that we are never allowed to forget. But you must admit that our slogans were effectively shocking. Of course, today they would no longer seem so very novel, and I'm afraid that nobody would take them as seriously as the respectable Berlin bourgeoisie of 1919 did.

This slogan might still get you into trouble today:

DADA
steht auf
Seiten des revolutionären
Proletariats

[DADA
stands on
the side of the revolutionary
Proletariat]

But most of those that I can distinguish on the walls of the gallery, in these few photographs, seem pretty harmless today:

Sperren Sie endlich
Ihren Kopf auf
Machen Sie ihn frei
für die
Forderungen der Zeit

[Open up at last
your head
Leave it free
for the
demands of our age]

Nieder die Kunst
Nieder die
Bürgerliche Geistigkeit

[Down with art
Down with
bourgeois intellectualism]

Die Kunst ist tot
Es lebe die neue
Machinenkunst
Tatlins

[Art is dead
Long live
the machine art
of Tatlin]

Or else:

DADA
ist die
Willentliche Zersetzung
der
Bürgerliche Begriffswelt

[DADA
is the
voluntary destruction
of the
bourgeois world of ideas]

Those few slogans were evidence enough, in the Nazi era, to have us all tried and condemned as Communists. I sometimes wonder today how I was courageous or foolish enough to keep all this incriminating material in my own home during those dreadful years. There was enough concealed in that cabinet, where I keep all my drawings, to condemn me and all the other former Dadaists who were still in Germany.

It's very fortunate that you should never have destroyed, or lost in an air raid, this unique collection of documents and relics of the heyday of the Berlin Dada movement. But it would interest me to know—since you alone seem to possess enough of this material to be able to look back on the whole movement objectively—what you now consider the Berlin Dada movement's most original and lasting contribution to modern art.

I believe we were the first group of artists to discover and develop systematically the possibilities of photo montage.

How did you first discover this technique?

Actually, we borrowed the idea from a trick of the official photographers of the Prussian army regiments. They used to have elaborate oleolithographed mounts, representing a group of uniformed men with a barracks or a landscape in the background, but with the faces cut out; in these mounts, the photographers then inserted photographic portraits of the faces of their customers, generally coloring them later by hand. But the aesthetic purpose, if any, of this very primitive kind of photo montage was to idealize reality, whereas the Dada photo montage set out to give to something entirely unreal all the appearances of something real that had actually been photographed.

Of course, the camera is a far more objective and trustworthy witness than a human being. We know that Breughel or Goya or James Ensor can have visions or hallucinations, but it is generally admitted that a camera can photograph only what is actually there, standing in the real world before its lens. One might therefore say that the Dada photo montage sets out to falsify deliberately the testimony of the camera by creating hallucinations which seem to be machine-made.

Yes, our whole purpose was to integrate objects from the world of machines and industry in the world of art. Our typographical collages or montages set out to achieve this by imposing, on something which could only be produced by hand, the appearances of something that had been entirely composed by a machine; in an imaginative composition, we used to bring together elements borrowed from books, newspapers, posters or leaflets, in an arrangement that no machine could yet compose.

The collages of the Berlin Dadaists seem to me to be conceived according to principles which are not at all the same as those of the collages of the earlier Paris Cubists, where a piece of newspaper in a painted still life represents a newspaper, or has been inserted for its

texture, like any other artist's material, rather than to create an illusion of the same kind as the illusions of a Dada montage. At the same time, these montages of the early Berlin Dadaists are quite different, in their principles, from the "Merz" compositions of Schwitters, who salvaged the elements of his compositions from the dust bin, the wastepaper basket and the junkyard, creating objects of artistic value out of materials that were considered quite valueless, in fact "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" out of elements that would scarcely be expected ever to suggest beauty or joy. The montages of the Berlin Dadaists represent an extension, in the realm of art, of the mechanical processes of modern photography and typography.

That is why they continue to be a source of inspiration to so many photographers, typographical artists and advertising artists. Even today, I sometimes find myself staring at a poster in a Berlin street and wondering whether the artist who designed it is really aware of being a direct disciple of Dadasoph Hausmann, of Monteurdada Hartfield or of Oberdada Baader.

WHO WERE, in your opinion, the most imaginative or creative among the artists of the Berlin Dada movement?

At first our group consisted only of Hausmann and myself, Johannes Baader, Hartfield, Grosz, Deetjen, Godyscheff and a few writers, such as Wieland Herzfelde and Walter Mehring. I'm leaving aside those who, like Schmalhausen, the brother-in-law of George Grosz, were only intermittently active as artists or writers in our group. I would say that the most active and productive artists in our group were Grosz, Baader, Hartfield, Hausmann and myself. Godyscheff was very gifted, but he soon dropped out of our group, and I have no longer seen any of his work or heard of him for many years.

Would you be able to define the individual style that distinguished the Dada productions of each one of these artists?

Grosz was of course more of a moralist and a satirist than any of the others, a caricaturist of great genius even in such an early Dada collage as his Dadaisten besteigen einen Pudding, where the heads which he had added to his comical figures were photographs of his fellow Dadaists.

But wouldn't you agree that Hartfield was also a satirist?

Certainly, though he was always more doctrinaire in his political intentions. A Communist often tends to be didactic and orthodox rather than truly free in his fantasies and his humor. But Hausmann remains, in my eyes, the artist who, among the early Berlin Dadaists, was gifted with the greatest fantasy and inventiveness. Poor Raoul was always a restless spirit. He needed constant encouragement in order to be able to carry out his ideas and achieve anything at all lasting. If I hadn't devoted much of my time to looking after him and encouraging him, I might have achieved more myself. Ever since we parted, Hausmann has found it very difficult to create or to impose himself as an artist, though he still continued for many years to provide his friends and associates with an inexhaustible source of ideas. As for Baader, he was our Oberdada, the very incarnation of the spirit of the Berlin Dadaists of 1919 and 1920. He had thrown himself quite recklessly into our movement, without any thought for the consequences, much as I had thrown myself into my seven years of friendship with Raoul Hausmann. Later, Baader became a kind of anachronism, a survivor of a period and a movement that no longer had any reality except in a context of history.

Have any of the other Dadaists achieved any importance as artists?

Godyscheff, as I said before, was very gifted but seems to have vanished completely. Deetjen too, though she continued for many years to work as an artist, somehow failed ever to achieve a very distinctive style or a lasting reputation. As for Schmalhausen, I can now remember only one of his Dada works, a plaster death mask of Beethoven to which he had added a moustache and a crown of laurel leaves.

Did any important artists join the Berlin Dada movement after 1920?

Certainly: Kurt Schwitters and Moholy-Nagy, who both came to Berlin after our first two Dada exhibitions, and of course Hans Arp, who was often with us in Berlin after the war, and Hans Richter, who was mainly active with Viking Eggeling in making experimental Dada films, and some Russians, such as Eli Lissitzky, who later returned to Soviet Russia, and Pougny and his wife, who both settled later in Paris. But our Dada movement also began, after 1922, to develop along lines similar to those of the Paris Surrealists. Around 1925, Berlin Dadaism ceased to be of much significance as a movement. Each one of us began to develop independently as an artist, or joined other movements, as Moholy-Nagy did when he became associated with the Weimar Bauhaus. Only Schwitters and I continued, for a while, to pursue more or less the same objectives. Besides, we were closely associated, after 1920, with Theo van Doesburg and some of the Dutch abstract artists of De Stijl. I even lived several years in Holland, shortly after the war, and was a close friend of Mondrian and of most of his associates, though I never shared their philosophy of art. To me, it seemed to be rather pedantic and to have narrowed the scope of painting to such an extent that it had become almost impossible to avoid repetition.

Would you now care to define briefly your own evolution as an artist?

It is sometimes rather difficult for me to distinguish my style as an individual artist from my enthusiasms and my friendships. As I said earlier, I began experimenting in abstract black-and-white compositions as early as 1915, but I was still experimenting in this field, in a slightly different manner, as late as 1926. Here is one of my 1926 black-and-white designs, reproduced as an ornamental tailpiece to Ernest Hemingway's *A Banal Story* in an old issue of the *American Little Review*.

It's much more abstract than strictly Dadaist.

Certainly, but every artist tends to revert, every once in a while, to an earlier style which has meanwhile been modified to some extent by later experiments and achievements.

When would you say that you first began to experiment in a style that one might call specifically Dadaist?

I suppose that was in 1917, with Raoul Hausmann, when we both began to develop a Dada style of our own. It was already to some extent Surrealist and had something in common with some of those puzzling paintings of Giorgio de Chirico.

Do you mean those of his *Pittura Metafisica* period?

Yes. Hausmann and I were trying to suggest, with elements borrowed from the world of machines, a new and sometimes terrifying dream world, as in this 1920 water color of mine, *Mechanischer Garten*, where the railroad tracks follow an impossible and nightmarish zigzag course. Here's a photograph of another water color of mine in this style, *Er und sein Milieu*, which I painted in 1919.

It's a very haunting interpretation of an individual's relationship to a world that includes objects derived from real life as well as elements which seem to be projected out of a private world of hallucination. The perspectives, both here and in *Mechanischer Garten*, have the same agoraphobic effect as in some of the metaphysical landscapes of De Chirico and Carrà, but the whole of *Er und sein Milieu* also has something mysterious in common with Chagall's *Mon Village et Moi* and with Ludwig Meidner's *Ich und die Stadt*—I mean a kind of haunting Expressionistic ability to view one's surroundings with a feeling of total alienation.

This feeling of alienation was very much in the air, here in Berlin between 1917 and 1922. We were living in a world that nobody with any sensitivity could accept or approve. But I have always been of an experimental turn of mind, and I soon began, in 1922 and 1923, to try my hand at "Merzbilder" too, I mean at the same kind of collages as those of my friend Schwitters. He reproduced one of my works, for instance, in the seventh issue of *Merz*. After 1924 I returned to a more traditional kind of painting, though my compositions of that period still used many of the tricks of photo montage.

In this *Bürgerliches Brautpaar* of 1927, everything is drawn and painted very realistically and smoothly, as if the whole painting were a montage of details borrowed from photographs and then arranged to produce very realistically something quite unreal.

Later, in 1928, I returned to photo montages, which I have never really abandoned since 1917; but this time I worked in a museum and photographed examples of primitive art which provided me with some of the elements, as in this one, of an entirely new series of photo montages, in a style that was entirely my own. Then I began, after 1930, to live in ever-increasing isolation. I had lost touch with the Berlin art world while I was living in Holland, and the atmosphere in Germany, on my return, was scarcely conducive to any very enterprising activity. Still, I continued to paint and to create photo montages on my own, without associating with other artists and without exhibiting much. My style had become increasingly abstract, though I occasionally reverted, especially in photo montages but also in some oils, as in this one of 1949, to themes and forms of the same kind as those of my Dada period of 1920. I suppose that every artist has certain recurring obsessions.

BUT I would now like to hear you discuss some of your old friends and associates of the heyday of the modern art movement in Berlin.

I thought I had already spoken of them.

Yes, but I'm very inquisitive. I would like to know more, for instance, about George Grosz.

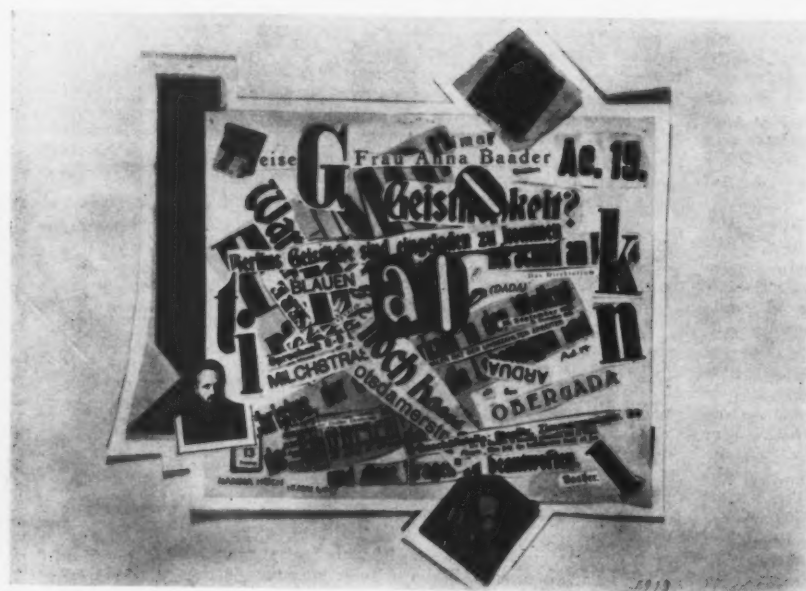
It's difficult for me to speak objectively about him today, so soon after the shock of his death. Only this morning, after reading about it two days ago in the newspapers, I received in my mail this black-framed announcement from his family. I hadn't even seen Grosz since he had finally returned from America, only a few weeks ago, to live in Berlin again. It seems to me now as if there had been something spooky about his return to the haunts of his youth, only to die there.

That was my impression too. He had been talking about returning to Berlin for the past five or six years, but kept on postponing his decision as if he were obscurely aware of having here a rendezvous with death. When he finally came to Berlin in June, intending never to return to live in America, he scarcely saw any of his old friends or visited any of his old haunts. He seems to have spent the last weeks of his life like a sick

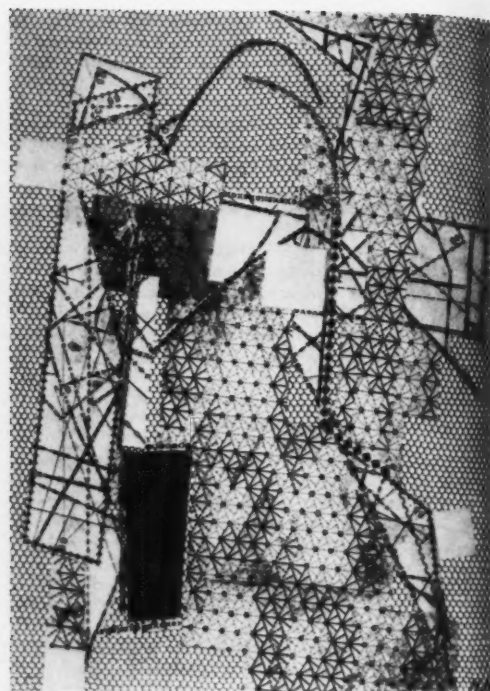
Interview with Hannah Höch



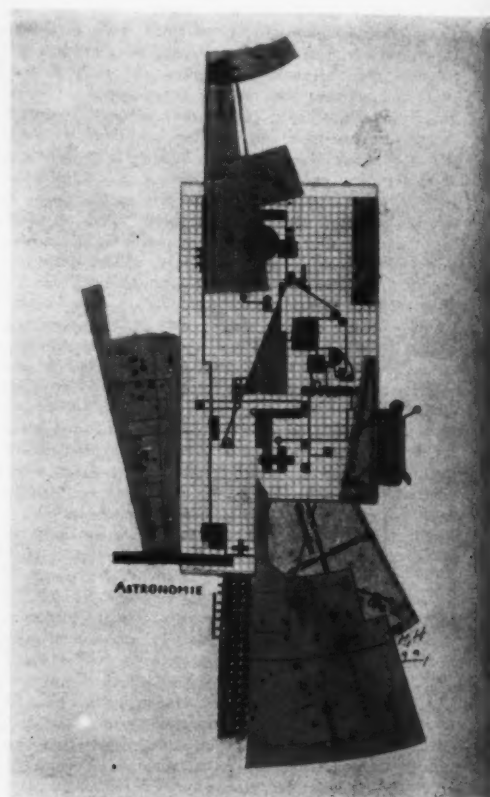
Photo montage (1928).



Collage (1919).



Collage (1923).



Collage (1922).

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animal that has returned to die in solitude and peace in familiar surroundings.

I'm glad I didn't see him again in this dreadful condition. He remains in my memory as he was in his most brilliant and productive years, an artist capable of feeling very deeply, but who preferred to conceal his sensitivity beneath the brittle and provocative appearance of a dandy. He sometimes even wore a monocle . . .

Monocles seem to have been very fashionable among the Dadaists. I've seen photographs of Raoul Hausmann, Tzara, Van Doesburg and even Arp wearing monocles and looking for all the world like young aesthetes of the generation of Oscar Wilde.

The very sight of a monocle in those days offended the stuffed shirts who claimed to be progressive.

It still infuriates most Americans.

People were particularly annoyed if a Dada dandy wearing a monocle appeared on a platform in a meeting of Communist workers.

The Berlin Dadaists were past masters in the art of annoying people.

It was part of our wanting to be entirely different.

Did this attitude of alienation manifest itself in Grosz in any other ways?

Yes, in his insistence on some mysterious and probably imaginary American origins, and in his very carefully chosen clothes that always gave one the impression of being American or English rather than German. But Hartfield and Hausmann were just as careful about how they dressed.

I understand that Hausmann even designed a new style of shirt.

We were all of us in favor of new styles and systems. Johannes Baader had invented his own Dada system of reckoning time and dates. He even spoke of having a special watch constructed to keep time according to his own new system.

It sounds as if Dada had been, in a way, a kind of parody of a typically German Reformbewegung . . .

Looking back on it now, I suppose it was. But we were trying to point out that things could also be done differently and that many of our conventional ways of thinking, dressing or reckoning are no less arbitrary than others which are generally accepted. At the same time, we also shocked people by affecting not to take our own movement seriously. Theo van Doesburg, for instance, called his dog "Dada," and some people argued that an art movement using the same name as the dog of one of its leaders can scarcely be intended to deserve serious attention.

As for Grosz, I suppose he belonged, in 1919, to the more politically "engagé" left wing of the Dadaists, with Hartfield and Wieland Herzfelde.

Grosz was actually more "engagé" in the eyes of his critics and of the public than in his own work and opinions. He hated insincerity and injustice, especially the inhumanity of every kind of political or economic power or authority. His satiric representations of the established order of course served the purposes of the Communists, for a while, but I don't remember his ever having been a doctrinaire believer in Communism.

Would you say that Grosz was a painter of the same kind as Otto Dix, who has remained a Communist?

No, there is always more fantasy, wit, humor or tenderness in the works of Grosz. He was never as grim as Dix. Besides, one only had to watch Grosz at work to understand the unbelievable spontaneity of his art. I have never seen an artist draw as fast as he could. The lines and the very subject matter seemed to flow out of his pen, as if he never stopped to think at all.

Dix is of course more ponderous, more premeditated. But did the Berlin Dadaists ever have much contact with Dix or with other groups of the Berlin avant-garde?

At first, very few such contacts. I think I have already said that Freundlich was one of our friends, and that Hausmann was a close friend of Haeckel. On the whole, very few of the German painters who are now famous were then living in Berlin.

Did you know Ludwig Meidner and Jacob Steinhardt, who had founded together the Pathetiker group in 1912?

We knew them, but we had little in common with them. Meidner was a wild and obsessed painter, very difficult as a friend or as an associate. Steinhardt, on the other hand, was more affable; but he was deeply religious, a close friend, if I remember right, of the poetess Elsa Lasker-Schüler. To me, it seemed almost incredible that a modern artist should still find a source of inspiration in traditional religious beliefs such as those of orthodox Judaism.

I'm not prepared to argue with you on this point, being the author of a series of English poems entitled *Three Hebrew Elegies*, the new Hebrew translation of which Steinhardt happens now to be illustrating in Israel with woodcuts. But what kind of a man was Kurt Schwitters?

Here too it's difficult for me to speak objectively. Kurt was a very close and dear friend of mine, an artist who, like Hausmann, was very moody and needed constant encouragement. For a while, we were nearly always together. He seemed to find it easier to work if I was working with him. Today, Schwitters is remembered only for his collages and his "Merz" compositions. But I can remember often going out with him on sketching expeditions in the country, for instance near Hannover along the banks

of a canal; and then we drew and painted quite naturalistic landscapes, both of us, as late as 1925.

You and Schwitters may have been the last two modern German artists to go out sketching like any German Romantic, a hundred years ago, in Tivoli or in Subiaco. But Mondrian had also done a lot of outdoor sketching, before the First World War and before he became a Cubist and, later, an abstract artist. How did you get along with Mondrian?

I knew him well, but was never really at my ease in his presence, even after knowing him quite intimately over a number of years. Everything in his life was reasoned or calculated. He was a compulsive neurotic and could never bear to see anything disordered or untidy. He seemed to suffer acutely, for instance, if a table had not been laid with perfect symmetry. To go and eat a meal with him in a restaurant was a truly strange experience. I have always felt that a style of art as ordered as his could exist only in Holland, where even the tulip fields are planted in a fantastic order that is far beyond the scope of a German gardener. I could understand Mondrian's art, but I have never felt any need for as rational a style. I need more freedom and, though capable of appreciating a style that is less free than my own, have always preferred to allow myself a maximum of freedom.

Do you think that, under more auspicious circumstances, in spite of this protean quality of your evolution, you might have been more successful and more famous? Do you feel, for instance, that the years of the Nazi regime have very much hampered you in your career?

That's a difficult question to answer. Thirty years ago, it was not very easy for a woman to impose herself as a modern artist in Germany.

Gabriele Münter made the same remark to me when I interviewed her last summer in Murnau.

I'm not surprised. Most of our male colleagues continued for a long while to look upon us as charming and gifted amateurs, denying us implicitly any real professional status. Hans Arp and Kurt Schwitters, in my experience, were rare examples of the kind of artist who can really treat a woman as a colleague. But Arp is also one of the most inspired artists I have ever met.

I don't suppose you feel that you have much in common with most of the Berlin painters of today.

I don't know many of them. Most of those whom I knew are either dead or have emigrated, and very few of the younger Berlin painters seem to know that I'm still alive or to want to come out here and see me. But I'm very fond of Heinz Trökes, who comes to see me whenever he's in Berlin, and I like his work. I also like some of the recent paintings of Hans Jaenisch. Otherwise, I lead a very quiet life out here, quite content to have been forgotten by most of the popular German art critics of today.

It seems to be the fate of a number of important German artists of thirty years ago to be more highly regarded today in America than in Germany. In 1948, nobody in Berlin was willing to buy any of the works of Schwitters, Freundlich and Jawlensky that were available here on the art market, and Will Grohmann is always surprised if I answer his polite inquiries about my work by announcing that I'll soon be publishing in America a piece on you, on Freundlich, on Marcus Behmer, on Meidner or on Jawlensky. Germany is still busy rediscovering and digesting its great painters of the generation of 1900 to 1915. I mean the Expressionists of Die Brücke and the leaders of the Blaue Reiter, Klee, Kandinsky, Marc and Macke. I'm shocked, for instance, to see that Freundlich remains almost unknown in Germany.

And I'm still shocked whenever I remember that poor Otto Freundlich and Rudolf Levy, two of our greatest modern painters, were both murdered in Nazi extermination camps. No amount of monuments to their memory or retrospective exhibitions of their works can ever compensate this typically German outrage.

The Athenians murdered Socrates, and the French murdered André Chénier and Lavoisier . . .

In the history of every nation there are disgraceful pages, but the crimes committed here remain unique in their magnitude. I often wonder how I managed to survive that dreadful reign of terror. When I now look back, I'm surprised at my own courage or my own irresponsibility in preserving in my own home all the "subversive" Dada art and literature that I've been showing you, as we talked, for the past couple of hours. But it never occurred to me, until it was all over, that I could still be considered a dangerous revolutionary.

The dangerously revolutionary old lady of Heiligensee then interrupted our conversation to prepare coffee, which we drank together in the garden, with cakes and more fruit, cherries which we picked together from her own trees. As we watched the sparrows coming to bathe in the spray of the hose that watered the lawn, it was difficult to believe that this gentle, gray-haired artist, so perfectly at her ease in her suburban garden, had once been a scandalously subversive young woman in an art world which had flourished in the asphalt jungle of Berlin between 1917 and 1925.

Medardo Rosso

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Medardo Rosso last year passed without notice in this country, or indeed, almost anywhere else. Yet Rosso is undeniably one of the great modern sculptors. In his own day he was second only to Rodin, and at times, Rodin's equal. He seems to have had a decisive influence on one of Rodin's greatest works, the *Balzac*; and it is said that dealers used to peddle Rosso's sculptures in this country as Rodins. If we are less likely to confuse their quite different sensibilities today, it is not because we have been overly familiar with Rosso's *oeuvre*. Until a year ago, no American museum owned a single work by him, and the exhibition which has now been organized by the Peridot Gallery (December 14-January 16), consisting of twelve works in wax, plaster and bronze, is the first of its kind in this country.

It is a stunning exhibition, rare both in its exquisiteness and in sculptural vigor. It comes as something of a shock to be confronted with a sculpture in which so many qualities we have learned to respond to separately and in isolation are here found to live in a genial unity. Direct observation of life, a generous and robust plasticity, a lyrical delicacy combined with a clear-eyed, "realistic" view of the human image, a profound warmth unscarred by sentimentality—these are the qualities of the masters, and they are Rosso's qualities too. Yet, far from placing him among those artists whose regard for the past freezes them forever in a backward glance, Rosso's art looks to the future. Compared with Rosso, it is Rodin who looks like the latter-day master of the Renaissance. In their war against the art of the museums, it will be remembered that the Futurists looked to Rosso as their hero and mentor.

Rosso was born in Turin on May 12, 1858, and he died in Milan seventy years later. He stands at the beginning of Italian modernism, occupying that ambiguous position practically by himself, and he enters the history of French Impressionism at an angle, so to speak. In many ways his career developed along what we should now consider the classic lines of the avant-garde artist. Expelled from the Milan academy, he worked in difficult circumstances before attaining a certain recognition in Paris and Rome. Ultimately he earned the respect of the two generations whose disparate aesthetic ideologies amplify certain qualities of his art even if they do not exhaust it: the French Impressionists, with whom he exhibited in Paris, and the Italian Futurists (Boccioni, Carrà and Soffici especially), who regarded his work as prophetic of the particular dynamism they aspired to in their own work.

Clemenceau and Zola were among the first to collect his work in France, where he showed in the Salons, and from

1905 onward he was increasingly exhibited and praised in Italy. By this time he had almost completely ceased to work, and his production had never been prodigious. In his introduction to the catalogue of the Peridot exhibition, Professor Giorgio Nicodemi notes that "the number of known original sculptures is placed at thirty-nine, whereas the drawings probably number no more than a hundred." In 1929, the year after his death, the Salon d'Automne in Paris presented a retrospective exhibition of his work, and in the interval of three decades since that event Rosso has to a very large degree simply passed out of the official history of modern art.

THE present exhibition is certain to revive interest in Rosso in an artistic as well as an historical sense. His particular mode of Impressionism, notably in several waxes, cannot help striking the contemporary eye as being already a prelude to Expressionism. Several works in the Peridot show do, in fact, impress one as realizing in a fragmentary but nonetheless perfect degree some of the ambitions of current sculpture. For one example: they cast Giacometti's portrait heads of his brother into a company which is more congenial perhaps than any his own contemporaries have been able to provide. Sculptors who have been searching out the possibilities of a more expressive surface without wanting to abandon the monolithic image will find in Rosso a precursor of their aspiration. And in an utterly unforeseen way his work injects itself into the current discussions of a figurative Expressionism, for Rosso holds an important place among those modernist artists who were the first to effect a subtle, powerful equation between their subject and their means. There are sculptures by Rosso in which the image seems just barely to emerge from its medium, in which the subject seems always in some danger of suddenly dissolving again into its materials. It never does, of course. The image persists, with ever so many delicate touches, and its complete dissolution was never part of Rosso's intention. Yet the fact that it often *seems* about to dissolve into a mere lump of matter will endear Rosso's work, one supposes, to a certain kind of contemporary sensibility.

On the other hand, Rosso's sculptural image has a marked purity about it. If some of these waxes did choose to "dissolve," they would become something very like an early Brancusi. Beneath the play of light and the delineation of

Ecce Puer (1906).

Photographs of sculptures by Rudolph Burckhardt.



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Ecce Puer (1906).

Photographs of sculptures by Rudolph Bueckhardt.





The Golden Age (1886).

Sick Boy (1895).





The Golden Age (1886).

Sick Boy (1895).





Head of a Young Woman (1897).



The Sacristan (1882).



Head of a Young Woman (1897).



The Sacristan (1882).



Medardo Rosso

an "impermanent" surface, one is made aware of something hard and immutable, a structure that cannot be further reduced to its essential character. And yet what is permanent, or *pure*, in this structure, though we are made to perceive it and respond to it, is not in the end especially favored over what is "impermanent" and subject to the cruel dissolutions of light and shadow. They exist, in fact, in a curious equality: the pure and the impure; the hard, archetypal essence and the continuously dissolving surface. And one perceives, after all, that it must have been precisely this exquisite balance of elements—the object dissolving into space and light, space itself "becoming" the object—which made Rosso a hero to the Futurists, for here was the Futurist problem posed at the most appealing level of intelligence and sympathy.

There is still another element in Rosso's art which cannot be left out of the account. To speak of it requires a certain tact, I suppose, so removed are we from what it must have meant to him. It is simply this: that Rosso drew his subjects from life, and—how shall one put it?—he was not indifferent to them. There is a sociality in his subjects which is consciously preserved in the finished sculpture; they are not figments in a dream. From the social caricaturism of Daumier to the purism of Brancusi might look to us like an enormous aesthetic distance, but nevertheless, Rosso somehow contains the elements of one as well as the other. To judge from the photographs of the early work he called *Impressions in an Omnibus*—unfortunately, the work was destroyed—social observation counted importantly for him from the beginning.

It is well to remember that Rosso was of the nineteenth century, whatever affinities he may have with the art of the twentieth, and in the nineteenth century the *choice* of a particular subject matter was still an aesthetic choice. Rosso was one of those artists—Courbet and Daumier were others—who looked to the immediate scene both out of a natural sympathy and as a means of breaking through the inherited pieties of an exalted and phony canon of beauty. His realism was thus motivated by a quest for purity, and the purist aspect of his work was abetted by a desire to render the truth. It is, altogether, an aesthetic dialectic composed of many terms which have in the interim been separated, fragmented, capsulated, and promoted as incompatible orthodoxies. For Rosso it was still possible to use this complex dialectic as an instrument of precision.

Still, there is something fragmentary in Rosso. He is among the first of the modern artists who give us a "sketch" as the finished work. Like every other Italian artist, he was haunted by the Renaissance tradition, and he was repelled by it. To present a sketch, drawn from life and imbued with a purity of feeling, at once humble, realistic and unfinished, was the only means at hand by which this crushing inherited Classicism could be undermined and subdued. In what remains a very useful and exact discussion of Rosso's vision—the chapter which Julius Meier-Graefe accorded him in his book on *Modern Art*, published in 1906—the German critic remarked that "Michelangelo seemed to him the representative of a decadence." "In all the church pictures of the

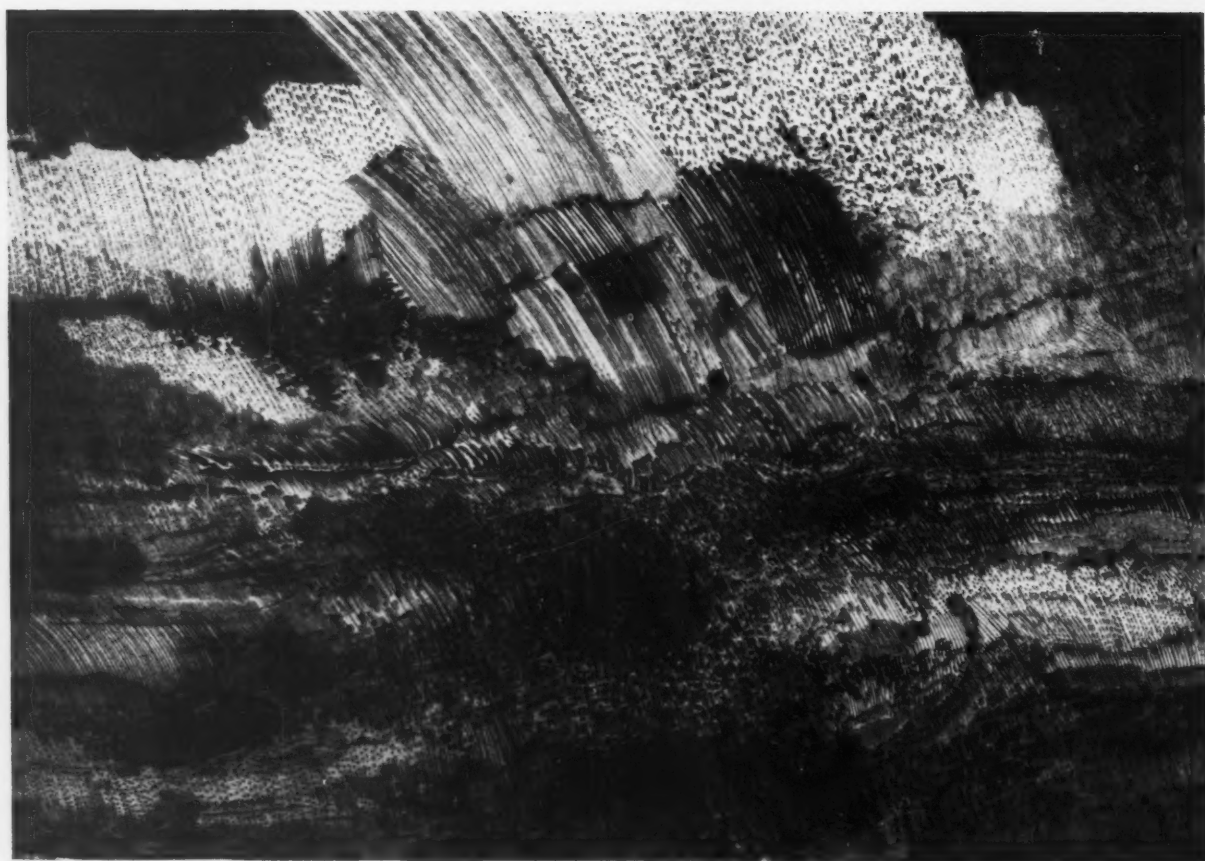
Italians," Meier-Graefe wrote, "he was disturbed by the insistence of the figures, standing out from the surface. These saints sometimes concealed an exquisite landscape, in which alone the artist had revealed himself . . ." What liberated Rosso from Renaissance orthodoxy was the example of Velázquez and then of Manet. He found in the new freedom and integrity of their painting the inspiration for a new beginning in sculpture. The realism of their style, which admitted the truth of their medium into an equality with their subjects, gave Rosso the clue to his own sculptural style. He was among the first of the modern sculptors who perceived that their art could only be revived under the guidance of painting, for there was, in fact, no living tradition in sculpture comparable to what Rembrandt, Velázquez and Manet represented in painting.

ALL in all, though some aspects of Rosso's vision may no longer be of interest to us, it is not difficult to see why he could very well become a fashion. Only his small production militates against it, but with sculpture, of course, there are ways of getting around that. Rosso has special meaning for artists who find themselves weighing the values of Impressionism in a contemporary scale. One already begins to hear some talk of him as the "Monet of sculpture"—a sure sign that canonization is around the corner. One can foresee, too, some of the less felicitous results of this interest, for within the year we are sure to be treated to a number of exhibitions consisting of lumpy blobs of plaster and wax in which a gloomy visage is barely discernible beneath an avalanche of nasty surfaces. It is the price we must pay for having Rosso on public view again. Rosso will no doubt survive this interest just as he survived his obscurity.



Smiling Woman (1890).

Medardo Rosso.



Angry Sky (1959).

Peterdi as Printmaker

His show at the Brooklyn Museum

and the publication of *Printmaking* doubly mark a stage in the career of a prolific artist.

BY VINCENT LONGO

THE only way to diminish craft is to know it: true of all art, especially true of printmaking. Printmaking is as much a craft as it is an art. Its overriding demand for technical accomplishment is the very fact that makes it at best an unwieldy vehicle for immediate visual expression. It demands an engagement of techniques and materials and special skills, sometimes entirely mechanical, and a mastery of them before spontaneity (a major value in today's aesthetic) of performance can be attained. Graphic spontaneity is possible only within the separate stages in the development of idea from plate into print (which is not to minimize the inherent potential of the medium for a special kind of creative act). These stages, stages which interrupt the formal growth of an image, have a virtue in that they offer periods of deliberation, speculation and detached observation of an intimate artistic process. These steps create, too, a workshop atmosphere by which craft itself enriches creative experience and provides possibilities that can be found in no other medium. (Producing original works in multiplicity is one such possibility, but usually not of primary importance

since many modern editions are kept to minimal size in order to allow more time for further experiment.) The peculiar texture of a line bitten into a plate with acid is quite different from one drawn with a pen or pencil; that it must be printed (moist paper pressed into inked fissures within the plate's surface) to be fully realized increases the uniqueness of its visual effect. No less distinctive are those cumulative cutting actions upon one block of wood, containing the excitement of manual contact with material, that are recorded in one moment's impress of wood to paper.

This is to say that craft, rather than being an unnecessary adjunct to creative action, shapes the body of idea. In the work of Gabor Peterdi, who has devoted twenty-five years of his life (he is now forty-three) to the making of fine prints in practically every known method, the interaction between technique and idea is clearly seen. For him, "real freedom arrives when the artist's creative instinct can function without limitation and without consciousness of technical means," but "the more one knows his craft the freer he can be from it."

In her thoughtful and sympathetically written introduction to the Peterdi retrospective ("Gabor Peterdi, Twenty-five Years of His Prints"), Una Johnson, Curator of Prints at the Brooklyn Museum and a dedicated sponsor of American printmaking through more than a decade, places Peterdi as "one of the more brilliant and dynamic of that talented group of young European artists who came to the United States shortly before the Second World War." Before his arrival in the United States, Peterdi was caught up in the history of modern printmaking at Hayter's Atelier 17. This workshop, which attracted Miró, Giacometti, Tanguy, Léger, Picasso and Braque, among others, could not have been a more inspiring, stimulating place for the young Peterdi to learn his art. These artists, with their Surrealist preoccupations reflecting agitation and anxiety of imminent destruction, had a profound effect upon him, and the sinister uneasiness of the new graphic images they invented became a formative part of Peterdi's vocabulary, the very core of his vision for a number of years. His early engravings are charged with these collective concerns plus psychic contents recalled from his childhood in Hungary. Although engravings such as those in the *Black Bull* (1939) series, *Wild Boar* (1934) and *Dead Horse* (1939) do not nearly attain the range of his later work, they show a remarkable control of the burin, which seems to move autonomously over the surface of the copper, leaving disturbing images in its wake. *Rhinoceros* (1934) and *Battle Cry* (1935), fantastic animal inventions, half real, half imaginary, are amazing creations of one nearing the completion of an apprenticeship.

Uncertainty, turbulence, despair—recurrent themes of the prints completed before the fifties—finally give way to a more detached study of natural forces, but not until they undergo a transformation into abstract striations of imagined nocturnal landscapes or thorny or weblike symbols of process. Three large prints completed between 1950 and 1953 are for me the most exciting of this transitional period in Peterdi's development, and they must be included among his major graphic achievements. *Alexander* (1950), the first, not typical of his work at that time, is a luminous, fiery, visionary equestrian portrait of the Greek conqueror—godlike here—that recalls the art of Lurcat and Masson. A sense of myth and magic is created through flaming shapes in aquatint which support and enrich sensitively etched lines and precisely engraved bold ones that describe the image and its ground. *Apocalypse* (1952) is a powerfully conceived abstraction dealing with primordial fears, without resorting to literal illustration of the theme but nonetheless depicting its subconscious force and allegorical implications. A massive etching (two feet by three) entitled the *Vision of Fear* (1953) is a culmination of his obsessive concern with conflict and destruction. Referring specifically to bombing and strafing experienced in the war and the horrifying intensity of an atomic explosion, it is an utterly dehumanized abstract wasteland in which an ultimate destruction is not yet concluded. To create this blasting effect, etching and engraving (partly with an electric drill) are employed to give speed and rhythm to the composition's controlling forms. To the initial plate are added four irregularly cut insets of thin-gauge copper inked in intaglio with a different color for each, plus surface color printed from a rubber cast. The total effect of the print is one of electrifying intensity which could only have been achieved by a profound knowledge of gravure.

IN RECENT years Peterdi's study of nature has become intimate and meticulously descriptive, but not labored. It bursts into large poetic etchings of sensitively drawn patterns of foliage, intricate tree structures, sea and sky, wind and water. These

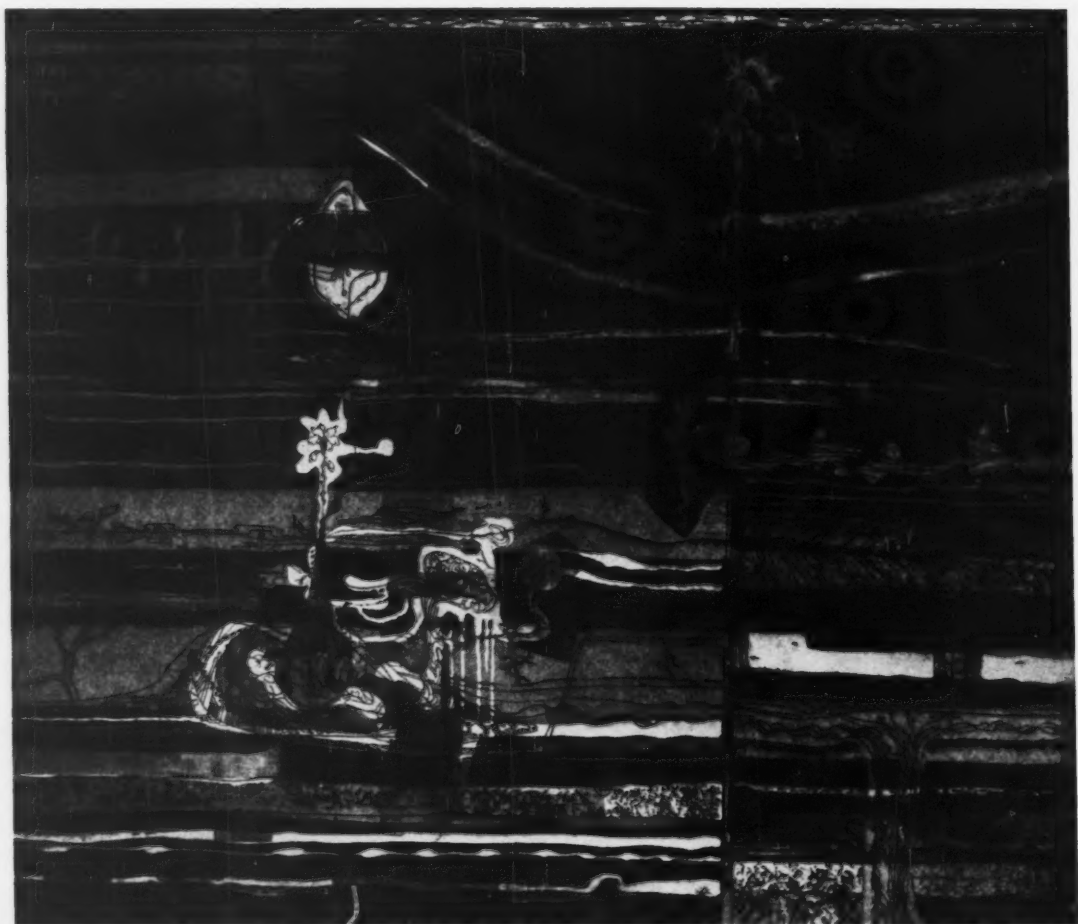


Alexander (1950).



Vertical Rocks (1959).

Peterdi as Printmaker



Germination, No. 1 (1951).

works are perhaps his most impressive. They add delicacy to scale. The linear technique, though masterful, does not intrude: virtuosity is guided by lyric perception. Minute, complex descriptions become in the final result simple appealing statements by a sensitive artist watching natural occurrences and creating thereby a poetry that is Western in manner but Oriental in flavor. All of the etchings completed in the last two years command close attention, but those of this series which acclaim the matured vision of Peterdi are *The Big Summer* (1958), *Cathedral* (1958), *Wings of the Ocean* (1958) and *Angry Sky* (1959).

In an alternate direction of equal power are those prints stemming directly from earlier landscapes typified by *Germination* (1951) and *Dark Horizon* (1954). The early and late prints of laterally oriented construction employ luminous color areas (usually printed directly on the paper with stencils or surface-rolled on the plates in the same manner) with broad blacks and grays. The velvety richness of the blacks is achieved by lines deeply engraved into areas of the plate already acid-bitten through aquatint. All of these works are dark and introspective, except for the more recent compositions, which are less illusory and more dynamically put together with broad, rich black bands related to abstract calligraphy (see the *Storm* (1958) and *Pregnant Earth* (1959)).

The most recent etchings include large and imposing compositions of rock formations, as in *Vertical Rocks* (1959), which is at once literal, abstract and Surreal. Crystal-like

rocks move vertically in the foreground, supported by a laterally divided ground and a flat, black sky which gives by contrast an eerie light to the rock surfaces. The picture is frontal and up close, though the space of the dark sky folds back, creating a spatial ambivalence that is quite compelling. In it the full power of Peterdi's technical skill is brought to bear by the force and necessity of an insistent image.

The 130 prints assembled at the Brooklyn Museum comprise a strikingly wide range of graphic images. To be sure, these images are often not entirely personal, nor have many of the techniques that give them life originated in his studio. Indeed, it is out of collective formal preoccupations as well as with intense fascination for new discoveries in gravure that Peterdi forcefully builds his art. This is true of any artist who is sensitive to the pace and specific qualities of his time. Having come from the matrix of printmaking's renaissance, these works are at once a visual record of developments in the printer's craft, especially in intaglio techniques, and a graphic autobiography of an artist approaching fulfilled personal vision.

THE occasion of Peterdi's retrospective is made more eventful to the print world with the publication of his book, *Printmaking** (subtitled "Methods Old and New"), which documents his productive association with prints and the processes they

**Printmaking*, by Gabor Peterdi. Macmillan. \$12.50.

involve. It brings to contemporary graphic literature a lucid, detailed and vividly written examination of past and current methods in this highly specialized art.

In effect, his book is a presentation of his teaching methods. He starts with the basic aspects of a medium and progresses to more complex applications until he reaches the latest innovations in mixed printing media. His presence as artist, craftsman and teacher is felt throughout. But personal views of form are not offered except when they refer specifically to techniques developed for his own needs. All of the known processes of printmaking excluding lithography are fully covered in his study. The exclusion was made in view of the fact that intaglio (etching, engraving), relief (wood, linoleum, paper) and stencil (serigraph) methods have been used in combination, although they are distinct and separate techniques with special characteristics. Further, the inclusion of lithography would have reduced the thoroughness of descriptive detail in the areas mentioned above and made an already large book cumbersome and impractical for publication. Prints made from plastics and rubber are also discussed in relation to mixed printing techniques with color.

Of necessity, certain of the passages describing intaglio techniques parallel to some degree Hayter's *New Ways of Gravure*. Occasional references are made to Hayter and some of the innovations he sparked at Atelier 17. But Peterdi speaks essentially from his own experience, and his book, encyclopedic in detail, deals with even the most recent technical developments in printmaking processes. Such an example is the manner by which an etching press can be motorized to facilitate

the printing of large plates. He writes of employing the electric drill in engraving; also included are the possibilities of casein cuts, cardboard cuts and some simple processes ideally suited to the teaching of children (a delightfully unexpected inclusion), such as printing with enamel paint and beans or string or potatoes. He also shows how new acrylic sprays can simplify the application of aquatint to a plate. Even the proper procedures for numbering editions and matting prints are discussed. Not the least important feature is the extraordinarily clear manner in which the table of contents is presented. It enables the reader to turn quickly to specific information by a page listing of every aspect of each process.

Designed with a view toward referential needs of the professional artist and the serious student, *Printmaking* is essentially a textbook and would most profitably be used as such in the workshop, but it is so handsomely put together (with over 150 illustrations) that it would enhance the library of anyone with the most casual interest in graphic art. The reproductions, printed with a clarity that does reasonable justice to the originals, range from early European examples of the art to current trends in technique and content.

One of the leading teachers of graphics in this country (Hunter College, Yale University) and among the most prolific and outstanding graphic artists, Peterdi expounds on his craft with authority and insight. The use of the first person in his unpretentious and direct writing style is an effective means of pulling the atmosphere of studio activity into the book as he takes the reader through the many phases of prints and printmaking—the art he so expertly commands.

The Wings of the Ocean (1958).



The Chinese Looking Glass

Munich's Haus der Kunst

draws on noted collections across the world to reflect "A Thousand Years of Chinese Painting."

BY JOHN ANTHONY THWAITES

"SCHOEN . . . schoen," murmured the German lady next to me, bending to the cases where the small Sung masters lay. "But," she turned with the confidence that only strangers have with one another in an exhibition, "there are too few of them." She ran off three or four Chinese names I couldn't catch. "Those are the best," she said, "and they aren't here."

"But I understand the best things aren't in Europe."

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continued on page 47



Li An-Chung, *Falcon and Pheasant*; collection Seattle Art Museum.

The Chinese Looking Glass

Munich's Haus der Kunst

draws on noted collections across the world to reflect "A Thousand Years of Chinese Painting."

BY JOHN ANTHONY THWAITES

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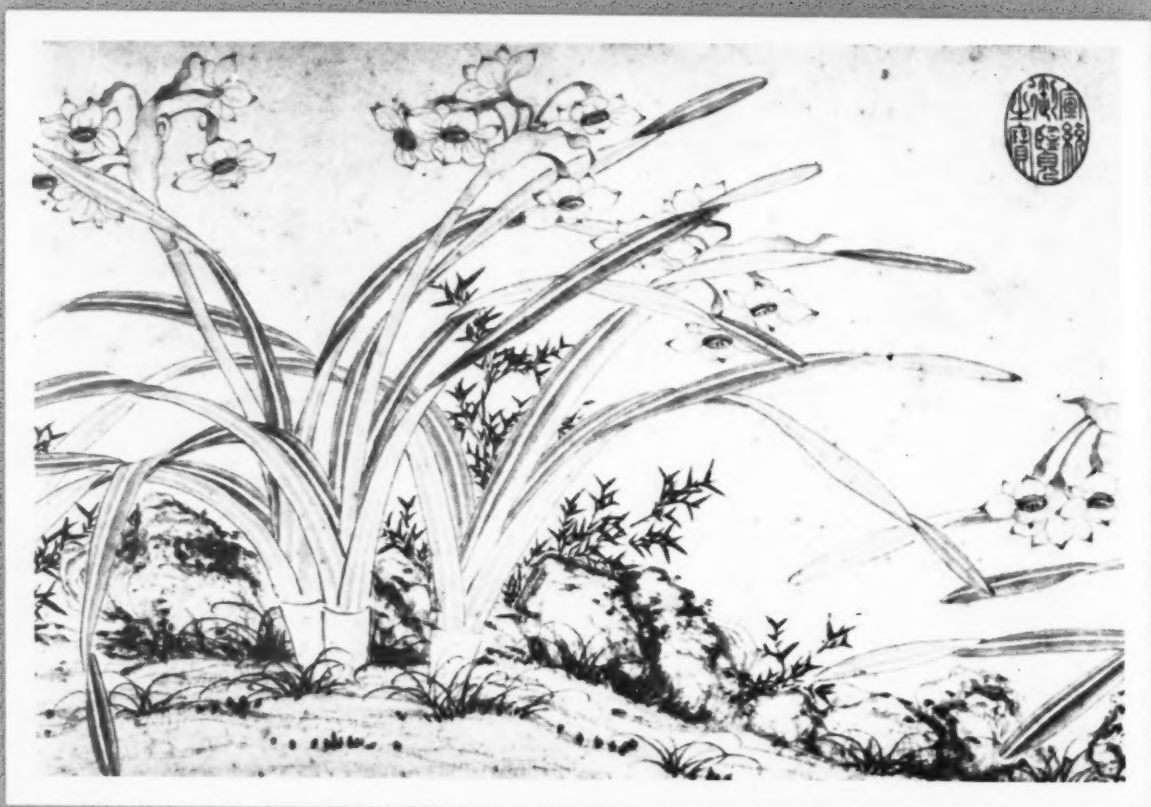
Li An-Chung, *Falcon and Pheasant*; collection Seattle Art Museum.



Kao Yang, *Rock Garden*; collection Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities, Stockholm.

Chang Fêng, *Seated Scholar*; collection Art Institute of Chicago.





Wang Ku-hsiang, *Narcissus*; courtesy Frank Caro, successor to C. T. Loo, New York.

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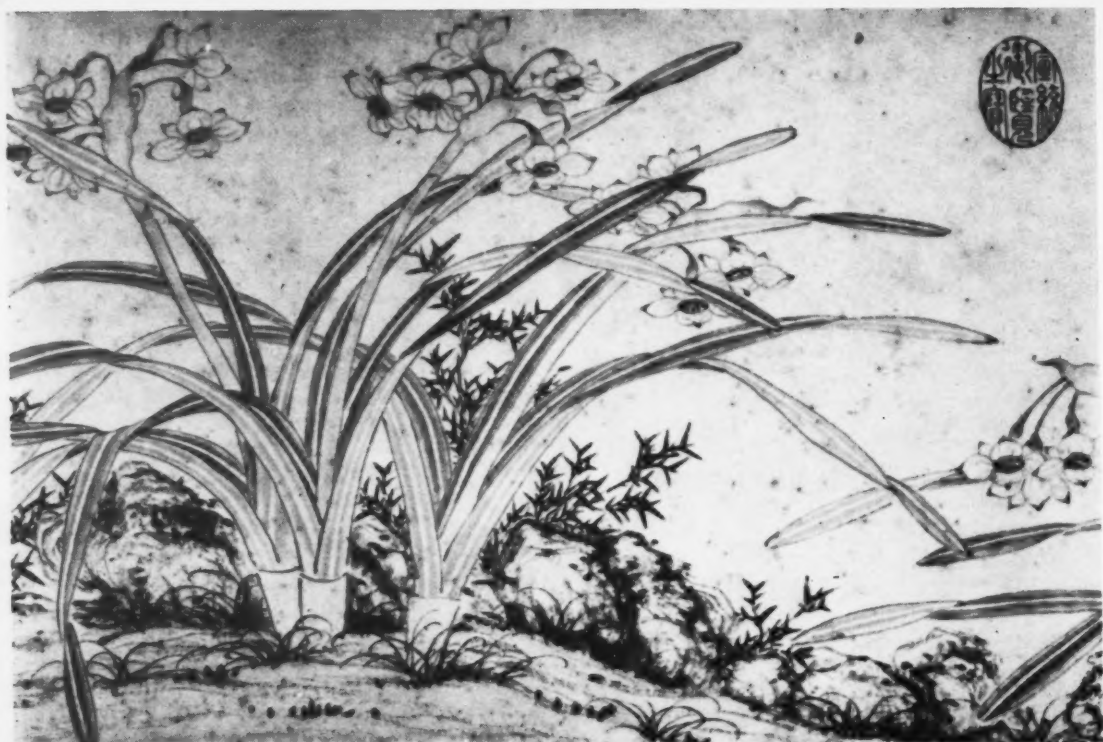
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continued on page 73



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MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

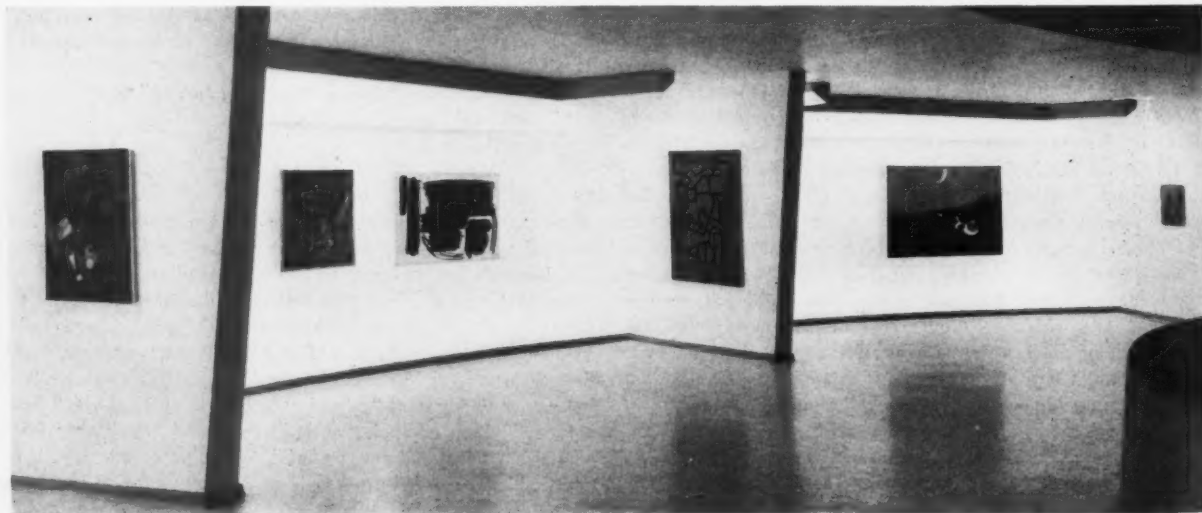
AFTER all the sticky rumors, the protests and general foreboding, the new Guggenheim Museum has now become a part of history: *our* history. Frank Lloyd Wright has had his triumph even if he has not lived to see it. It is the triumph of an imperious genius over the stupidities of commercial building codes and petty municipal bureaucrats, but it is also—as everyone expected—a triumph over painting and sculpture too. Of all the modern architects who have dreamed of lording it over these despised “minor” arts, Wright was one of the few privileged with an opportunity to put them in their place once and for all. He made certain there would be no mistake about its not being a place of the first importance. There may be a small satisfaction to be had in the spectacle of his victory over the municipal Philistines, but for anyone concerned with the fate of painting and sculpture it is quickly dissipated in the face of his victory over art itself.

Despite its audacity and magnificence as a pure architectural conception, this new museum building is a cultural horror, a new disaster inflicted upon art and marked by a series of ironies which only reinforce one's sense of loss in the whole event. Here is an architecture totally irrelevant to its purposes, an architecture which succeeds in having only one “organic” function: to call attention to itself. There is a sizable joke in the fact that this building emulates in so many ways the motives often imputed to the paintings it was designed to bury. Virtuosoic in its formal inventiveness, dazzling and unnecessary in its singularity, it is completely and unassailably self-concerned. As a structure burdened with some workaday functions—as a bus depot perhaps, or as the lobby of a hotel—its appalling egomania would have been tempered, possibly, by its having a job to do. But of course, if it had been in any way a “practical” structure, it would never have appeared in New York in this form. Wright was admitted to the New York scene as a luxury; he gained entrance in the name of an art he had despised for fifty years.

It is an architectural tragedy that he was allowed to build here what is probably his most useless edifice, useless because it is only itself, “a Frank Lloyd Wright,” a giant prestige object, a kind of monstrous *objet d'art* which doubles as a warehouse in which paintings and sculpture can be stored but not really looked at.

Everyone has spoken of the contempt for painting implied in this design, which hurries the spectator past works of art in an efficient headlong rush and never allows him a moment of pause, contemplation or repose, but it should not be overlooked that the whole conception speaks as well of Wright's contempt for the museum audience. In many ways Wright's design for the Guggenheim Museum is the answer to a bureaucrat's dream: it moves the slob in and out with a quick, impersonal dispatch. Its author, we recall, was a man who made a public clamor of his humanism, of his belief in the individual and his hostility to the dehumanizing tendencies of our century, and yet he was apparently so removed from the actualities of contemporary life—so absorbed, apparently, in the mirror-image of his own genius—that he could turn out this cynical mechanism for “processing” museum crowds without the least awareness of its implications. Mr. Walter McQuade, the architectural critic of *The Nation*, was horribly accurate when he commented that “People don't visit this museum; they are digested by it.” A moment's consideration of this remark tells us quickly enough what Wright's humanism came to in this case. Visitors do indeed leave this building as so much waste material.

WE ARE NOT, of course, seeing this structure in an uncorrupted state. Whether or not this is a disadvantage we shall never know, for Wright's death apparently opened the way for the director, Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, to impose a radical revision in the presentation of the paintings, particularly in the way they and the surrounding wall space are lighted. We know that Wright intended a maximum use of daylight, and if his ramp design makes any sense at all, it is only as a solution to the problem of admitting a continuous, varying daylight into the exhibition areas. I don't know if this idea is workable, and it surely doesn't mitigate the arrogance of the whole conception in any case, but it couldn't have proved more oppressive than what we now have in its place. What we are seeing, in effect,

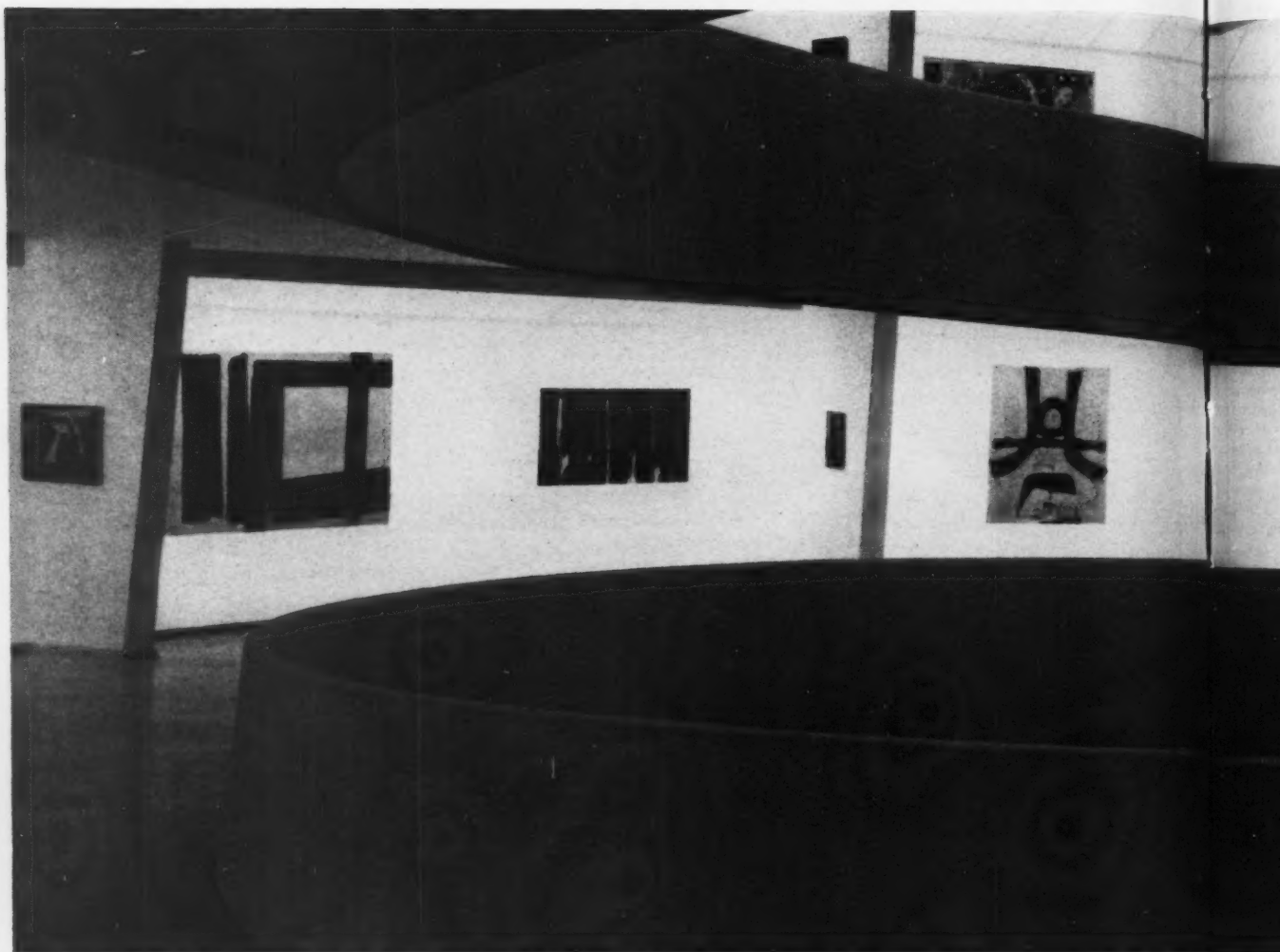


Bays on ramp gallery at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.



View showing successive tiers of the spiral ramp.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EZRA STOLLER



Galleries viewed across central well.

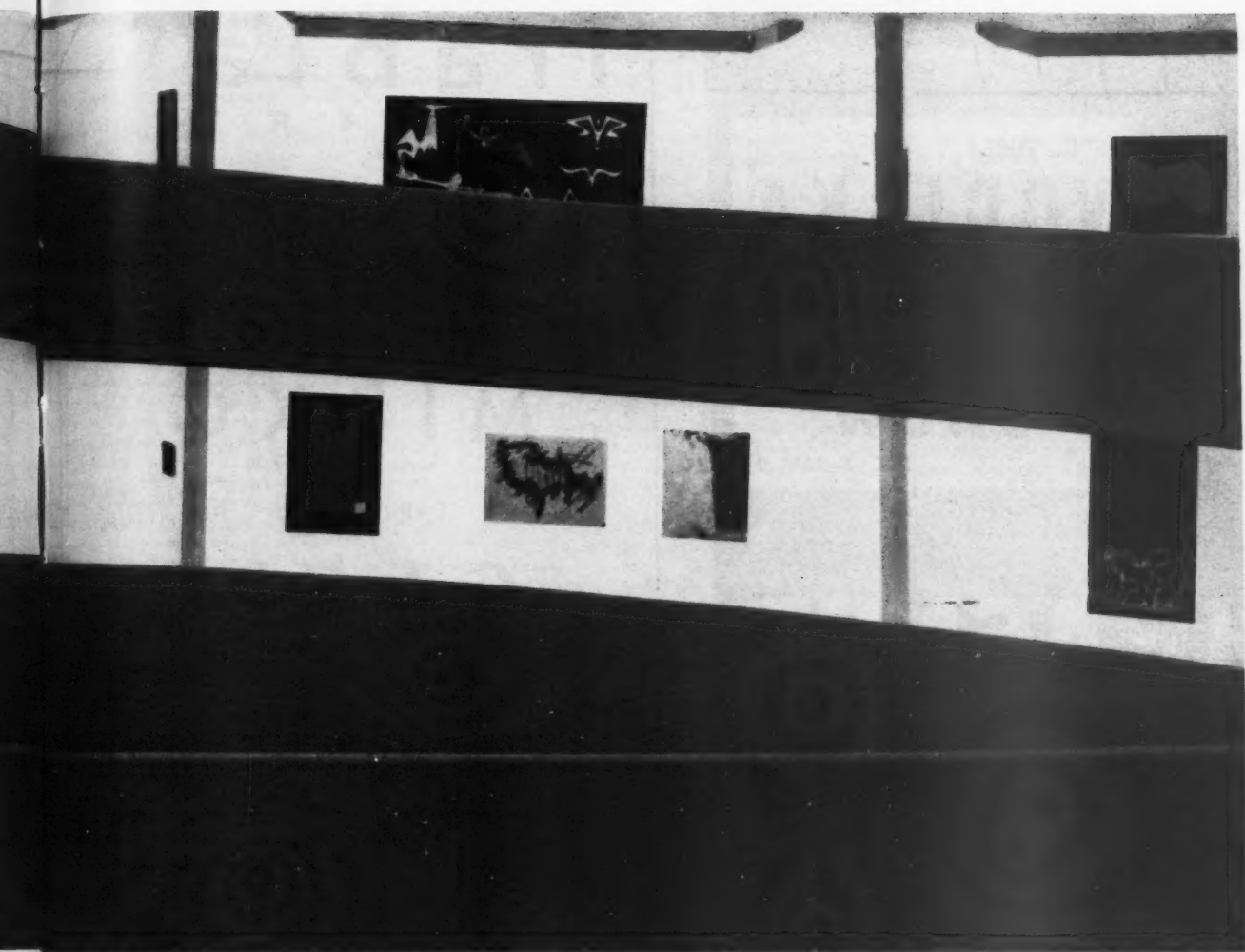
is the result of Mr. Sweeney's collaboration. At first glance, nothing could seem more remote than a collaboration of two such radically opposed sensibilities. Yet it proves to have an awful logic, after all. By himself Wright would only have succeeded in building a tomb for modern painting, a vault, as it were, where art could be put on ice. It is Mr. Sweeney who has engineered the refrigeration.

Mr. Sweeney's forte has always been his private dream of heaven, a heaven of whiteness into which modern painting could be deposited for eternity. The walls of the old Guggenheim building were carried as far in the direction of this immaculate Hereafter as a quantity of white paint and a searing luminosity could take them. They could never be taken the whole distance to oblivion. Their old-fashioned materiality, a relic perhaps of the days when walls had not yet been assigned transcendental functions, always managed to make itself felt, however extreme the transmutation might be. Many of the paintings shown on those walls—all of them, it will be remembered, stripped of their frames and thrown naked into the icy void—reminded one a little of that tragic swan in Mallarmé's sonnet who suffers an eternal "*blanche agonie*" immobilized in a frozen winter lake. The effect was of an elegance always at the mercy of a perfect sterility, or rather, of a sterility which constantly threatened to be perfect but which never entirely succeeded. Where it failed, as from time to time it mercifully

did, some small expressive element in the painting was permitted a momentary escape from the arctic embrace.

At their best, Mr. Sweeney's painting exhibitions in the old Guggenheim building were poised at precisely this point of tension, the point at which the expressiveness of the painting could be held in precarious balance with the intense white void in which it was impaled. Such exhibitions often generated a visual excitement of great interest; one never left them with an indifferent response. Yet, as a spectator, one felt a little *used*, as if one's impulses had been fully measured in advance and been made an ingredient in the recipe. With such keen attention paid to the visual effects of an exhibition, there seemed very little sympathy for the integrity of the painting. Paintings tended to become more like reproductions in an album; it seemed as if one were seeing them at one remove from their actuality.

Now, it transpires, the old Guggenheim was merely a dress rehearsal for the real thing. In this veritable Siberia there are no momentary escapes. The Wright-Sweeney collaboration has sealed off every exit by which the least jot of painterly emotion could get a message through to the outside world. The walls have been dematerialized; they are now frozen seas of light. The paintings have been stuck out on the ends of metal armatures, pinned and wriggling, as it were, but without even a wall to fall back on. They come to you like wounded apparitions; it is not



observation they invite, but compassion. In truth, most of the paintings are trash. There is the fine Cézanne, the Bonnard, some of the Kandinskys, the Klees—altogether, there aren't a dozen masterpieces in the lot. The great Brancusi standing around in the lobby look lost; the Maillol, which normally speaks for a robust fertility, looks embarrassed, like a lady who lost her clothes in the subway rush hour. But this isn't the point, really. Even the worst paintings do not deserve a fate like this. And the Cézanne, after all, will survive. It is the other stuff which invites sympathy; a generation hence nobody will bother with it. It has to make its mark now, or never. Instead, it is packed away in Mr. Sweeney's refrigerator, and resembles nothing so much as those mountain climbers whose bodies are said to be perfectly preserved, even to the color of their complexion, in the flow of the glacier, until they are deposited a generation later in a warmer altitude, where they quickly disintegrate.

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impurities of a workaday existence? We should make no mistake about it: Mr. Sweeney's philosophy of exposition implies something crucial about the relation of art to life. It suggests that art most fully realizes itself at its farthest remove from contact with human habit. The frames must be removed, for they carry with them associations and physical reminders of the outside world, even perhaps of the painting's earlier history. In heaven, of course, there is no history: everything exists in the eternal present. I wonder that the artists' signatures are not also removed. Do they not soil the atmosphere a little with their fussy claims to personal identity? Sooner or later they too must go. And in the end it is painting itself which must go, for at this altitude it has no function, no meaning, no feeling. In the midst of such purity, painting—even the purest—is a pitiable excrescence.

The Wright-Sweeney collaboration has the virtue of bringing a powerful tendency into the open. It states a widely held assumption in its most extreme form. What it comes to is a three-dimensional Suprematism; it restates with great technological finesse a motif out of the earlier history of purist painting. And just as Suprematist painting brought art to the frontier of a perfect emptiness, so this Suprematist architecture brings the museum to the brink of a complete nullity. There is a cruel justice in this, but it is a kind which punishes the innocent along with the guilty.

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SCULPTURE
VODICKA
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DEC. 1-JAN. 1

SCULPTURE GRAPHICS
KRASNER
INC.
PAINTINGS DRAWINGS

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SCULPTURE by
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PAINTINGS by
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Margaret Breuning:

The Zorach retrospective . . . three sculptors . . . new work by Pleissner . . .

Tamayo . . . portraits by Draper . . .

WILLIAM ZORACH's retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum includes sculpture, oils, water colors, and drawings in varied media, yet all reflecting the artist's sensitive reaction to his environing world, as well as his creative gift of transforming natural appearances through imaginative, arbitrary design into works of art. This large exhibition impresses one not only by its sum of accomplishment, but even more by the artist's personal way of viewing his subjects, by the constant challenge to the viewer in this work and by the eloquence attained in his naturalistic themes through his deep feeling for humanity and for nature. His first training as a painter, while still a boy, came during his apprenticeship as a lithographer, when he worked by day and studied painting and drawing at night in the Cleveland Art School. Finally reaching the status of a journeyman lithographer, he was able, through savings, to make two trips to New York, on the first registering at the National Academy's art school, and on the next occasion, at the Art Students League, where an instructor, recognizing the maturity of his drawing, advised him to go to Paris. More lithography, more savings, and Zorach arrived in Paris, when the world of art was the battlefield of modern *isms*. This new, modern influence is displayed in an early canvas, *Spring*, shown here, which is Fauve in its deformations of form and vehemence of palette; yet, as Mr. Bauer writes in a foreword to the catalogue, "it is more closely related to nature and more conservative than the work of the French masters." The same stricture applies to the artist's later Cubism;

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THREE sculptors recently held concurrent exhibitions at Contemporary Arts: Paul Giambertone, Sanford Goodman, Aristides Stavrolakes. Although these artists differ widely in media and techniques, they all contribute a fresh, individual recasting of sculptural language that expresses vividly their personal conceptions. We have become so familiarized with forged figures, skeletal forms divested of all human attributes and usually requiring the support of iron rods, that it is surprising and gratifying to come upon an artist working in metal who finds inspiration in unusual and imaginative themes. Giambertone, using a composite of steel and copper, presents *Phalanx*, a battered shield with spears thrust into the ground in front of it, a work that can scarcely fail to recall the arms of the hoplites following Xenophon's weary march to the sea. His *Voyage* shows a long, narrow boat riding on a flux of brass waves, its cordage of gleaming metal—a gull sheltering inside it, two copper flags flying from its mainmast, a crescent moon tucked away in its bows. It presents the spirit of adventure, flight to "faery lands forlorn" in congruous symbols. Stavrolakes works in wood; vigor and sensitivity of modeling impart vitality to *Torso* in its exaggerated forms as well as its rare beauty of surfaces. His three-figured *Death, Sleep and the Traveler*, while avoiding literalness in the forms, endows them with a deep poignancy. It is

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PAINTINGS by Rufino Tamayo, in current exhibition, mark a definite change from works exhibited in recent years; his new palette has discarded the somber monotony of low color for a brilliance of hues—color that does not obscure the image with which it is concerned, but vitalizes it. He escapes the nonfigurative ideology of the cult of action painters as well as their heaped-up pigment, yet in his swift brushing attains a depth and splendor of color. His forms and figures are unfamiliar, but completely consonant with his bold designs, of which the sources are found in his environing world, yet entirely transformed through imaginative recasting into shapes and forms never before realized. Many of the figures of the canvases have solidity and sound bodily structure, as in the two obviously ponderable figures in *Matrimonial Portrait*; yet curiously enough Tamayo has retained the expressionless faces of earlier work, like a child's conceptual representation of features. In the canvas *Insomnia*, the tormented figure with tossed bed covers resembles an ably modeled bronze sculpture, while *Claustrophobia* is symbolized by an intricately involved pattern of twisting, writhing, hot-valued strands, representing the anguish of a sufferer. The artist's cherished theme

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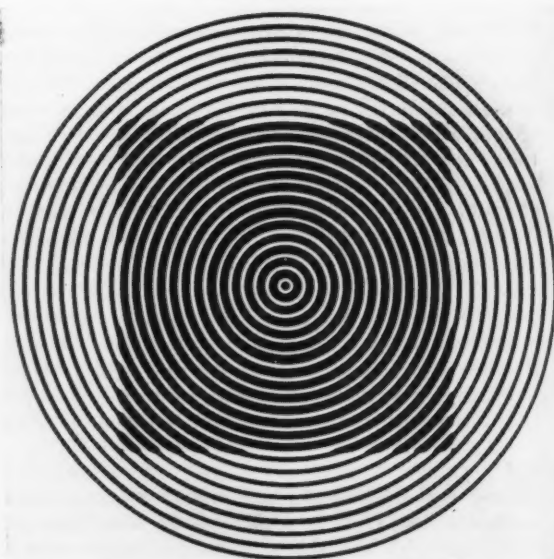
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In sculpture Zorach adopted the technique of direct cutting, the first American artist to employ this practice of the ancient sculptors. It is remarkable how soon his sculpture acquired solidity, textural values and the slow rhythms of massive forms, which sometimes pressed to a center or spiraled around it. Yet none of these early pieces, however impressive, prepares one for the majesty and monumentality of *Mother and Child* (1927-30), carved from a three-ton marble block in three years of intensive work. It is completely in the round, escaping frontality; and through reinforcement of its central mass by subordinate, carefully co-ordinated bodily gestures, it attains actual magnificence. Although produced at this early stage of the artist's work, it remains one of his most important pieces. Laying aside his sculptural tools for a time, Zorach modeled in clay two large compositions to be cast in metal later. One, *Spirit of the Dance*, is close to *Mother and Child* in design, though freer in gesture and arabesque. Like many other carvers, he found his materials often conditioning subjects, a block of wood or irregular bit of stone suggesting a bird or small animal—which resulted in many of Zorach's most engaging themes. At times he has reverted to

primitive art, which was one of the bases of Cubism, and for which he always felt sympathy, in designs of heads with sightless eyes and wide divergences from naturalism, but possessing the appeal of a vivid expressionism. It is impossible, of course, to enumerate all the splendid pieces that this artist has produced, but one in particular may be cited, the figure of *Victory*, which in the subtlety of its descent of flowing planes, its textured luminosity of surface and its ineluctable sense of vitality between its bounding contours seems to form a modern translation of "classic" resulting from the artist's wide experience and innate sense of harmony. (Whitney Museum, Oct. 14-Nov. 29.)

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ODEN PLEISSNER in his current exhibition of paintings has not devoted his work solely to French themes, as in many previous showings, but has included with them Italian, New England, and even Scottish canvases. However, if his subjects

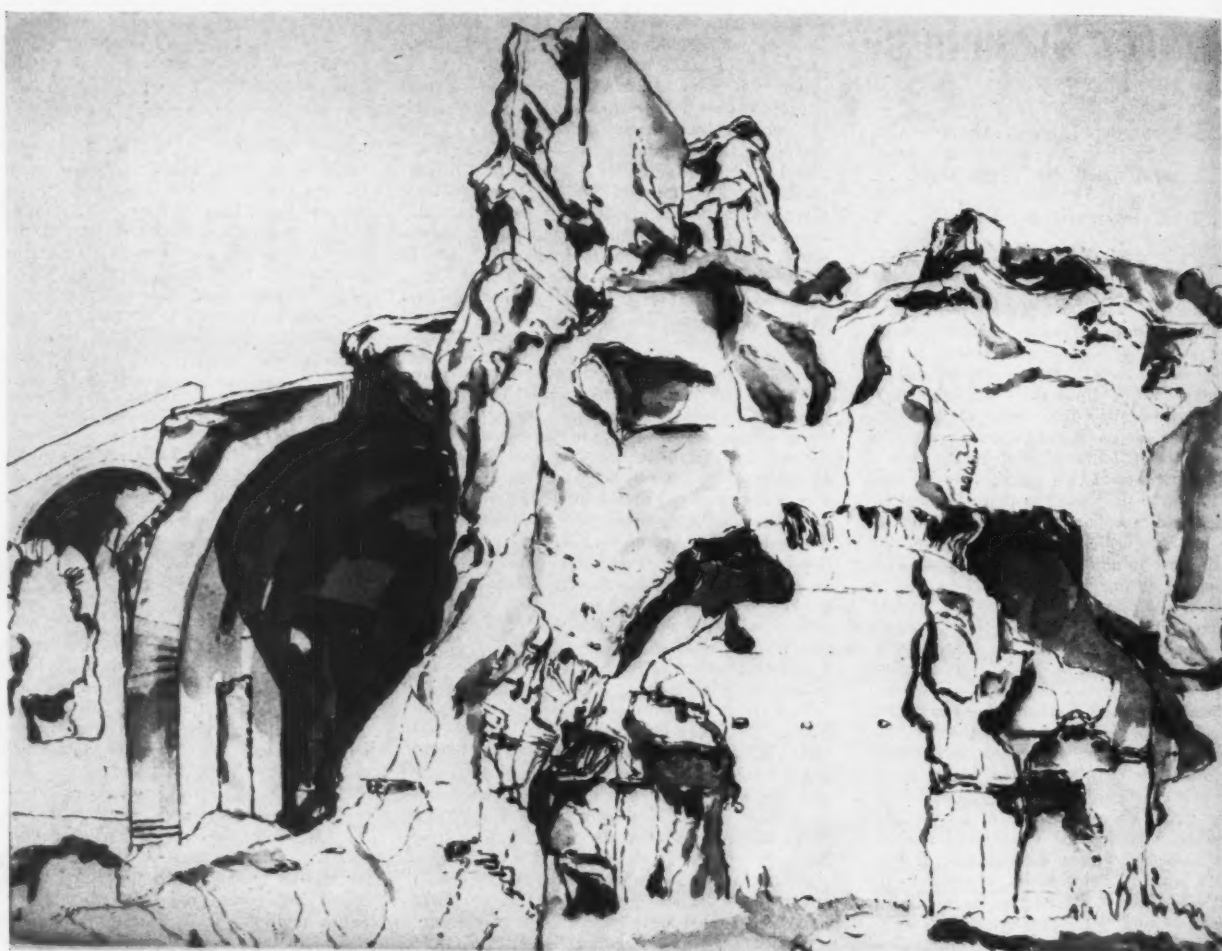


Rufino Tamayo, *Man and His Shadow*; at Knoedler Galleries.

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IN THE latest exhibition of portraits by William F. Draper the canvases are carried out with breadth and fluency, in richness of substance and sure and exact definitions of forms; moreover, the forms are placed with fine perception of design. The artist seems to have had an unusual quality of vision, a grasp of the entire form of his subject and its structural relations, so that the pose and movement of the figure sum up its essential unity. Added to his thorough knowledge of anatomical structure is, apparently, a reliance on psychological structure, that is, a belief that the source of bodily motivation is the mind or the emotion. Thus his swift seizure of physical likeness is supplemented by his rendering of the harmony of facial expression and bodily habit with inner active life. The portraiture of the men does not appear so much to emphasize the importance of prestige and high attainment as to reveal the gifts of personality. The feminine portraits convey the same suggestion of inward life motivating outward appearance. Beauty of flesh tones, grace of bodily gesture are set off by handsome costumes, but rich stuffs and ropes of pearls are subordinated to the revelation of character, the intelligence, the many-sided talents of rich natures. The portrait of Sarah Gibson Bland, the president of Vassar College, is outstanding; the seated figure in the swirling folds of her academic robes, as a symbol of authority, discloses a personal warmth in a smile. (Portraits, Inc., Nov. 4-25.)



Philip Pearlstein, *Palatine No. 10*;
at Tanager Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

The Art of Lake Sentani: In its twofold function of bringing out the purely aesthetic appeal of primitive art and acquainting us with the cultures of the peoples who produced them, the Museum of Primitive Art has once again performed a valuable service. This show, excellently displayed and accompanied with a handsome, scholarly catalogue, presents most of the scanty remains of a little-known but fascinating culture which flourished until fairly recently in six villages at Lake Sentani in Northern New Guinea. Although a few of the objects are owned by the museum itself and others are from private collections, most of them are on loan from the National Museum of Ethnology in Leyden and the Royal Institute for the Tropics in Amsterdam. Representing a real Stone Age culture which knew neither weaving nor pottery, the objects are genuinely primitive although they were made during the nineteenth and early twentieth century. The most remarkable are the wooden images of ancestral spirits, sometimes life-sized, which were part of the men's ceremonial houses of the lake dwellers. Highly stylized and very simple, they are outstanding not so much for their aesthetic value, which is certainly not comparable to the best of African sculpture, but for their weird expressiveness mirroring a

strange world. From a purely artistic point of view, the finest of these works are the marvelous loincloths made of bark which is beaten and soaked and then decorated with paintings of fish, lizards and various spiral forms. The designs, mostly in black and browns, are distinctly inventive, with linear patterns rather like pen drawings, crude and childish and yet with an undeniable beauty. Ceremonial objects such as drums and staffs, as well as utensils of daily life, round out this remarkable exhibition. (Museum of Primitive Art, Sept. 16-Feb. 7.)—H.M.

Philip Pearlstein: The twenty-three good-sized brush drawings of this exhibition are of the hills and hillside ruins around Rome: arches, crumbling walls that blend into the hills, and the rocky faces of the hills themselves. Pearlstein has been faithful to the natural scene, but he has worked with such a selective eye and such animation of detail that he seems to be released rather than restricted by his observation of the real. The sensitive and articulate proliferation of detail is countered by a massiness in the larger forms, and this produces an unusual excitement, a sense of immediacy in which there is no sacrifice of structure. (Tanager, Nov. 27-Dec. 18.)—G.D.

Twenty-four Modern Masters: These are not all masterpieces. But begin with the quite early Matisse, a still life which in its casually disheveled forms projects Manet (*et al.*) at the future, and the subsequent ascendancy of pure plastic values that characterizes modern art begins to unfold on the walls. It seems rather tame now, even after a longing for various absolutes resulted in such extremes as Kandinsky's late geometry—in a small gouache—the Gothic color laminations of Kupka, the synchronisms of Morgan Russell, the dynamo of dark disks of Pevsner—all oils. The middle way turns out to be Léger, Miró and Torres Garcia, with subject matter transformed into cast solids, ambivalent biomorphs and pictographic tables, respectively. The Miró is a beauty, and the feeling is that Torres Garcia is going to grow and grow. Picasso's small head (1953), a number of Surrealist effusions and two splendid pencil drawings by De Chirico from his metaphysical period show other arrivals and departures of the times. Tobey and a few more names, major and minor, are also shown. (Fried, Oct. 26-Nov. 30.)—S.T.

Jacques Lipchitz: The recent bronzes made by the lost-wax process—whose capacities Mr. Lipchitz has explored "A la Limite du Possible," as

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he stresses by this title to the series—divide approximately into two groups of very great and, in comparison, less interest. *Galapagos I, II* and *III* are superb; the works consisting simply of conjoined ready-made objects hardly equal those based on the images of the *Islas Encantadas*. *Galapagos II* has parts of *objets trouvés*, such as the raffia rim of the monster's turtle shell, itself apparently found, and probably has knobbed sticks embedded in the spindly legs; yet these are completely integrated with the freely modeled head, deeply twisted neck, breasts and feet, all of which are both bestial and human. The mystery is between what is a real thing and what is imitative of it, on one scale; that which is an imaginative representation, on another; the composite animal itself, on a third; and that which pervades the others, the sculptor's unique, thick, turbulent, somewhat zigzag movement. This is a complete, complex imagery. Mr. Lipchitz says in reference to those multiple relationships: "I have always been fascinated by the encounters, by the joinings, by the comparisons between similars and contraries, and by the sudden unexpected aspects which may result." The formal means are somewhat more evident in *Galapagos I*; a branch joins the leg of the rampant animal, which reverses at the same angle upward into the body, where another limb thrusts out parallel to the first, and a second leg descends in line with the initial branch, and so on through numerous surprising and dynamic developments; it seems as if such counterthrusts would be too formal, but this is hardly so. The order is as free and subtle as the imagery. *The Enchanted Flute*, one of the ready-mades, is clever; two woven baskets become breasts, the flute, the body, all among seedpods. This is the extent of it. Others seem archaic, Victorian or Surreal. They represent an extreme of Mr. Lipchitz's usual incorporation of representational sections into his sculpture; when these elements are most plastic and transmuted they and the embodying sculpture are at their best. (Fine Arts Associates, Nov. 10-Dec. 15.)—D.J.

Reginald Pollack: There are several provocative aspects to this latest showing of Pollack's work. The paintings themselves are largely of studio wall hung with examples of his paintings in various styles over the past years or of walls scribbled with names and transient messages. The effect of an anthology of the painter's past and present work seems predominant in many of the individual paintings, but it is never left as a simple collection—pictures within a picture, as in those eighteenth-century paintings of galleries hung to the rafters with paintings. In Pollack, the studio wall is the starting point for other excursions; the firm edges of shapes dissolve into some continuous and warm-colored space or ground, and a vivid landscape here and there may be a painting or may indicate a window giving out upon a sunny view. Rather vague clusters of objects have the look of studio paraphernalia but they, too, have a way of slipping backward, becoming, perhaps, representations of those objects pinned against a wall. In *Paris Studio*, a series of heads becomes progressively simplified until the features are the slightest of calligraphic scribbles that still retain the essence of a face. All of these devices leave one with the feeling that besides the element of summing up, a compendium of Pollack's previous styles, there is as well some element of game in these paintings—a playing off of different kinds of reality. Even the physical fact of the canvas itself is not safe from the painter's invention. The *Corner Paintings* are quite literally individual canvases meant to be fitted together in a corner and viewed from various angles. This element of play is not, however, something to be written off lightly. Art has generally been a matter of recreation. (Peridot, Nov. 16-Dec. 12.)—J.R.M.

Edgar Negret: In his third New York exhibition,

this Colombian artist shows a series of polychrome metal free-standing and wall sculptures which he has titled "Magic Machines." They are not machines in any sense, however, but extremely formal sculpture composed of an exact equilibrium of horizontal and vertical lines and planes and repetitions of simple, sharply defined shapes. They are painted in pure primary colors which emphasize this plastic austerity by further defining the clean-edged shapes. Although these pieces are built from machine parts—nuts and bolts, pipes sheet-metal cutouts and T irons—there is no implied movement of parts; the revolving bases of *Lunar Transit* and *Kachina* in turning demonstrate the equilibrium in each facet of a work and the equilibrium of the whole work as a three-dimensional entity. There is a certain witty—even comic—character to these sculptures in the discrepancy between the extreme elegance of the total composition and the associations of the pedestrian material. Although Negret transforms utilitarian utensils into aesthetic objects, he is glorifying the machine part, not the machine or the machine age itself. The material has no claim to the content of this work; in fact in recent pieces he has used Southwest Indian motifs for his themes. There is no commentary here comparable to the self-conscious and programmatic modernism of Vorticism, nor does Negret become satirical, like the Dadaists—or Stankiewicz or Tinguely, both of whom today use much the same sort of material. Negret's light touch of the comic is a product of his severe aestheticism; his intention is to demonstrate the simplicity of beauty. (Herbert, Nov. 7-28.)—B.B.

Recent Acquisitions: Confined largely to modern art after the Impressionists, many of the works in this varied assortment of paintings, sculpture and water colors are barely more than footnotes to the already glutted pages of history. A notable exception is the large, battered Vuillard—*Madame Hessel and Friends* (1918). Painted in tempera, it shows three ladies seated in an interior that seems to be part of their attire. The chalk light scanning the soft, simple forms, more tremulously rounded than flat in their pale colors, sets off a compositional movement that has an excitement apart from the casual immobility of the figures. The Monticelli (c. 1860-70), the Courbet and the Renoir which precede the Intimists provide a thesis of elegance, the antithesis of the facts unadorned and a synthesis by a man who knew what he liked—a park scene, a seascape and a nude, respectively. Scholarly interest will be aroused by a very early Cézanne *Paysage*, a small work painted with a loaded brush, a minor Rousseau landscape with figures and a chaste and immobile figure in wood by Calder (1927). The moderns are wholly familiar and characteristically represented, from the tiny Klee to the large, haunted work in reds by Max Ernst. Francis Bacon's recent *Skull of a Gorilla* slips over into theatricality. The shattered Giacometti sculpture of a woman exposes a real nerve, not sensation, and Kandinsky's small gouache *Composition* (1924) looks fresher by far than last year's Dubuffet, *Texturologie LVIII*, splattered like the latest linoleum. Matisse, Manzù, Laurens, Vieira da Silva and others are also shown. (World House, Nov. 3-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

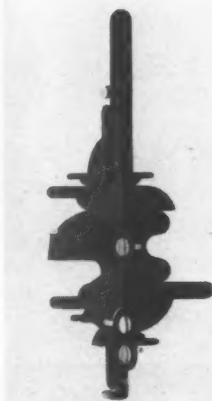
Modern Drawings: "Modern" in this case starts with Constantin Guys and represents a good many artists from the latter part of the nineteenth century to the present day. This exhibition, however, is based on no pedagogical intent to trace the developments of art in the past hundred years, nor are the drawings necessarily typical of each artist. The fifty-odd drawings here—by thirty artists—have been selected only for their own intrinsic merits. As compared to a show of paintings and sculpture, a collection of this sort has the intimate quality of conversation overheard. One early Derain sketch of figures and horses and Alfred Maurer's



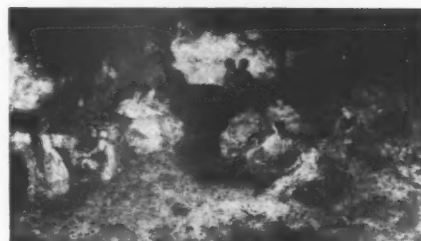
Jacques Lipchitz,
Enchanted Flute;
at Fine Arts Associates.



Reginald Pollack, *Paris Studio*;
at Peridot Gallery.



Edgar Negret,
Celestial Navigator;
at David Herbert Gallery.



Adolphe Monticelli, *Park Scene*;
at World House Gallery.



Jankel Adler, *Homage to Kurt Schwitters*; at Galerie Chalette.



Josef Scharl, *The Humiliation*; at Galerie St. Etienne.



Sideo Fromboluti, *August*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



E. W. Nay, *Rhythms in Gray and Yellow*; at Kleemann Galleries.

anatomy studies—which are brilliant confirmations of the linear facility of these two painters—are probably from the artists' notebooks. Other examples from the nineteenth century are a delicately modeled Rodin nude in water color (the term drawing is used very loosely in this exhibition) and three intense, tightly drawn Redon studies for paintings. The contemporary drawings have, of course, a different relationship to the artists' major work. Confrontations of different periods inevitably document the relative stature of drawings as artistic entities. The drawings of artists who are engaged with the process of construction in their paintings and sculpture paradoxically become more important: since the process—and its concomitance of spontaneity—is often lost in a large oil or in wood or metal, the more informal products of these artists are often closer to their intent and more important artistically. (It is not uncommon in a contemporary studio to find oneself more engaged with what is on the floor than on the easel.) Certainly Childe's water color of tenuously balanced shapes and Frost's and Greene's colored drawings exhibited here are at least equal in quality to their respective sculpture and paintings. If the drawings here differ widely in intent and medium, the general level is uniformly high. Notable examples which have not been mentioned are Moore's wash figures of 1949, a large black-and-white of Morris Kantor, and a whimsical Braque gouache of a fully outfitted toreador dancing with a caricatured *toro*. And as for the unavoidable "collector's item," the gallery has managed to find one of Jeanne Hebuterne's sketches of Modigliani. (Bertha Schaefer, Dec. 7-24.)—B.B.

Jankel Adler: Adler's last exhibition in this country was held just prior to his death ten years ago, and his work has been little seen or heard of in the interim—which is unfortunate, since he is an artist who does not deserve to be so quickly forgotten. Born in Poland in 1895, conscripted into the Russian army, captured by the Germans, he settled first in Düsseldorf, then fled to Paris and subsequently to England, where he lived during the war and where he died in 1949. Although he was certainly influenced by the various periods of Picasso, by Surrealism and by the work of Paul Klee, he has left a strong individual imprint on his paintings. The mood is predominantly lyrical, tinged with anxiety; with the exception of some very abstract still lifes, he worked largely with the figure, dissecting and flattening it at the same time, traversing and encircling it with raised and incised lines. The color is often very rich, but kept in close harmony, and the multiplicity of small forms are firmly encased in strong compositional outlines. Typical of his best work is *King David*, with its boldly given forms and expressive detailing, its muted interplay of lavenders and greens and brighter colors like notes of music set between the harp strings. Also of interest, if less typical, is the *Homage to Kurt Schwitters* (1942), a canvas bisected by four strings, with fragmentary objects painted on a black ground. (Chalette, Nov. 22-Dec. 31.)—M.S.

Josef Scharl: Reason has its passionate side; it is paradox. Scharl was an Expressionist who felt that "rational thinking is the only source from which clarity and logic can spring." This shows up in his last paintings—he died suddenly in 1954 in New York, where he had exiled himself from Germany in 1938—as a sense of design ordering an apocalyptic vision of nature. The "Requiem Cycle," a series of twelve paintings, seven of which are shown, suggests that on the visionary side Scharl was influenced by Van Gogh. Representing his apotheosis of Nature, there is much in them that reminds one of a stylized *Starry Night*. Significantly for Scharl, a nature unleashed in a kind of atomic explosion becomes *The Absence of Reason*. In this cycle, the earth and the heavens

are a pandemonium of wheeling, windmill patterns of force and energy—fixed in determined designs that are faceted, studded with dots and lozenges in color schemes from midnight blue to wheat gold. The designs are ornamental, almost primitive in their vigor, testifying to his instinct for control. If his painting style was a bit self-conscious, Scharl was liberated in his drawings. His nineteen pen-and-ink illustrations from the Bible are superb examples of the graphic art. A harsh line is capable of eliciting the passion of Christ as it is the jeering hatred of the mob. His broader identification with nature in terms of semiabstract patterns undergoes in a kind of "leap into faith" a natural economy, resulting in near-Medieval simplicity. The drawings are deeply moving. (St. Etienne, Nov. 9-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Sideo Fromboluti: Light is a major preoccupation in these recent works. It is generally introduced in its pure form as a white or yellow area in the upper corner of the canvas and followed through as it becomes localized in still life objects or landscape, while its passage is emphasized by dramatic darks. The flamboyance of color and shape which is natural to Fromboluti's work is matched by the lavishness with which the paint is spread on, not in an attempt to substitute quantity for subtleties of quality, but with the gratuitous generosity which with some painters is an assertion of independence. Extravagance best describes the profusion of lush pinks in *I Rock in My Own Dark* and the scarlet torrent of *Study in Red*, a profligacy of gesture which is not always self-sustaining. Of a different order is *August*, with its suggestion of detail—grasses and foliage—to arrest the cascade of light and entice the eye into the density of the summer landscape. (Zabriskie, Oct. 26-Nov. 14.)—M.S.

E. W. Nay: His means are almost obvious. Moltenly painted disks of color, sometimes bright reds and yellows, as frequently blacks, deep greens and white, create circular, ascendant patterns. The impression that they are abstract flower pieces lasts only a moment. The tonal values remind one momentarily of Munch, whom Nay knew well and Nolde, but then the paintings are absorbed by Nay's feeling for something so total that it is like a structure. Each movement particularizes a sensation that expands in space. There is a striking continuity of passionate cause and visual effect. As Werner Haftmann observes in the catalogue introduction, "every point could be the center." Nevertheless, the constantly changing aspect of design is symbolized by the circular motif which sometimes overflows into irregularly flowing forms. In the past few years and since he turned to abstraction, Nay's color areas have increased in size from comparative dots to areas which now command a fuller sweep of the arm and wrist. He seems more prone to darker, melancholy hues which are occasionally fired by a pungent maroon. The fervor of these paintings puts a great deal of abstract art to shame. (Kleemann, Nov. 1-30.)—S.T.

Josef Albers: The continued expansion of this lambent geometry is very impressive. One of the numerous "Homage to the Square" series, *Luminant*, elucidates the similar subtlety of the rest. This painting is the typical four circumjacent squares offset to the lower edge. The color of the central orange square, fairly intense and slightly red, glows and expands into the next, light-cadmium-orange square, which in turn, but with declining strength, influences a square somewhere between raw sienna and yellow ochre. An outer medium-gray square contrasts immensely with the warm ones and contains them. The unbounded color and the final disparity belie the apparent rigidity of the geometry and provide the central lyric and exultant ambiguity of the painting. Further—because of the low position of the square

on the canvas and the two development of close color extent of a type of color exceptional of multiple itself in tu series, *In c* gray, a ha bands each mitered at and a fro stable. Mar expose the superior to implying v are of the astonishing color. (Jan

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on the canvas—the bands at the top, the bottom and the two sides vary—which allows the complex development of a hierarchy of scale and a range of close colors and values. The proximity and the extent of a color change the scale of an area, the type of contrast and the color itself. The work is exceptionally intriguing and presents a conception of multiple distinctions within a single context, itself in turn manifold. Another painting of the series, *In and Out*—which it is—is viridian and gray, a handsome combination, but the two outer bands each contain both light and dark gray mitered at the corners which produces a recession and a frontality that wobbles, never becoming stable. Many of the colors are scraped slightly to expose the white ground; this adds a luminosity superior to that of the earlier works, as well as implying various textures. Most of the paintings are of the high caliber of *Luminant* and are astonishing in their variety, both in format and color. (Janis, Nov. 30-Dec. 26.)—D.J.

Louise Nevelson: The installation of Nevelson's recent exhibition, entitled "Sky Columns—Presence," gave full play to the drama of the ensemble as a setting, but failed to permit the smaller dramas of individual pieces to be adequately perceived. Congestion and dim lighting obscured the wealth of detail which each of her constructions offers, but served to enhance the aura of mystery which they are capable of generating as a group. A wall running the length of the gallery was covered by Nevelson boxes, piled floor to ceiling and overflowing around the corner, while clusters of free-standing and suspended columns and isolated units filled the floor space and hung on the opposite wall. The light was so subdued that one really had to peer to see more than the shadowed silhouette of any piece, except on the wall of stacked boxes, where red and green spotlights turned the black to an eerie silvery gray. One can't really discuss the qualities of individual pieces under these circumstances; in fact, what the artist wants us to see is the room, the sum of the parts, not the fragment, although she has lavished attention on each part. So—how does it feel, wandering for an interval in this Nevelson world? It is hushed and almost compels one to whisper, as if there were concealed listeners behind the open and shut doors of the columns or in the dark recesses of the boxes. It gives an impression of having survived something in time—not the remains of primeval forests or the landscape of other planets, but the relics of a civilization (like deserted Mayan ruins in the jungle) or its charred vestiges in a depopulated world, something in which man more than raw nature has been involved. Black, even when strongly illuminated, swallows shadows, and this confirms the stillness, deadness, the almost intangible quality of unreality which pervades the room. The host of ideas and associations which the exhibition summons cannot be detailed here; one can only express appreciation for the opportunity which the artist offers us to enter for a moment a drastically new environment which may or may not offer a perspective on our usual environment. (Jackson, Oct. 28-Nov. 21.)—M.S.

Italian Renaissance Sculpture: From the apparently inexhaustible storerooms of the Duveen company, an exhibition of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian carvings has been assembled which would put many a museum to shame. Among the Trecento works, the most outstanding are a group of charming music-making angels by the Florentine artist Orcagna (which formerly belonged to the Lichtenstein collection in Vienna), and the majestic Virgin Annunciate carved in white marble by Agostino di Giovanni of the School of Pisa. The Quattrocento is well represented with a lovely relief carving of the Madonna and Child by Desiderio da Settignano and a marble plaque representing the Madonna Adoring the Child by Mino

da Fiesole, as well as a polychromed stucco relief of Mary and the Christchild by Luca della Robbia. (Duveen, Nov. 1-Dec. 15.)—H.M.

Lucien Day: This exhibition answers in part a question posed by this reviewer last season. In comment on a show of Day's larger paintings at the late Passadoit Gallery, it was wondered if Day might yield to certain implications of his style and go abstract. In last summer's painting in Crafts-bury, Vermont, Day's fluid elaboration on Post-Impressionism took a decidedly vigorous turn. Many of these small landscapes, actually the work of the past three years, have a rather Expressionist cast. Over-all masses of the earth, sky and mountains show more enforced rhythms, much more compact forms, a richer pigmentation. Bright jabs of color and an occasional defection into shape for its own sake at times coddle some of his forms in the French manner, but for the most part his movement and structure now share the same energy, allowing him a deeper participation in his vision of the landscape. The older works support the impression that smaller sizes may have something to do with the compressed force he exhibits here. (Morris, Dec. 2-19.)—S.T.

Ludwig Sander: The frailty of Sander's oblique "geometric" designs hardly represents an invitation to find out what they are about. Yet as one is making up one's mind whether to accept his offer or not, the "subject" makes itself known. Unfortunately one's curiosity proves stronger than the capacity of his paintings to feed it. He assembles a few large color planes in simple, slightly tilted opposition, relieved by similar but smaller patterns within the larger plan. They are given a simple blocking by straight but wispy black lines that vary in weight. Sanders favors blue and gradations of it through green and violet. The values are close, and it is an implied light that creates and manipulates his content—a sense of infinite space in which all resistance has been removed. Logically, the design cannot impose, but it still emphasizes the reduction of elements. Occasional irregularities and breaks in the mat surface do not meet the challenge of abstract particularization one anticipates from their introduction. (Castelli, Nov. 10-28.)—S.T.

Friedel Dzubas: This exhibition adds an ostensive definition to the current debate on the presence or absence of an academic abstraction. The most novel aspects, and they are not exceptionally so, are neutral—vast washes of color and blank canvas. The most positive and unique elements are the transferred lines and circles of Pollock's black-and-white paintings of 1951-52. There is no development of these forms but merely their reduction in the ease and indifference of the rudimentary organization. *Kay's Travel*, the best work, is superficially dynamic; circles with splayed aureoles enmeshed in triangles joggle across the painting. The substance of each area (and its transition to the next) is very thin. The whole movement is conspicuously in front of the raw canvas of the upper half and does not act upon it in any way—a basic relaxation and an inconsistent reversion to an earlier scheme. Dzubas is furthering the deterioration of a powerful and fertile style, one he admires, by his failure to understand it on its own terms—on his own, constructively—and consequently involving it in facility, casualness and inconclusiveness. (French and Co., Nov. 10-Dec. 5.)—D.J.

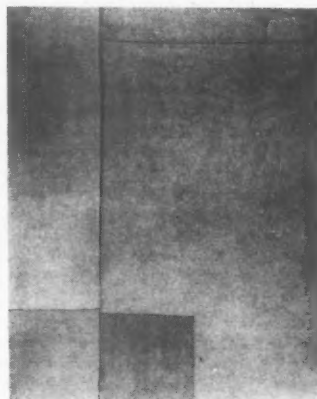
Alfred Jensen: The remarkable qualities of Jensen's work are nowhere more apparent than in the large mural called *Two Visions, One Ocean*. It consists of five panels, each measuring eighty by forty-six inches, and though it is capable of capturing an enormous space it leaps to the eye as one single and strangely organic image—"strangely" organic because it stands midway between



Agostino di Giovanni,
Virgin Annunciate;
at Duveen Gallery.



Lucien Day, *Landscape*;
at Morris Gallery.



Ludwig Sander, *Untitled—Purple*;
at Castelli Gallery.



Friedel Dzubas, *Kay's Travel*;
at French and Co.

IN THE GALLERIES

geometrical abstraction and the arabesque, neither of which is especially organic. Like the former it contains a multitude of regular shapes (diamonds, squares, stars), and the latter an intertwining of fretwork and meanders. But its emotional and expressive quality derives from neither, and since it is so positive and unique it seems worth while to try to account for it. Certainly the rich color is contributive, and the heavy variegated impasto. The looming characteristic, however, which relates the painting to natural forms is the way in which its variety unfolds from a base of great regularity—which is to say that there is an obviousness in the big design and a subtlety in the small. As one pursues the details they in turn become simple, but at the very moment of clarity point to a still deeper involvement. It is a process of finding the indwelling whole in all of the parts. Jensen has drawn upon Moresque design and upon natural relations of color and light. The first is evident at a glance. But the second, with its anatomization of the spectrum and of light and dark, is not so much evident as implicit. One intuitively feels a system, but one is so subject to its effects that there is no way to abstract it from its sensual body. And this perhaps is the final source of the strangely organic appearance. (Martha Jackson, Nov. 24-Dec. 19.)—G.D.

Paul Mommer: This small, authoritative exhibition consisting of twenty-nine crayon drawings in color and black and white restates one of the fundamental issues of modern art—the reduction of the image to a sign—and reasserts the aesthetic experience as an end in itself. Not that we need to be reminded, but Mr. Mommer's little drawings amount to a primer of exercises in aesthetic contemplation. The significance of their negations, however, is not immediately evident in the pleasurable sensations that are invoked by black voids scratched with crystalline structures, thick seismographic patterns—like shock waves of the unconscious; densities in which cultivated breaks reveal the glowing color underneath—in a miniature Clyfford Still called *Red through Black*; and seemingly haphazard hieroglyphic scribbles. But two drawings come right to the point. *The Image* consists of a series of illuminated sections in a dark plane; *The Story* is very roughly illuminated in panels on the order of a comic strip and appears to relate with symbolic figures the story of the Crucifixion. But what counts in these is their imageness and storyness rather than particular experience. Visually, Mommer's sheer sensibility must be recognized, but then comes the dawn. What this work suggests is that the content of all form and experience has been given by art. What is important instead is the way a work is made, as if, like dogs, we need only be supplied with the appropriate signs to salivate—before food that is not there. (Mills College, Nov. 3-Dec. 15.)—S.T.

Los Angeles-New York: Is it a mirror image, or is the continent really spanned by a rainbow with a pot of gold at both ends? Is Los Angeles indebted to New York for more than the Dodgers, or is it simply a sign of the times that a flank of the avant-garde in each city has arrived at figurative art? Three painters from New York and three from Los Angeles exhibit paintings which, with the exception of those by John Paul Jones, are out of Action by a variety of sires. That is, they are more than paintings about painting; they are paintings about painting the figure, especially in the cases of Paul Wonner and William Brown of Los Angeles, and Robert De Niro. De Niro tends to draw more than paint, and his supple line carves objects out of space and vice versa; here the artist is his own hero—which is the surest means of identifying the action painter or progeny. Leland Bell, however, puts the action of the figure on a par with his own action and makes structure his cornerstone. Lester Johnson's paint-swamped figures appear only as ciphers, not as

the basis for a figurative art; their function is passive, not generative, more imposed on than imposing. Jones was, oddly, more personal in his former geometric paintings than in his figures, shrouded in transparent veils of red and brown; in neither case is he in appropriate company here. Brown and Wonner seem to belong to that California grouping which we know chiefly through Bischoff and Diebenkorn; some recurrent characteristics are strong and unexpected contrasts, blunt, abrupt strokes, constant rather than flickering illumination and extension of figure into setting. (Zabriskie, Dec. 7-Jan. 2.)—M.S.

Barbara Hepworth: The noted British sculptor could scarcely wish for a better representation in this country than she was given in this comprehensive, astutely selected and beautifully installed exhibition. It was a show of a size and scope generally reserved for museums, and it covered all the important phases of her work since 1934, as well as the different media in which she has worked. Her sculpture, although it naturally increases in complexity and ambition, remains remarkably consistent in its preoccupations over the twenty-five-year period, the artist's aim being to release from the block of wood or marble a final form which is so complete and harmonious that it is irreducible. Even her bronzes, which have become so much more frequent in recent years, are arrived at through carving, for she works from a large chunk of plaster, whittling it down rather than building it up, and the pieces tend to enfold space in much the same manner as her hollowed, wood carvings or pierced marbles. The earliest work, *Two Forms with Sphere*, in alabaster, juxtaposes geometric forms in a simple relationship, as does *Disks in Echelon*, but she moves gradually toward more organic shapes, without discarding that kind of perfection embodied in geometric forms. (Chalette, Oct. 15-Nov. 20.)—M.S.

Michel Cadoret: The French-American Scholarship Commemoration Committee, which has been formed to acknowledge a debt to the American universities which aided and employed French scholars during the Second World War, a program initiated by Dr. Alvin Johnson, then President of The New School, has, as its first project, commissioned the French painter Michel Cadoret to paint two murals for the new List Building of The New School. M. Cadoret escaped from France during the war and came to this country, where he has remained, successfully assimilating much of the newest American painting. This technical development is in conjunction with a number of somewhat Existential ideas, notably that only destruction and negation, here of previous formal means, sanction an advance. The result of this curiously inverted philosophy, one not without a genuine basis, though dour, is unexpectedly cheerful and positive paintings, even ones of an excess of charm and facility. All have a great diversity of texture and a vivacity of surface, although lacking in density and with little unique articulation of form. One mural is in light tans, grays, some black and roses; the surface is analogous to a conglomerate, fragmented into short sweeps of the brush, areas of cuneate marks done with a palette knife, scraped patches and reserved areas. Light breaking through every form vivifies the work and presents an insubstantiality, a lyric dissolution. It is an able painting and a contribution to The New School. (The New School.)—D.J.

Robert Kaupelis: Although the land is still the source of Kaupelis' painting, it is less explicitly stated than in the paintings he showed last year. The close-set, blocklike shapes that composed the earlier works are bigger now, more freely brushed, and more colorful. Instead of the gray-warm scumbled surface typical of the smaller-formed paintings, there are open areas of thin, clear color, often marked by free-stroked line, and Kaupelis

has discovered the drip. There is a marked sense of symmetry within a prevalent square format, although it is symmetry set up so it can be shoved slightly off balance. Kaupelis seems to have been trying for a disturbance of his earlier surface and of his previous land-horizon-sky view. He attempts a closer view, with a more open action to effect an enlargement of his forms, and to import, perhaps, a sense of urgency to his painting. The results of this attempt are uneven. It has led, in *Pink and Mine*, to paintings of a "look"—paintings as exercises. But when the accumulated irregular blocks, often held together by vertical strokes of color close to the edges of the canvas, when these forms retain through color and proportion a connection to their land source, the new paintings represent the achievement of a development, out of the earlier works, rather than a conscious break with them. Among these successful canvases are the large brown-orange *Fall* and two small ones, *Grada* and *Noon*. (James, Nov. 20-Dec. 10.)—A.V.

Leonid: Although Leonid's subject is almost invariably some juncture of water, land and sky set off by sharp figure detailing, and although his flawless technique was brought to its ultimate perfection many years ago, he still sets himself new problems to conquer with almost every canvas he undertakes. Thus, although one knows in advance what to expect in a Leonid show, one cannot help being struck by the new conquests made in each painting. For example, he essays an almost impossible long, thin horizontal canvas, *Rice Fields in Manila* and manages to bring its distant corners to a single vanishing point on a far horizon beyond a frieze of rice pickers, or in the large painting of *Wellfleet, Cape Cod*, he takes a single figure on the shore as a pivotal point and makes the canvas expand inward over the spreading sands toward the observer at the same time as it expands outward into a vastness of sea and sky. In addition to his familiar scenes of clam diggers at low tide, there are here several pale, bleached paintings of Tuscany and canvases painted from sketches made on a trip to Japan, Manila and Bangkok. The curved lines of fishermen casting nets from the shore and the rice fields with their thin film of water and silhouetted workers offered ideal subjects for the artist's bent for reflections, misty, dissolving shore lines and crisp figures marking progressions into distance. (Durlacher, Dec. 1-24.)—M.S.

Man Ray Drawings and Water Colors: Man Ray's "Cubism" dates from the Armory Show, his participation in the Dada and Surrealist movements from 1921, and, keeping abreast with the times, his recent adoption of all-over abstraction. This exhibition, which takes us from 1912 to the 1940's, offers mainly side lights on his work in the form of drawings and studies for large paintings and for object sculptures (including his famous flatiron with spikes, the *objet à détruire*, ink drawings of circular collapsible figures and portraits of André Breton and Picasso). Among the better-known works are a drawing for an *Imaginary Portrait of the Marquis de Sade*, the cruelly sensual face imprisoned in a stone bust, and *The Road*, in which a giant hand clutches the cliff at a bend in the tortuous road. Discomfiting, illuminating, amusing, terrifying, these small works demonstrate the manner in which Man Ray, while always following the initial examples of other artists, extended them through his own restive imagination and need for innovation. (Mayer, Nov. 23-Dec. 11.)—M.S.

Morris Graves: Here we have a new Graves, breaking out into color, juggernaut rhythms and violent splashes of tempera in two sets of large works entitled *Machine-Age Noises* and the *Spring* and just *Machine-Age Noises*. Presumably they were inspired by the encroachment of civilization

upon the secluded wooded area near Seattle where he lived quietly until about two years ago, when he moved to a place outside of Dublin. In the *Spring* series the earth appears to be defiled by rotary blades, the jagged teeth of power saws and the bloody exhausts of jets in skillfully repetitious patterns that follow the momentum of the stylized motifs. Lines speed through the air like tracer bullets, blades wheel, lights explode. Progress advances in red, white and blue while a few blades of grass cringe in the vacuum created by speed. Where noise triumphs we have great splashes in red and black in Sumi style. But Graves has not worn well. These works all have a kind of lascivious beauty and represent the technical triumph Graves was wiser to subordinate to his mystical presumptions. Now he is deprived of those veils by his own proficiency, suggesting that mystery was simply an excuse to do exciting tactile things with water color just as noise now evokes a style employing the logistics of an artillery barrage. Artful little drawings of red and black ants in battle formations do not alter the impression that basically he is a sentimental artist. (Willard, Dec. 1-31.)—S.T.

Lucas Samaras: A painter in his early twenties, Greek-born, Samaras is immensely talented. He can handle a range of brilliant colors, and his drawing of the human figure, in both the oils and the pastels shown, seems to be the result of a sound academic training liberated by a personal affiliation with twentieth-century French art, particularly Matisse and the Intimists Bonnard and Vuillard. He comprehends and executes a great deal; in looking at his work you see talent and intelligence that have had the good fortune to be well trained, and already to have experienced much that cannot be taught. The oils are more limited in their palette than the pastels, and more deliberately schematic; yet it is here especially that we see, in the strangely contorted figures, a fine combination of understood anatomy painted in a broadly Expressionist style without the anxiety about "making a painting" that lately accompanies such an act. This makes the appearance of a group of nine "icons"—triangles, circles and diamond shapes on a single-color ground, the whole surface ridged with heavy paint—all the more strange. It is difficult to understand Samaras' personal need right now for such an expression: his other works provide such rich ground for growth. (Reuben, Nov. 6-26.)—A.V.

René Bouché: If he had been a cartoonist for the old *New Masses*, Bouché couldn't have done better if he tried; in this group of portraits of the famous and fashionable, Bouché, a noted fashion illustrator, unwittingly reveals a leisure class turned out with nothing but its wardrobes by democracy. And fashion becomes a substitute for privilege. Bouché works with soupy washes, which have some painterly moments, and the suavely attenuated line that is characteristic of his trade. Though hardly the thing for incisive portraiture, it still can reveal much about character, for it is basically caricature. Nevertheless, the affected casualness of the style and the settings, from house-and-garden ranches to mansion-like elegance, becomes a farce in the face of the pretensions which support the fashion syndrome. There is little of this in portraits of Calder, Sir Herbert Read, Isak Dinesen and the poker-faced Surrealists in a large canvas called *The Great Obsession*. Dorothea Tanning is plainly naked under her smock. It's a little cute, actually, but perhaps that's why Elsa Maxwell glowers so, her shoulder strap askew, from the most remarkable and cutting portrait here. After all, how *nouveau* can you be? (Iolas, Oct. 19-Nov. 7.)—S.T.

Clas Oldenburg, James Dine: Two large canvases and a number of drawings are exhibited by Clas Oldenburg, an artist who has previously

been active on the Chicago scene. He paints figures, female mostly. *Figure in a Landscape* shows a large-headed *jeune fille* standing in the center of linear blue-green swoops and ochre-light billows. The forms of the figure, painted in a similar way, but smaller and more detailed, contend with those of the landscape for their place on the surface. It is here—in the interaction and displacement of the curvilinear forms—that the interest now lies; the figure's bland distortion offers little but an illustration of some statement that does not yet come through. James Dine is having a lot of fun making faces. He paints great big round faces that fill up the canvas, faces that are too related to those of Kirchner, for instance, or Jan Müller, to be convincing as personal expression. He also shows a series of connected panels on which appear increasingly large heads; the group suggests a series of movie stills chosen from a sequence in which the camera closes in on its target. Other works feature collage—bottle caps, printed fabric, etc. The reviewer has laughed (and wept) at these things before. (Judson, Nov. 14-Dec. 3.)—A.V.

Work in Three Dimensions: The biography of contemporary mannerism is outlined in this exhibition, one aptly titled to the extent that we are given in many instances "objects" which seek to make a content of motives rather than visions. Now, mannerism can be enjoyed; it trades on familiarity. One feels, for instance, that Jasper Johns is saying something quite personal in his cast sculpmetal and plaster flashlights and a 100-watt bulb. Hand-made ready-mades, they display instead of satirical ambiguity a relationship between common artifacts and the meaning of their utility that is almost sacramental. It is primitivism in either a decadent or distorted form. Louise Nevelson's proliferating posts and lintels, all in black, are built with discarded fragments of wood and boxes and become a sort of three-dimensional collage, a fairyland structure whose myth is psychologized in the stress of execution. John Chamberlain mounts an automobile wreck, seemingly distanceless from its state of demolished nature. Only yesterday junk was funny; when it is elevated for its own sake its urgency leaves no energy for conception. He is like Pollock. However, a door besmirched in various ways and mounted on wheels with a chain leading to a bucket (Rauschenburg) and a purple sponge (Yves Klein) are exhibitionistic pranks which fail to disguise their aesthetic exhaustion. Follett, Kohn, Giles, Marisol, Scarpitta and Ortman were also shown. (Castelli, Oct. 20-Nov. 7.)—S.T.

Kenneth Callahan: Generally associated with the Northwest School, and Tobey and Graves in particular, Callahan is not as highly rated. He seems provincial by comparison. In point of fact, he is most himself of the three. He does not snub his own realism; taste cannot seduce him. He differs from his "mystical" brethren in that he sees in nature a morphological fantasy. He may strain for effects: nature takes care of mysticism herself. In these line and wash drawings and temperas of Maine insects, frogs and lichens, Callahan's fascination with micro-organic life takes a fairly substantial form. There is some organic *double entendre* to the more complex drawings of magnified insects; in their aqueous mobility they seem doubly exposed. And a fine pair of immobile frogs, drawn with a damp, feathery line, are frozen with the repressed twitch that will take them back into the water when danger is sensed. But his lichen studies are superb, fantastic gardens, reminiscent of Klee's imaginary ones. The primitive organisms seem to rise in the musk of a kind of spontaneous generation. They are very sensitive little paintings. (Walker, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Tom Young: Several large canvases and a number of small oil and wax paintings are shown.

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All have as their subject an envisioned land, a land intended as the setting of legendary action, or perhaps something more ancient than that—the land as it was when just created. A structure of shifting diagonals opens like a shutter toward the edges of the canvases, or withdraws like a drape to reveal the deep-set vision, the most illuminated place. There is a lot of edgy brushing in both the lights and the darks. In the large canvases this takes place over and with different values of a single color, or of two close colors—red in *Vision of Lehi*, and blue and green in *Return to Zarahemla*. The smaller works (the difference between large and small being about nine feet in the horizontal direction) use more colors, and use them in more continuous planes. They come off much better in the show; not only is more ventured in color, but the structure itself is made more clear through the greater authority the drawing can show in the smaller space. The complexity of the close shifting forms and the leap in distance they part to reveal is controlled in the foot-wide works; the enormous canvases become loose, disconnected and vivid. (March Gallery, Nov. 20-Dec. 10.)—A.V.

Constantin Antonovici: Rumanian-born, the sculptor came to this country in 1953, having studied and worked throughout Europe. His European tutors include Brancusi and Mestrovic; he is said to be "the only artist to whom Brancusi gave a certificate of commendation." So it is not surprising that we find this show composed of Brancusi elements. But it is remarkable that there is so little we apprehend as a development out of them or as a personalized influence. Indeed, we see Brancusi copied, but in a primitive way, so that the sculpture here becomes a parody of its ambitions. Pedestals, for instance (the least damning instance), take the outer appearance of Brancusi's but do not show that beauty of related shape and color that make his pedestals both supports and approaches to the sculpture. Antonovici is declared to be the only sculptor in America today whose studio is in a cathedral. He came by this after executing a marble for the tomb of Bishop William Manning at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. Photographs of the tomb sculpture—the bishop laid out in his mitre and robes, smooth surfaces gliding toward exact wrinkles in the face—reveal the strange route to the cathedral loft now inhabited by Antonovici's vision, at least, of his master Brancusi. (Mond'Art, Nov. 10-Nov. 28.)—A.V.

Oliver Andrews: Andrews' uncertainty discloses the repertoire of a trend in recent sculpture, halfway between synthesis and confusion. He works in bronze and steel on a figurative base mixing open and closed motifs freely. Many of these works are propped on legs which have been whittled into for reasons that are now only vestiges of a once original way of spatializing a solid and he flings open his torsos with wildly interwoven clusters of writhing metal shapes which interpolate a volume that, in fact, is left to the observer to complete, more out of what he knows than what he is made to perceive. The heads are typical of the genre. They vary from fluted shafts to splayed shrapnel forms. There is a construction of hanging and suspended shapes à la Ferber, a *Winged Figure*, mixing Baroque and classical associations—in a hieratic context. These are unfortunate things to say about a sculptor who obviously works hard in all sizes, but who adumbrates the history of style—early Egyptian, for example—to fulfill the work with a ready-made past. (Alan, Oct. 19-Nov. 7.)—S.T.

Paul Brach: A laconic, swift stroke within a tentative grid of opposing parallelograms is the prevailing and deftly used device of this show. *Signal* is gray-green—most of the paintings are some variation of gray—below a darker gray swept with the cant of the linear parallels which con-

strain and echo an arc of light blue. The ephemeral lines, beginning, running and disappearing, build outward, overlapping somewhat, with considerable spatial complexity. The effect is of a contained and quiet speed, brief, smooth, and harmonious. There is a certain ideality in the technical finesse, a quality of earlier painting, which is delimited and transposed by the precise sensations of speed, a present quality. The expression is resolved, stated, but is relatively simple and general; contrasting elements are unified by reducing their strength, which, however, is often a preliminary to increasing it as the new combination becomes assured. This is perhaps so here as Brach has recently changed from an Expressionist style, all bright arcs, somewhat similar to Tworckov's. The new paintings are an improvement in all respects, certainly in originality. (Castelli, Dec. 1-19.)—D.J.

Frederick Franck: This is an uneven show. And the extremes this uneven quality reaches are also remarkable. It isn't wholly a matter of subject—among the paintings that deal with bottle and crucible shapes on a simple ground, there are those that are very good and those that are not. And yet the show suggests that there is one subject with which Franck's heavily impastoed, awkward forms have not coped convincingly—the human figure, as displayed in the inept *Africa*. Still, a large landscape, *The Bulb Field*, wide blue-gray-white sky overhanging a ground strip made of swatched color, is a uniquely dramatic view, and best of all. Here Franck's heavy color looms blockily as sky; his weighty painting does not seek to invest a diffident subject with significance, but is the sky itself. Franck strains his resources to convey a symbolic expression in the still lifes; in his translation of a subject that is itself large—the landscape—he joins his method to natural appearance, and creates a moving expression. (Landry, Dec. 2-31.)—A.V.

Levitin, Morris, Verhelst: Levitin is represented here by welded-metal sculptures, a relatively new medium for him and one in which he is not yet as eloquent as in his massive wood carvings. The incorporated objects—a wrench, the prongs of a cultivator—still assert their identity over that of the sculptural ensemble, and the tendency still is to conceive of the unit as closed rather than open. In *Egret*, however, the intersecting circles and sharp metal cutouts curve swiftly through space, making it work in unison with the sculptural concept. In the bronzes of Hilda Morris surface is strongly emphasized through fluent, delicate modeling; the figures are carefully molded to capture the essence of a particular motion, a combination of yielding and resistance to external forces, best exemplified in *Sea Swirl* and *Captive Reach*. Wilbur Verhelst welds thin strips of copper and zinc in parallel series, clustering in staggered rows on a central axis, or, as in *Ribbed Coalescence*, attaches the strips radially to a progression of horizontal rods, giving the impression that they could all be set revolving at a touch of the finger. There are works like *Totem* which are precisely symmetrical, but generally feats of dexterity are performed to maintain the physical and visual balance as the bunching of strips shifts from one side of the axis to the other. (Barone, Sept. 15-Dec. 31.)—M.S.

American Drawings: This selection of American drawings falls into the period bounded on the one end by Harnett's *Tyrolese* (1881), a vigorous portrait, and on the other by Gorky's ink drawing of a man from about 1929. The effort has been made not simply to present typical examples by major figures of the era but to amplify art history through sidelights which bring up forgotten aspects of an artist's work as well as for forgotten artists. For example, there is a *Theater Scene* by Glenn O. Coleman, considered brilliant in his day, or an early *Self-Portrait* by Raphael Soyer, far stronger and

more daring than anything we know him by, or an early *Portrait of Jacob Epstein* by Philadelphia artist Bernard Gussow, and an unusual Hartley drawing of a *Seated Man* in overlapping, curling pencil strokes. More typical are the 1910 Warkowitz drawing of New York, the 1922 Kuniyoshi, the Robert Henri *Portrait of Maurice* and the elegantly billowing nude by Gaston Lachaise. Particularly impressive are William Morris Hunt's *Emigrants* and Morris Kantor's fine Cubist drawing, so much more convincing and convinced than Leon Kelly's sophisticated Cubist work of the same vintage. (Zabriskie, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—M.S.

Linehan, Schwanzel, Pepi: Tom Linehan uses tempera on handmade paper in a series of small, evocative landscapes. Broad, undefined areas of soft color expand horizontally or are washed diagonally to fuse with the unpainted surface. The surface is now the most important formal element; it is the structure that receives and makes visible what seem to be colored shadows from an unknown source. Large ink-and-tempera landscapes and small black inks are less Impressionistic. Marlene Schwanzel presents a group of portraits, mostly imaginary. Three large ink-and-gouache drawings show women with folded arms holding the tops of their bodies together. There is a strong sense of design in these; the black and white proportions and the locations of the figures make a statement more definite than what appear to be the fuzzy accidents within the loose, curving contours. A series of small heads in ink, crayon and tempera show more deliberate drawing, and are intensely Expressionistic. Vincent Pepi's oils seem to be the results of aimless gesticulations of a dark-dipped brush over bulging bundles of gray-pink. (March Gallery, Oct. 30-Nov. 19.)—A.V.

Paul Bodin: An elementary psychology of human action is explored in large paintings, including a triptych, of the seeming shadows of sticklike figures, gesturing, instantly acquiring knowledge or mystery through the abrupt magnification of their hands. The formal necessity of the hand equates with that of their symbolism; the trapezoids enclosing the black hands, the field of enlargement, are the only colors, bright or somber, opposing the preponderant gray of the backgrounds and darker figures, as well as being the major spatial demarcations. In *Encounter* the two thin arms swing down from the long, lower diagonal of the body to the black and olive areas of the opposed hands; it is this countermovement along with the resonance, present in all of the paintings, of the color—the flat ground is a luminous gray-blue—which is most interesting. The position of the body is not especially expressive. The imagery and the psychology are too simple, too nonplastic, to command attention persistently. (Section Eleven, Dec. 7-24.)—D.J.

Robert Richenburg: A powerful polarity of geometrical elements and dense "automatic" surfaces prevails in each painting, but in each in disparate ways. The most successful and unique work is one painted this year, designated only by its dimensions, seventy-six by fifty-six inches. Two rows of circles, one large central rectangle and two partial ones, above another row and segments of a fourth all black, press into a green and yellow maze of quick strokes. The two extreme systems are expertly adjusted to one another; the geometrical black merges occasionally into the uneven black of the ground; the surface is molded to the edges of the circles which appear to cause its configurations. The quality imminent in this is dour, even grim, both spontaneous and rigidly controlled, both of an oppressive violence and a bitter humanity. Despite the excellence of this painting and several of the others, notably the largest, one in which freedom is dominant and the small square obscure, the conception has an air of synthesis

The duality of styles, not the development

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The duality is of two preconceptions, two external styles, not the result of a more organic and visual development. (De Nagy, Oct. 27-Nov. 21.)—D.J.

Clair Fejes: Refreshing in this art-jaded metropolis is the self-reliant honesty of vision in these paintings and drawings of a New York-born and -trained artist who has been living in Fairbanks, Alaska, for the past fifteen years. The primitive simplicity of the life around her, particularly of the Eskimos whom she visits in their arctic home each summer, seems to have contributed to a formal conception dominated by bold, simple forms and an equally functional color scheme. The Eskimos, it seems, love bright colors—oranges, greens, blues. Mrs. Fejes finds her subject in Eskimo life. The all-important whale figures in many compositions, and a number of drawings and water colors catch the hunters, their women and children at work and play. She puts one in mind of Gauguin (she has Hartleyish moments, too) and certain Mexican art in her feeling for shape, in a flat conception that communicates great strength and in her understanding of her subject. Yet she deprives her work of the animation of a fully communicated emotion by exhausting the painterly nature of her medium in an effort to meet the refinement of form. Nevertheless, her raw material yields a high-grade ore. (Women's City Club, Oct. 20-Nov. 25.)—S.T.

Yarnall: She continues to narrow her observation of humanity to the harlequin or clown figure. These generalized figures, whose garments and features are essentially undifferentiated, she imbues with attitudes not limited to their arena. There is the *Waiting Clown*, and the *Watching, Smiling, Remembering or Grieving* one. The interest in these works is similar, however, to that summoned in her figures that express movement rather than attitude. It is, throughout, the exaggerated gesture that sustains these small plaster sculptures, at the same time that it limits their scope. One portrait of a clown, the figure of *Otto Griebling*, suggests that Miss Yarnall could find rich material in combining her portrait experiences with her interest in the mime. Or there is the possibility of finding the mime in off-stage subjects. That would call—this differentiating particularization—for an attention to surface that allows for nuance more than does the present broadly manipulated one, and to a less decorative involvement, in the bronzes, with patina. (Pietrantonio, Nov. 16-30.)—A.V.

Chagall Graphics: These etchings and color lithographs on biblical themes appeared in the English edition of *Verve* in 1956. Most of the set are represented in this collection with the slight difference that the etchings which were published in black and white are available hand-colored by the artist. A brief comparison with the book indicates that coloring them was a mistake, if only because the graphic purity has been compromised by the intrusion of a foreign technique, something a primitive might handle, and tones which are too sophisticated for the religious themes. They further imply how much color has come to dominate Chagall's conception, and not always with gratifying results. The lithos make a more sensible use of bright crimsons and blues, and, moreover, the technique is consistent. Still one prefers the etchings for the subtleties of texture which blend beautifully with his Expressionist drawing that revives the image of Chagall, the draftsman. His ethereal reality is heightened by the naiveness of his figurative proportions. (New Arts Center, Nov. 1-15.)—S.T.

Alex Minewski: Realism like that of Minewski so quickly exposes its humanism that one is anxious for its fate in the mill of modernism. A brief glance at the chronological beginning and end of this exhibition of twenty years of his

drawing discloses that his style has conceded to "progress" but appearance remains a matter of principle. The emphasis here is on his newer work; we see in quantity the results of a patient evolution. In the late thirties Minewski's realism was almost colloquial; his sense of gesture had that degree of familiarity that would be damned today as literary. But there was always a sense of the larger form, an incisive line that could incite the turning volumes into prominence. The semi-abstraction of his recent gouaches dematerializes the figure—to which the show is largely given over—while refashioning it after movement and shape. He uses his media more freely—ink, charcoal, crayon, gouache. It is solid, satisfying work. (Washington Irving, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Stephen Durkee: About all that one can do with the inscrutable is to scrutinize it. This implies a distance on the part of the observer, if not always on the part of the maker of the object. These large, dry, mute-colored paintings, with their ocher, yellow, white, gray, organic shapes, a stroked touch of alizarin now and then, keep you at this distance. Yet, as you watch for some movement to make itself felt, or an expression to be sounded, you come to like the paintings' restraint. Sensing the paintings' quiet presence, cast in simple shapes, evokes the movement and sound of your own images; the observer's memory seems to fill them up. Although they are suggestively titled—*November and the Orchards of Stone*, *No Sun*, *Frieda in Byzantium*—the observer before them believes as much in his own remembered images. This is so consistent a reaction as to seem directed by the painter, and to be the terms of his present intention. Within these, he is successful. (Fleischman, Nov. 18-Dec. 3.)—A.V.

Nanno de Groot: This large exhibit is devoted entirely to nature scenes: field flowers and shrubs, the tall grass on a hillside over which a strip of sky is visible, etc. All of these forms are seen close up and the chief attempt—successful usually—is to catch both the exuberance and the order of natural growth. The heavy impasto and the big strokes look back to Van Gogh. The colors are mixed and are graded to give strength of impression without using contrast as such, partly because of which De Groot is especially good in catching the atmosphere of the moment, a prevailing light, even when the sky is not visible. The smaller paintings, many of which form groups continuous in theme, are especially good. In relation to the size of the paintings the strokes are larger and freer and are admirably alive with the vigor of improvisation caught at the moment of freeing itself from the actual scene. (Parma, Nov. 3-28.)—G.D.

Jean Clad: The most striking thing about the figures, landscapes and interiors of this second one-man show is their charm, which combines pleasure and earnestness and has its antecedents in the French Intimists. In *Blue Studio* the familiar objects of an interior—coffee table, flowers, etc.—are freely extemporized upon. Each is rendered with a childlike, naïve gravity, and then all are gathered sophisticatedly into a structure rather like that of the middle Matisse. *Balance* stands out for sheer animation of surface. The strokes spurt free of the forms and flow uninterruptedly in two broad movements, one horizontal, one vertical; a yellow ball and a green bottle sit on the dividing line of the painting. (Camino, Nov. 20-Dec. 10.)—G.D.

Dale Wordelman: A variety of media are essayed by South Dakota painter and sculptor Wordelman, who is currently making his New York debut. Found-object sculptures, including a fantastic figure with a ram's skull, careful arrangements of driftwood and other materials, and large paintings in oil and lacquer, chiefly of cosmic phenomena,

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are among the inclusions demonstrating the artist's versatility. Uninhibited in his attempts to conquer new terrain in his art, Wordelman seems to rush in without giving much thought to the nature of the ground on which he is treading. *Aton*, a fiery ball with black radials, *Fallout*, a dense column of squiggles in turgid color, and several versions of *Eclipse*, with dark nuclei fading into scumbled grounds of white, are eliminated works. The sculptures are more original perhaps, but the discipline of sustained and consistent effort is lacking, and the improvisation is not spirited enough to be sufficient in itself. (Lovisco, Nov. 9-27.)—M.S.

Ruth Vodicka: Stylization operates under a logic which if pushed far enough resembles abstraction. It means, in Miss Vodicka's sculpture, that as superfluous detail is eliminated, hollows, grooves, pockets and rhythms appear, the climax of which is a profusion of concavities. One gathers that Miss Vodicka is attempting to synthesize open and closed sculptural ideas. She works with nickel, silver, brass and bronze, welding bent strips of metal in the shape of horses, bulls, guitar players and a tomcat (where her style lends itself readily to wit). Occasionally there is a plunge into outright symbolism, as in the symmetry of arcs and angles in *Fertility Image* and the anatomical shapes suspended on a single rod in *Ancestor*. With the exception of *Winged Victory*, an abstract metaphor inhibited by its realistic core, her figuration does not receive the same formal evaluation as her volumes, and outlines remain essentially naturalistic. (Krasner, Nov. 31-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Arnold Hoffman: Expressionist and Social Realist, Hoffman has obvious sympathies which are aroused by particular places, people and events. Here Hoffman is plainly moved by the spectacle of Israel, seeing it as a vision in *Hills of Judea*, where Jerusalem lies white and beckoning beyond hills which are shrouded in deep umber shadows under a vivid sky. He goes among the Arab villages and paints their houses in reedy sunlight and observes the scholars, rabbis and poets in cafés, reading their works in an intellectual atmosphere that was last seen in these parts in the thirties. Hoffman's tendency to caricature, to sulphurous yellows and sharp-edged designs of cluttered interiors, is partly a holdover from that period style too. But when he observes the Negev being restored to agriculture by the Israelis, the result is an Eden of green terraces, as if the Messiah himself had made that green. (ACA, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Edward Avedesian: Tucked away in a corner of this exhibition is a small painting called *Homage to William* showing a spaniel flushing a partridge beneath hazy layers of greenery. (William is a city dog, spends some time in galleries, doubtless dreams of greener places.) It is mentioned because it helps to redeem the impression caused by the rest of the show. This is the third exhibition in which the artist, still in his early twenties, exhibits large canvases on which he has stuck wads of paint like well-chewed gum, each trailing a fibrous streamer. Under these painful surface blemishes are thin washes of color, sometimes suggesting woodlands and fields, which appear totally unrelated to the gaudy lumps and strands of paint. Since the painter obviously has some ability, one wonders why he persists in this unpleasant affectation which seems like an avoidance of coming to grips with actual painting. (De Nagy, Oct. 6-24.)—M.S.

Malcolm Fraser: It is interesting to consider just who might be attracted to these paintings. One could say that in works of such explicit literalness, it would be the subject matter that summons interest. Here we have a "spiritual seer" (born in 1869), whose visions are of Christianity's most optimistic moments—*Safe in the*

Arms of Jesus (Christ holds the departed child), *The Great Physician* (Christ sustains the human wreck), etc. But the difficulty is (or draws closer, as contemporary art reaches more and more parishes in inevitable weekly installments) that these visions of bright hope, uplift and high moral tone are cast in the popular style of the twenties—the sweet, bearded man, the damsel hopelessly *Bound by Her Own Desires* (she is appropriately thin and pale, as is most of the flesh here that the spirit strives to save). One finally wonders if these works won't appeal to a group whose interest is not, after all, in the religious subject, but to whom a thorough example of the popular art style of another time is an article of taste. These reflections (and descriptions) reveal doubt about the art in the paintings here, not the sincere motive that produced them. (Burr, Dec. 20-Jan. 2.)—A.V.

Madonna and Christ in Glory: Continuing the series of exhibitions in which a single masterpiece is displayed in intimate surroundings, this small Christmas show lives up to its predecessors. With old-master paintings becoming ever scarcer and even outstanding nineteenth-century works fetching fabulous prices, it is rewarding to see a work such as this fine Titian, formerly of the Hermitage collection in Leningrad. The painting shows Mary, a grave and rather massive figure seated under an arch of angel heads, holding a naked Christchild with the infant St. John the Baptist looking on. Dated around 1540 when Titian was working in his mature style, it shows the warm, sensuous color and beautiful modeling characteristic of the Venetian school of the High Renaissance. (Duveen, Dec. 15-Jan. 15.)—H.M.

Si Lewen: Lewen is an adroit, perspicacious artist whose preoccupations and shapes remain constant in the media of collage, sculpture and painting. Since he is not especially concerned with releasing new forms or promulgating new ideas, he has a great deal of energy to put into sheer production, as is evidenced by the quantity of work produced during the last year. Most of his work is collage on canvas; paper and fabrics, particularly a transparent black gauze, are clipped and fixed in multilayered arrangements on canvases which are themselves sometimes punctured with cutouts. The style is best suited to the light satirical vein which Lewen sometimes adopts in such clever works as *General Staff* and *Four Generals*, with spangles of newspaper cutouts providing a variety of caustic captions. Skillful manipulation of materials also gives spatial complexity and velocity to such abstract collages as *Visitation* and *Journey*. The sculptures are of black painted wood which has been carved into jagged shapes slightly suggestive of figures, mounted in groups, with an emphasis, as in the paintings, on silhouette. (Roko, Nov. 9-Dec. 2.)—M.S.

Wynn Chamberlain: If Magic Realism must use real rabbits—insofar as they are necessary—the less they are props the better. Chamberlain sometimes blunders on his own theatricality, but he has, in a pair of portraits and a landscape or two, some presagingly human things to say. He paints in egg tempera with the characteristic hatching stroke recommended for the medium. This provides a tautness of execution, the tension of which passes over into the consistency of the surface and the opportunity and temptation it provides to emphasize such details as the hair on a forearm, the nap of a fabric or the feel of every shred of grass in an acre. But his surf-smooth pebbles, grained floors, driftwood, cats, antique pitchers, frequently in concert with figures, can stoop to contrivance. *Landscape near Long Island Sound*, *My Friend Mrs. Greenfield*, *Barricade* and *New Bedford Fisherman*—these leave their subjects largely as the artist found them; nearly every overtone used to inform the facts got there in the act of painting. (Gallery G, Nov. 2-23.)—S.T.

Poem Paintings: The poetry of Frank O'Hara is the common literary denominator in early paintings by Grace Hartigan and a series of lithographs called *Stones* created collaboratively by O'Hara and Larry Rivers. The eight paintings by Miss Hartigan are part of a series of twelve she painted in oil on paper in 1952. Some of the shock value of German Expressionism contributes to a sense of composition that forces lines and individual words and letters into prominence while obscuring others in lyrically worked illustrations that early revealed her gift for emotive composition. The lithographs are recent affairs with Messrs. O'Hara and River composing simultaneously and spontaneously on the stone. In all fairness these should be seen as a permissible sort of exhibitionism, the words and fragile sketches that comprise them being no more than props to support an avant-garde party game of two addressed to those who can recognize names, allusions and events and the spirit of exclusiveness they exalt. Given the opportunity, they will entertain. (De Nagy, Nov. 24-Dec. 24.)—S.T.

Ben Shahn: Since the paintings of Shahn, who likes to see himself as a people's artist, have become so dear and are also virtually unobtainable, it is certainly a welcome development that during the last decade Shahn has turned to serigraphs as a means of making his work more accessible to the average collector. This exhibition includes twenty-three silk-screen prints, mostly in black and white but some in color as well, often showing the same subject in both forms. Although they all date from the fifties, they vary greatly in style, some, like the portraits of Sacco and Vanzetti, going back to his early work, while others, like the *Mask* and *Pleiades*, are based on recent designs. As in his paintings, one cannot help feeling that the artist is at his best as well as his most moving when he deals with social commentary, while his more abstract recent works are often beautiful but lack conviction. (Downtown, Dec. 8-26.)—H.M.

Athos Zacharias: The first one-man show of this young Abstract Expressionist, though it is clearly apprentice work, reveals high competence and decided gifts. Zacharias has modeled these paintings very closely upon the most recent De Koonings, but his debt is so honestly avowed that one looks to see what has been acquired or learned rather than what has been borrowed—and his completely successful composition leaps to the eye. The drips, the spatters, the arm-length strokes, all the now-conventional energies of the creative moment, are brought to rest and locked firmly in place. The individuality of the artist is quite apparent, and one feels that he has been supported by the convention, not diminished or confused by it. The paintings are being exhibited in the newest and the downtown-est of the downtown galleries; it is spacious, and if space is cheaper on Great Jones Street, the saving has gone into light bulbs—because it is very well lit. (Great Jones, Nov. 10-29.)—G.D.

Virginia Banks: Elegance and occasional wit (*Sandy's Pipe Dream*, for example) inform these collages made from colored strips of film and various papers. There is an almost impeccable sense of composition in the work, particularly where the film has been cut to linear thinness and is gathered into loose sheafs of line or is sprawled across the paper through which underpainting creates cloudy and vague forms. Especially impressive among the smaller, more graphic works are *Evergreen Island*, with its finely cut sprocketed shapes and its rather Klee-like composition, and *Intermittent Reappearance*. The larger works, with their broader areas of material, are, in a strange way, more painterly in their appeal. (Grand Central Moderns, Nov. 28-Dec. 19.)—J.R.M.

Clivia Morrison: Working with equal skill in bronze (with both the lost-wax and sand-casting

method) and polyester resin, this competent sculptor has created a series of rotund, massive figures. The solidity of material, even in the small pieces, is as much a part of Miss Morrison's subject as the figurative element. These works, with their dominating central mass and roughly indicated extremities, seem to refer to a mid-point in the struggle of the ideal form to conquer the formless. The sculpture varies smooth with rough surface areas in many of her pieces, emphasizing their deliberate bulkiness. This textural contrast in such pieces as *Primordial Essence* gives the figure an amphibian—almost turtle-like—appearance, adding an evolutionary aspect to the sculptor's theme of a struggle toward human form. This is the second one-man show of this Detroit sculptor who has been included in numerous group exhibitions in Michigan and in Canada. (Selected Artists, Dec. 15-27.)—B.B.

Robert Nakin: A refugee from Chicago's so-called "monster school," Nakin came to New York only a short while ago, at least partly out of loyalty to Abstract Expressionism. Besides, Chicago was, until recently, a satellite, artistically speaking. Neither a Golub nor a Cohen, Nakin is something of a pacified Expressionist. He demands niceties from both paint and surface. He wants room to explore the whole range of color, texture and light. Every part of his large abstract canvases is given over to some issue of his fascination. The paint is, on the whole, applied thinly; successive washes turn to glazes. The textures are tipped in, either by a sudden accelerated scrubbing, quick flicks of the brush, or impulsive staccato clusters of color, like a bag of jewels. All color is given; each scheme is a diffuse one, and what form there is follows its modulations, as does the space, which is on many levels. Planes touch and sometimes form a shape; but Nakin has an image when his surface has a "quality." (Poindexter, Dec. 14-Jan. 5.)—S.T.

Ronni Solbert: The impressive look of this "new talent" exhibition of oils and pastels by this thirty-four-year-old artist derives from a fairly comprehensible abstract landscape image and considerable skill in execution. Miss Solbert's titles refer to places in the Hebrides which presumably inspired the sonorities of her sweeping areas of color, carrying in their judicious weights the implications of sky, land and water. One senses light over vast places, induced by masterly combinations of red, pinks and, in *Eas Mor*, a velvety maroon, plus tones which inspire primeval associations. Her areas are solid and liquid, the one resisting, the other pounding like surf or infiltrating, but it is the light which carries the truth of change. It is Turner translated into an oceanic feeling for nature which must suffer the irony of a thoroughly polished style, the respectability of which suspends her throbbing imagery between what it stands for as painting and what it is in nature. (Museum of Modern Art Penthouse, Sept. 15-Nov. 1.)—S.T.

Andrew Morgan: Large oval and elliptical shapes cut by verticals predominate in these abstractions in oil. The work is more often ingratiating for its brilliant color—broad washes and strokes of bright whites, yellows, reds, magentas shading the rounded forms set against dark backgrounds—than for its formal imagination. The latest paintings—unfortunately not available for review but seen in photograph—indicate, however, that significant changes have been made in terms of composition. A number of them offer graphic and striking use of smaller circular shapes clustered or dispersed across the canvas with greater mastery and interest. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 1-15.)—J.R.M.

John Noble: There are examples of Noble's earliest Romantic work and of his later Expressionist work.



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sionist style in this large retrospective exhibition. One finds a multiplicity of manners and influences, but a constant absorption in the sea, ships and the moon. Noble's strength lies in his feeling for mass, and his earlier work, in which he was much supported by the example of Ryder, seems most forceful and convincing. The later style, with its explicit aim of forcefulness and vigor, combines dependence upon the literal with an arbitrary distortion of the literal—which is to say that it reveals a touch of bravado. One of the paintings shown is owned by Irving Stone, whose fictionalized biography of Noble is being reissued; and another is owned by Anna Sosenko, who has purchased the drama rights to the biography. (Hammer, Sept. 22-Oct. 3.)—G.D.

Don Stacy: Dramatic thrusts of black invade, conquer and subjugate the broad expanses of white in these large ink paintings. The language which these abstractions calls forth and sustains throughout the show is one of blunt and aggressive attack—broad sweeps of black and lesser skirmishes in gray—that imposes, finally, a hard and graphic order. There seem to be no explicit figurative references in the work—except, perhaps, in *The Fall*, where the wayward descent of whites bursts upon jagged blacks—and Stacy appears to have developed that difficult thing, a style independent of the actual, which he deploys with considerable vigor and authority. (Grand Central Moderns, Dec. 19-Jan. 8.)—J.R.M.

Ludwig Bemelmans: For the many thousands of Bemelmans fans of all ages, this display of drawings and water colors will be sheer delight. Based on his most recent book, *Madeline and the Gypsies*, the pictures show the adventures of Madeline and Peppito when they are forgotten on the top of the ferris wheel and are found by the gypsies. Most delightful are the pictures showing Madeline being scrubbed upon her return, with Miss Clavel and the other girls looking on, and the utterly enchanting scene of the girls jumping in their beds after the lights are turned out. Despite the fine draftsmanship, the lovely sense of humor and the brilliant characterization of types, the show does point up the fact that these pictures are more effective in book form than as expressive works of art in their own right. (Hammer, Nov. 15-Dec. 24.)—H.M.

Peppino Mangravite: Most of the works in Mangravite's first exhibition in six years are "window" paintings. The landscape is revealed through a partially open window while the glass of the closed portion reflects the interior, sometimes even seeming to contain phantom reflections of things that are no longer actually there, as if a mirrored image were more durable than physical substance. It is all done with expertise and subtlety, so that the sequence of forms and colors remains unified throughout; the dichotomy between reflected depth and actual depth does not disrupt the formal unity of the canvas. The color is muted and mellow, with an occasional flare of brilliant hue which functions strategically in galvanizing a scheme of color, as the deep, vivid, blue upper corner electrifies the predominately yellow tones of *Iris*. The technical complexity of these paintings is without tour-de-force flourishes, yet the handling is impressive simply because of its understatement. (Rehn, Nov. 3-21.)—M.S.

Philip Jamison: A water-colorist of considerable technical ability, Jamison employs both precision and suggestion to achieve a characteristic style. Strongly committed to realism, he works nonetheless in a loose, wet style that makes dexterous passes at detail even as it closes in on the particulars of a house or a few flowers in the foreground against a wall. He paints what he sees, and more, what attracts him. It is this pragmatic outlook that underscores without provincialism a

peculiarly American product. His cool vacant interiors, with their mysterious, flitting shadows and a few simple objects that symbolize endurance are very much in the manner of Andrew Wyeth. But where he is less than precise, Jamison's stylization falls under the weight of technique, his facility entering where vision should begin . . . as if he longed for Barbizon. (Hirsch and Adler, Oct. 20-Nov. 7.)—S.T.

Jack Nelson: Machines with moving parts are the special feature of this exhibition which is called "One-Man Show of Machines." The constructions of soldered wire, cogs, tin strips look a little like erector-set toys, and the gay simplicity with which this toy quality is avowed is refreshing to see. Nelson's intent combines humor, mockery and pathos. The titles are indicative: *Wheat Germ Calculator*, *Large Corporation Eyeball*, etc. There is a gently comic pathos in the appearance of one lonely paddle wheel gyrating amidst a ghost town of derricks and towers. The performing mobile called *Copulation Machine* is battery-driven. The general effect of the show is humorous rather than witty, gently mocking rather than satirical. (Art Directions, Nov. 12-Dec. 8.)—G.D.

Alkis Pierrakos: Greek-born Pierrakos now lives in Paris, where he has arrived at a kind of synthetic nature abstraction that is not without modest effectiveness. His style, a coalition of several abstract trends, has been well rehearsed by his own fairly conservative generation—he is thirty-nine—and its elements of Cubism and Expressionism reflect the again ascendant figure of Kandinsky. The forms are derived from nature—rocks, mountains, butterflies—after Kandinsky's early abstract fashion, with freely generalized contours that pull passages of color into rhythmic configurations. But the distortion proceeds in fairly analytical fashion, after the Cubist math. The restraint is reflected in his palette, light and a bit chalky, except for two or three larger works almost entirely in corals and reds. (White, Nov. 24-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Joseph Sheppard: The oil medium used by Rubens is employed by Sheppard as a result of his having studied in Baltimore with Jacques Maroger, former technical director of the Louvre laboratory. It has apparently also given the artist a taste for the Baroque, for he projects a decidedly realistic talent into scenes swarming with movement, the most surpassing example of which is the six-by-four-foot *Football*. In it Sheppard catches one of the most physical moments on the gridiron—a powerful back plowing through the center of the line. The linesmen in their gilded silver and red uniforms seek to aid or contest his advance in a mad jumble of churning bodies. The action is certainly caught, but for movement he has given each player merely an ideal pose, with every bulging muscle and vein articulated. The effect is that of a high-speed action photograph rather than anything Baroque for the present day. (Grand Central, Oct. 20-31.)—S.T.

James Boynton: This young Texas painter first drew widespread attention as one of the seventeen artists chosen to represent this country at the Brussels Fair. The abstract symbolism of the work shown here two years ago still obtains, but the rigidity of his elaborately fabricated textures has given way to a softer all-over stroking of the paint which suffuses the canvas with a gently flickering light. The shapes that emerge are scarcely suggestive of substance; they are figments which instill the painting with a mysterious, often ominous quality—the huge dark shadow of *Blind Beast*, or the wavering strands of black gathered into a tentlike shape which is entitled *Bird*. A screen of white touches covers the canvas like snow, but the land beneath remains black; red embers glow beneath the surface without

igniting the surroundings, and the enigma of the vision persists throughout. To make such inviolable paintings is in itself an accomplishment. (Barone, Oct. 6-31.)—M.S.

Bernard Langlais: This is a show of paintings made by staining various-sized pieces of wood that are arranged on a flat surface. The thin pieces of wood, in triangular, rectangular or circular shapes, are also used as brush strokes, and a pictorial image more characteristic of painting than of mosaic is produced. The sense of pictorialism is occasionally violated—in *October Night* and *Portrait of Sam Francis* (with its central, machine-turned knob). Here the wood protrudes from the surface, and the image, as though in an effort to maintain itself, appears in close-set isolation in the middle of the rectangular frame. It is perhaps because of this isolation that these small statements are most memorable. The isolation and compactness serve to control the difficult passage from the indirectness of the method to the statement of an essentially painterly intention. (Area, Nov. 20-Dec. 11.)—A.V.

Maurice Freedman: Since Cubism is now as much an issue of taste as of form, it is perfectly possible for it to soften a composition even as it "purifies" it. Freedman's subjects all have a kind of rugged poetry—mountain rapids, sailboats moving before the wind, lobster traps and the emphasized tides of a bay. But in the Cubist spirit, Freedman identifies his forms in terms of shaped, simplified planes that reveal the surface. The consistent angularity turns out to be a foil for nature's jaggedness and arbitrary patterns. When one considers how Hartley might have painted a picture like *Sea and Traps*, we see how equidistant from formalism and expressionism the schematized, semi-abstracted forms are. It is more like a Knaths, and with equally muted color. None of the resulting pleasantness suggests capitulation or compromise. (Midtown, Nov. 17-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

From Goya to Gris: Senefelder perfected his invention of lithography in 1798. It was first used for printing music and calico. Artists, however, quickly sensed its potentialities, as this representative collection of lithos makes clear. Géricault in France, where the art was to experience a revival in the late nineteenth century after a period of decline, was one of its most distinguished early practitioners. His *Retour de Russie* (1818) is shown here. Goya follows with a bullfight scene (1825), but the French predominate. Daumier, with a well-known *Rue Transnonain* (1834), Manet, Lautrec, Gauguin, Vuillard lead into the moderns—where both Picasso and Matisse squander much of the medium's richness when they resort to line. Two portraits by Gris are similarly icy, but Rouault's self-portrait in color (1925) is about as much as you can get from the artist and the stone. The gallery is also showing, on another floor, nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and drawings, as well as drawings and water colors from Jongkind to Picasso from the Macmillan collection. (Deutsch, Oct. 13-Nov. 21.)—S.T.

Augustus Peck: Peck has a gimmicky vision but he sometimes transcends himself. Founder and director of the Brooklyn Museum, Peck paints mirages of fidelity that prove in most instances to be no more than suggestive, sensory masses. They follow the configurations of marshlands, land scapes and seascapes but leave to our habituated perceptions of nature the details of recognition. Every scene seems more particularized than it is, because his feeling for light and space is incredibly precise. He uses no more than black and some washy whites to provoke an image of surf breaking on the beach or a series of mottled effects through which a patch of the aluminum ground appears to re-create snow and ice. In fully inspired moments he produces impressionistic haze

that occlude to form pure color symphonies, naturalistic Rothkos that avoid the banality of these paintings where recognition, however pleasurable, is reflexive. (F.A.R., Nov. 2-14.)—S.T.

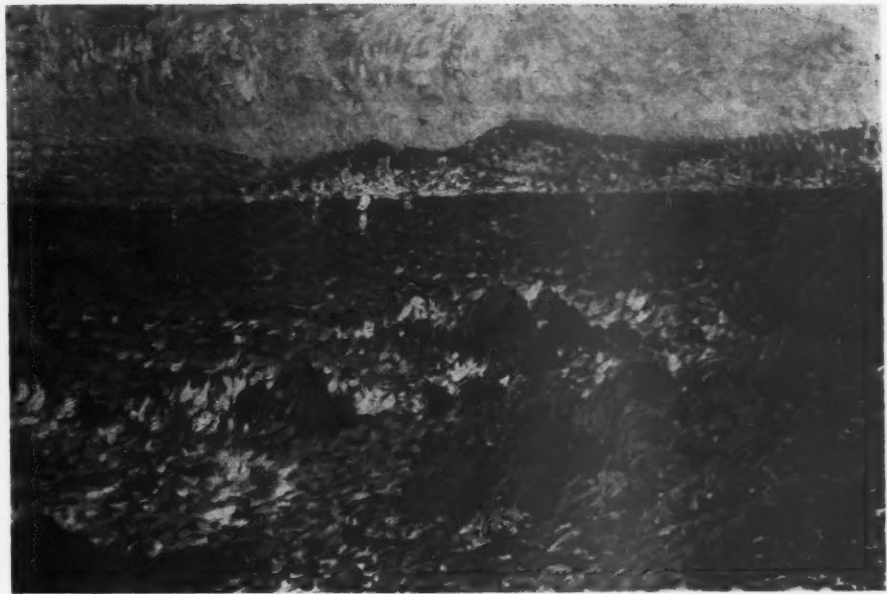
Kitty Brandfield: Several media are employed by Miss Brandfield to achieve flower pieces, seascapes and imaginary landscapes. Using gouache and water color, the media with which she is most expert, to paint Fire Island beaches, the subject she seems to understand best, she is visually, at least, an artist of some precision. Her scenes are notably devoid of human life, though man's signs abound. Dune grass, fences, shifting sands, a vacant sky contribute both to pictorial life and an imagery of desertion. Utter tragedy stalks her imaginary scenes. Figures are tragic and life has disappeared from cities struck by an unknown cataclysm. Here, without models, she flounders. Besides, the medium, oil, is in control of her. This is less true in some landscapes which have Vlaminck-like touches, and of some flower studies, but the medium is not yet of a piece with the image. (Jewish Museum, Nov. 12-29.)—S.T.

Hokusai: In view of the current great interest in Japan and its culture, this exhibition of prints by the early nineteenth-century Japanese painter and wood-block artist will be welcomed. Displaying a wide range of his work from a self-portrait executed in ink to graphic masterpieces and illustrated books such as the celebrated Manga volumes, the exhibition gives a good picture of this artist's style and development. Among the works on view, the most interesting for the connoisseurs of Ukiyo-e will be the charming bird and flower prints which are not often seen. Surveying this wealth of Hokusai material, one cannot help but feel that in spite of his immense popularity in the West, Hokusai is not nearly as good an artist as the great masters of the eighteenth century such as Utamaro or Harunobu. (Comerford, Nov. 15-Dec. 31.)—H.M.

John Hoffer, Jim Martin: An ex-Air Force officer who holds a degree Cum Laude in German literature, Hoffer has been painting since 1953. He paints checkerboard patterns which sometimes assume puffer formations and pivot on his ability to make color more than decorative. He works on very small sizes, creating the impression of a glowing object and enhancing the drift to mysticism which is further complemented by the use of glazes, gold leaf and scratched textures. The works are hermetic rather than enigmatic. Martin once more sifts intentional accidents for subjects. His show last year ran to the archaic. His recent work is more atmospheric, including a blue-grayish maelstrom, fittingly titled *Mal de Mer*, and a warm landscape that reaches a high degree of representation in spotted orange and green textures. (Phoenix, Oct. 23-Nov. 5.)—S.T.

Mary Janice Thornton: There is a fine color sense operative in these oil paintings, and the style varies a little from painting to painting, with thin vertical strips or bands of color forming woven patterns across the surface of the canvas. They are not always secure in their compositional sense—the large, empty, uninteresting areas of *Autumn Leaves*, for example—and there is an occasional awkwardness in the exaggerations of the figure, as in *Yellow Nude*. By far the more interesting and more fully sustained works are the landscapes. They like *St. Paul, From St. Paul and Trees*, with their broken touches of blues, purples and various greens, the silhouette forms of the trees played off against the over-all spotting of the canvas with rich color. (Eggleston, Dec. 7-19.)—J.R.M.

Herbert Kallem: Clothes make the man (or the break woman) by turning him into a problem of aesthetics. Kallem's aesthetic turns him back into a ground man. His not overly large sculptured figures are frequently voluminously attired—aesthetic capital



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as far as volume is concerned. But Kallem so particularizes it with a gesture that disguise is impossible. These are tragicomic figures, beaten from sheet copper and lead and combined with a host of found objects. Wit mingles with a kind of neo-Victorian sense of ornament. They are simultaneously baggy, crumpled and—starved, and belatedly elegant. Kallem's acknowledged debt to Giacometti and the Etruscans is apparent in the shriveled elegance of his matadors, desiccation and intricately embossed scrap metal combining to exemplarize the ironic majesty that flavors them. His tendency to caricature favors a slightly bum leg of draftsmanship, but his whimsical pieces, made up almost entirely of junk, like *The Owl* and *The Straphanger* (the latter from some well-disguised plumbing), are enormously entertaining. (Roko, Dec. 7-31.)—S.T.

Joe Jones: There is a type of abstraction that seems to serve as the common trough for realists pressed by circumstances to go modern. A lineal descendant of Cubism, its stylized vocabulary of line and plane has supplied the formal advice for such figures as Lyonel Feininger, who drank directly from the source, and Karl Knaths, who combined it with a color philosophy. Jones was once a regionalist whose light touch carries over reasonably well into the muted geometry of rectangular swatches of blue, gray and white into which are drawn the schematic signs of boats, figures and clouds. There is more airiness than space, and a tendency to go to the brink of decoration by merely imposing his signs on the freely derived planes. His sensitivity to atmosphere places his water colors, with their scored surfaces, on a more impressive level. (Selected Artists, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Ursula Förster: In her first American show, this young German woman artist from Berlin, who was a student of Renée Sintenis, exhibits a group of small bronze sculptures of great charm and grace. They show two different styles, one full and plastic, recalling the work of Gerhard Marcks, the other more abstract and linear. Among the earlier works, which are in the first style, are some of the best pieces in the exhibition, such as the *Young Boy Playing a Flute* as well as the sensitively handled girl putting on her stockings. The second style, representing her more recent work, shows lively movement and very stylized and simplified forms which, although skillfully handled, are rather less individual, recalling the work of many young Americans. (Weyhe, Nov. 23-Dec. 31.)—H.M.

Pascin Drawings: Pascin was in this country from 1914 to 1920 and again in the twenties. This is a selection of drawings from these two periods. The prevalent image is the little nude—Pascin style. That means, here especially, the half-naked female whose chemise serves mainly to uncover the lower part of her figure. As always, she is here traced out in a wandering, fine line; her relaxed gestures are noted with wonderful ease, and sympathetically. There are also a handsome double portrait, in a more concentrated style, of a man and a woman in an interior, and drawings, colored, made in Havana. And something rare for occasional viewers of Pascin is the blue-ink *Episode on the Dunes*; if tabloids used drawings instead of headlines, this would do for a banner. (Washington Irving, Oct. 26-Nov. 14.)—A.V.

Bertram Katz: In an age that puts a premium on spontaneity, water colors (and drawings) more and more frequently outshine the oils, if only because they are not easily changed. Katz's oil and water colors are as different qualitatively as day and night. The oils have an agitated scheme, somewhat on the murky side, suggesting the texture of a well-organized pillow fight. Paint falls in a flurry of strokes, with some writhing shapes riding out the blizzard. In his water colors, Katz

makes composites of stylized signs of nature in quick, effective notations. There is no attempt to make painterly activity act like a concept; as a result their freshness prevails in this exhibition, which also includes delicate line drawings of organic forms. (Workshop, Nov. 23-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Boris Lurie: In two large murals Lurie dismembers the female anatomy that he has pulled into shape through a series of drawings and gouaches presented as preparatory to the paintings. The first concept was of a beach figured with female nudes. A full-colored gouache shows exuberantly brushed figures, very little line. An ink drawing approaches abstraction, with important distortions that add up to an idea of the nude. Then the murals—anatomy isolated on a ground of flat red or yellow, its strewn parts positioned as though they are autonomous bodies. The limb-bodies are carefully painted in black-toned white; they look like parts of a photograph pasted against the flat ground. It must be said that Lurie is lurid; seldom does a situation offer so apt a slogan. (Marino, Oct. 15-Nov. 15.)—A.V.

Eleanor Lochspieser: These etchings and aquatints by a widely exhibited printmaker run to masses of linear textures and large, sprawling calligraphic forms. Where the textural ensembles have considerable subtlety amounting to nuance, the harsher, flat forms are mitigated by the feeling of light created by the contrast of shape and ground. Sometimes graphic notation is at a minimum, as in the seemingly random scribbles of *Rain*, and the pointed disarray of hanks of line in *November*. But these are much more graphic than the bolder compositions. The line as shape implies more surface. (Wittenborn, Nov. 1-30.)—S.T.

Joshua Epstein: A new 10th Street gallery opens with a show on the sober side, considering the neighborhood. But Epstein's childishly drawn landscapes and such, with their sophisticated color, should not cause any raised eyebrows in the vicinity. He works rather small, with fluid outlines and even more transparent washes, his schematic drawing analogizing an innocence that matured abruptly in the selective application of colors on leave from Impressionism, the Bonnardish kind, and Matisse. One thinks also of Bemelmans in paintings like *Betsy with Recorder*. A warm palette holds everything pretty much to the surface, though it is sparingly painted and white space comes peeping through much of the scrubby brushwork. (Carmel, Oct. 11-31.)—S.T.

Olga Albizu: This is sensuously painted and colorful work by a young artist who has been shown frequently in the past few years. The smaller oils account for a number of successes in the current exhibition, especially *Mediterranean Light*, *Painting No. 12* and *Golden Autumn*. The last is especially impressive, tightly constructed of slabs and lozenges of color—glowing pinks and sunny ranges of brown. In the larger paintings, the inspiration seems less urgent and more formal, as in *Ode*, with its large, rounded, more thinly painted forms in grays, blacks, whites and reds. (De Aenlle, Nov. 30-Dec. 19.)—J.R.M.

Picasso Graphics: It is difficult to put together a really poor exhibition of Picasso graphics, so lively and versatile is his use of this medium. However, the present selection offers about as mediocre an assortment as it is possible to find. The invention with which he usually deploys black and white is scarcely in evidence in these largely linear studies, and the line is neither expressively brusque nor gracefully fluent like the contour-tracing, needle-fine line of his classical etchings. These works come too casually from a hand in perpetual motion to be accepted as a significant part of his production. A few ceramics are also on view. (Jackson, Nov. 10-Dec. 1.)—M.S.

William Palmer: Let us accept the phrase "applied Cubism" into our vocabulary. In that way we can distinguish between a convention, as the phrase suggests, and derivation, where fundamental aspects of Cubism are evident. Palmer is an applied Cubist. It is as if he sees the surface *a priori* in terms of its potential as a series of planes. The volumes of his landscapes, which are his major subject, are thus contrasted to an idea of surface. In the usual fight between vision and conception they are transformed, with the most substantial forms accepting partition while the surrounding space is blocked out more generously. At the same time shafts of light break out of the planes, creating a faceted effect or moon-struck contrasts. (Midtown, Dec. 8-26.)—S.T.

Richard Gorman Powers: The best of Powers' sleek, lacquered paintings are the simpler landscapes and seascapes. When he becomes literary and pontifical, as in *The Oracle* or *In the Beginning*, the work loses its firm grounding in observation without the compensation of fresh insight or visionary projection. The paintings of ocean swell or dark mountain profiles are drastically simplified to a few sharply delineated areas of low-keyed color, activated by a sudden scrawl of white for the froth of the wave or a wedge of white abruptly bisecting a mountain. (Rehn, Nov. 23-Dec. 12.)—M.S.

Phyllis Yampolsky: Expressionist abstraction the work of the last two years, are shown by a young artist who has studied with Hofmann and just spent the summer in San Francisco. Viewed in chronological order, several ascendent curves can be charted: the canvases increase in size; so do the curved-square forms; bright color appears along with the grays, blues and ochers, and expands. These "progressions" we can see, however, only as a changing façade. There is as yet no glimpse of the inhabitant we always look for in the image. Perhaps the occurrence in the latest canvases of diagonal-stroked hatchings against the large block forms will open a window to its appearance. (Judson, Oct. 24-Nov. 12.)—A.V.

Ariadna Liebau: The ancient letters which form these abstract palimpsests remain more vigorous than their recent combination, which involves simply grouping them to one side in obvious superimposition. The inscriptions are upon a single color, separate, except in one painting, *From the Other Bank*, in which the disjunction is established as between the clear black, yellow and white uncials above and the close-valued, seemingly shadowed, tan ones and gray ground below. Works such as this, of larger letters, are agreeably decorative; less so are those covered with smaller indecipherable scribbling. (Condé Riley, Dec. 8-19.)—D.J.

Small Paintings and Drawings: There are several handsome pieces in this showing of primarily French and American works: a series of delicate line drawings by Mary Cassatt, a Dutch *Landscape* by Jongkind with its fine cloud changes of blues, grays and whites, and an Inness *Landscape* with its misty gray-greens in delicate small touches of the brush. The entire showing forms a collection of striking taste including examples by Daumier, Gauguin, Guillaumin, Henri Edmond Cross, and several brilliant little drawings by Boudin. (Schweitzer, Dec. 1-31.)—J.R.M.

Barbara Ellis Ross: A Nebraskan artist, Miss Ross is basically a realist, and her motivation to try abstraction seems more of a response to its popularity than her necessity. Her realism, both in oil and water color, is flavored with topicality—genre landscapes, and the like. She is freer with water color, but slighter. *Fishing*, an oil, is given depth—as is a richly painted *Still Life*—by the comparative broadness demanded by the more resistant medium. Conceding to style, she simply

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ges. But her abstractions understand no equivalent concept except to go free, like the slaves. (Argent, Nov. 9-28.)—S.T.

Robert Paul Tosa: The buttery dabbling of paint which Tosa applies to his representational canvases approaches pointillism—but without its color science. He builds, instead, a consistent texture over the entire surface, a self-conscious impasto that imparts the effect of light without creating color. The mottled quality alters its saturation more as matter of course than intent. His masses are utterly pacified by over-simplification, and only in a cool economic painting of sand dunes does the drawing come to life. (Harrison Blum, Oct. 21-Nov. 10.)—S.T.

Julio Matilla: A Cuban painter, showing in a new gallery, Matilla demonstrates a vigorous and blunt style in his abstractions in oil. His range (and juxtaposition) of colors is equally knowledgeable. Particularly impressive are the fanciful *Guitar-Playing at Night*, with its splintery yellow forms proceeding through chunks of blue and brownish-purple darkness, and *A Cluster of Diamonds*, an exercise of broken forms in grays, blacks and dulled oranges within the curves of a circular format. (Dan Cooper, Nov. 2-14.)—J.R.M.

Nicola Simbari: Touches of Realism and Neo-Realism and the collages to be found in walls and façades abused by man and time are employed by this young Italian artist to create synthetically modern paintings. Simbari just leaves things out in his pictures when he wants to create space. This gives them a kind of photogenic "abstractness," as in *Marina di Ponza*, where stylized fishing boats grow weedlike out of a perfectly smooth sheet of turquoise glass which indicates water. But his color is bright and cheerful, and his loose way with details is not designed for enjoyment beyond the surface of his travel-folder subjects. (Bianchini, Nov. 1-30.)—S.T.

Sidney Delevante: Many of the titles in this large exhibition come from Delevante's own poems, and they are more or less descriptive of the fantasy events of the paintings, e.g., *Amber Musings of Zanzadik Zoomerang*, *Triumphant Creature Tended by Seventy Sounds*, etc. Delevante seems to have drawn a great deal upon Klee, though with humor in mind rather than wit. Too, his fantasy world is more elaborated than Klee's and more closed off from the mundane. The creatures which inhabit this world look like Pre-Columbian statuary as it might come to life according to the whimsy of a child, sometimes grave and pathetic as well as playful. (Fleischman, Nov. 1-17.)—G.D.

Bruce MacGibeny: Three paintings and four colored drawings stand out in this uneven display of an Expressionist talent. The three paintings manage to abstract an essential situation from the welter of heavy linear detail and indefinite color that confuse form elsewhere. *Still Life*, with its centrally located kitchen utensils, does this, reaching greater expressivity through explicitness (the two are necessarily linked). The large drawings probingly explore the human visage, seeking to extend patterns that occur within it to its surroundings. Here the expression is at once more personal, and more disturbing. (Marino, Nov. 13-Dec. 18.)—A.V.

Anthony Thieme: A résumé of the favorite haunts of the well-known master of the picturesque, Anthony Thieme, who died five years ago, is offered in a representative sampling of his oils of Rockport, St. Augustine, Nassau and French and Spanish hill towns. Careful to omit from his work any twentieth-century intrusions (such as telephone poles), the Dutch-born painter concentrated his gifts for observation and representation on the vestiges of provincial and old-world charm

IN THE GALLERIES

unblemished by modern innovations in art or technology. Nuances of shadow and sunlight were his particular concern, and his light-dappled New England streets remain as unperturbed as ever. (Chase, Nov. 2-14.)—M.S.

Philippe Hiquily: One experiences both amusement and despair at Hiquily's sculptures, which can't make up their mind whether they are sculpture or toys for grownups which ring bells, drop steel bearings from claw to claw or set abstracted anatomies into motion. Where sculpture is the issue, his shapes are simply banal—pin heads, pitchfork legs, bloated carcasses with bosoms like lobster claws. Balanced on a single point, *Man on a Tightrope* manages to be the agent of an idea, but Hiquily may be wiser to divert the observer's attention from the monotony of his forms with his noise-making, motion-creating contraptions. (Contemporaries, Oct. 26-Nov. 14.)—S.T.

Charles Blum: The Magic Realist rule of thumb seems to apply in Blum's case: the greater the degree of concentrated precision, the greater the element of mystery. Blum paints flowers, vegetables, store windows, a landscape and wall paper as if to grasp the secret of their molecules. The paper bag, split to reveal some spring onions, might at any moment become a saintly robe. The world behind the windows is implicated in the elementality of a detail, and a trellis in a landscape is less a link between the house and nature than a symbol for the potential mutation hanging in the atmosphere. His technique, however, is a little too tight; the oppression it adds to the atmosphere is the wrong kind of super-reality. So he is not yet entirely convincing. (Nessler, Nov. 30-Dec. 19.)—S.T.

Richard Mayhew: Landscapes poised in their nostalgia are painted by Mayhew with what one feels is a sense of period, Americana style, without being able to place it. He paints meadows, thickets and stands of trees in simple compositions, working his generalized masses for subtleties of texture and contrast complemented by the qualities of the waxing and waning hours in which they are perceived. Inness may be of some assistance in locating the elegiac remoteness of Mayhew's landscape, but Mayhew is not nearly so dexterous with detail, striving instead for the radicals of a flat conception while modulating his color values and considering his shapes for amicability to an implied depth. (Isaacson, Oct. 21-Nov. 7.)—S.T.

Kate Helsy: Faces, semi-formed, are swirled away in mist; plants become wavy as if seen underwater; stark fire-escape railings frame a dusky pink dawn as if there were nothing else in the world, and always a hushed trancelike quality pervades these subdued yet insistent works. Crayon drawings and oil paintings alike have a very personal stamp, a visionary aspect which the outsider can recognize, but in which he cannot always participate. The simpler works like *Dusk* are the most effective; when the oils become elaborately abstract, as *Lonely Child*, their haunting power diminishes. (Roko, Sept. 14-Oct. 7.)—M.S.

Edith Nagler: The style and subjects of these paintings recall Early American primitives: the wide rural setting, with complete-seeming detail, where, through the seasons, happy country folk engage in a *Village Wedding* or a *Country Fair*. One water color shown, a still life of hyacinths, narcissus and apples, is strongly realistic, suggesting that the primitive reference in the decorative aspect of the charming rural scenes is consciously controlled. (Burr, Dec. 6-19.)—A.V.

David Adickes: Texas-born Adickes is a world traveler, but his fairly suburbanized *salimbanques* and semiabstract still lifes are modified-French. Adickes has drawn heavily on Picasso's early Neo-

Classicism to judge from his figure works, especially a large study of three figures, part Pan, part clown, part bather. They have large torsos, small heads and very long arms. His color feeling is invariable gray, though richly painted. His still lifes trade fixed shapes for rather feathery forms in an ambiguous setting somewhat landscapish in feeling. (Nessler, Nov. 9-28.)—S.T.

Augustine Fernandez: In his third one-man show this young Cuban painter exhibits oils, water colors and drawings. The oils, for the most part, are abstract, and yet there is a suggestion of still life, as if bunches of flowers had been exploded and the swirl of the vanishing petals had been recorded in this hot palette of deep reds and blues blended in long, caressing strokes. The drawings are similar in theme but are more convincing structurally, perhaps because the forms are less anatomized by the rendering. (Bodley, Oct. 12-24.)—G.D.

Yetty: A young French artist married to an American is having her third one-man show. Her accomplished references to Post-Impressionism are overly subtilized by a thin, delicate painting technique. Nonetheless she constructs in planes, working for a deliberate fuzziness that comes off best in *Flower and Fruits*, where she makes a pattern of her textures, using the objects to tie the picture down with something concrete. (Gallery 28, Nov. 12-28.)—S.T.

E. B. Michkils: There is enough diligence in these ink and water color abstractions to arouse one's curiosity. It is not, however, sustained. Mrs. Michkils lives in Washington where she has studied with Tobey. Her stained patterns reveal earth shapes, rock patterns, shell forms. She also indulges a dragged, written stroke and those ink-blot eruptions that are becoming as increasingly fashionable as they are distant from the Oriental metaphysics that succored them. The artist is seduced by her fascination for accidents. (Kottler, Nov. 30-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Roland Wise: San Francisco-born, Wise now teaches in Buffalo. This is his first one-man show in New York. His is a shadow-and-substance style depending substantially on the murky effects created by transparent washes, particularly burnt sienna, and occasionally sooty grays and foggy blues. Darker forms are staked out without being pinned down, and there is a kind of irregular massing which is similarly insecure. These vagaries are pressed into service as metaphors of *Sequence*, *Interval* and others having to do with the feel of the morning hours. The effect is at all times atmospheric. (White, Dec. 15-Jan. 9.)—S.T.

Della Weinberger: The strict vertical structurings in black against soft stains of color in these expansive water colors on rice paper create an air of spaciousness and formality that complements the landscape affinities of the work. The artist is particularly impressive in the soft brown and beige composition *Summer Departs*, and in the vivid reds, magentas and pinks of *Sunrise, Louse Point*. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 16-30.)—J.R.M.

Robert Wiegand: De Staël is Wiegand's starting point but not his conscience. He lays in bricks of color, large and small and variously shaped, refines them to a rather smooth finish and gives a dizzying tilt to the ensemble. The colors match certain landscape associations, reds and oranges in *American City*, greens and blues in *Calm Landscape*, and so on. At the moment he has not developed his technique to where it is equal to his ambition. (Phoenix, Nov. 6-19.)—S.T.

Richard Florsheim: Airports, harbors, thickets of skyscrapers are explored for their capacity to embody shafts of illumination which fade skyward

or fall into the river as reflections. Florsheim's preoccupation with city lights leads him to construct in a progression of shaded planes painted with a powdery technique that seems appropriate, however. The city is stylized; the lights are real. The diffuseness and suggestion become more picturesque than pictorial, despite uniformity of structural elements. (Babcock, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Ron Penkoff: These deft, stylized and eclectic abstractions by an artist now teaching in Indiana become increasingly ingratiating when seen in numbers because the method—on the brink of formula—becomes more of an appurtenance of vision as the artist progresses. Penkoff reduces his forms to clusters of color planes, trimmed with light, fuzzy lines. He sees only the top of Impressionism and Cubism, juggles his arrangements in conformity with the subject; but it is the soft focus quality that counts, a sense of discrimination that is also expressed in the absence of ostentatiousness. (Kottler, Oct. 19-31.)—S.T.

Leonard Cree: Wispy figures in groups and processions—school children, women with black umbrellas and white-coifed nuns—straggle across vacant luminous grounds of a green or yellowish cast. Details of locale and of individual traits are left to the imagination; the partially obscured brush-drawn figures are more like ciphers indicating population and, vaguely, occupation than actual beings, actually located. (Chase, Oct. 5-17.)—M.S.

Eric Sloane: These paintings of clouds are distinguished largely by the abstract effects that exist in the most naturalistic study of their billowing or stratified formations. Sloane has authored and illustrated ten books on clouds and weather. Paintings like *The Hurricane Eye* and *Cumulus Fields* have a kind of unintentional Impressionism in their misty patterns of blue, gray and white. Inevitably they succumb to the hardness of their illustrational realism, but for a moment they are fascinating. (Grand Central, Nov. 24-Dec. 5.)—S.T.

Beatrice J. Bennett, Leo Hyland, Arnold Lakhovsky: Miss Bennett's seascapes are dark and gelid and thickly painted. She is not above using a motion to fake a detail, but still she is far more observant than Leo Hyland, whose effects—not paintings—of trees, an Oriental head, a landscape are bogged down in misinformation. Lakhovsky, who died three years ago, seems to have absorbed the French manner peripherally and then pursued it competently but half-heartedly in scenes from Belgium, Venice and America. (Kottler, Oct. 5-17.)—S.T.

H. Tel Vardi, Miriam Axelrod: From the three paintings that could be seen, Miss Tel Vardi, a young Israeli artist now living in New York, demonstrates a stylistic range whose diffuseness is overcome by her talent. The works include a skillful, stylized portrait of an upper-caste Indian lady, an abstracted city scene and a totally abstract work of loosely knit transparencies that is no less indicative of her painterly intelligence. Miss Axelrod's stained-plaster and ceramic figures are tortured, helpless affairs, insensitive to the nature of the medium. (Ceceile, Dec. 14-28.)—S.T.

Rosette Jolis: Impressionist landscapes, fruits, etc., painted in France by an artist who commutes between her native land and her permanent home here, are more French, more stylistically dominated than similar works done in New York. These are more harshly lit, devoid of the tremulous quality of the former which tactfully conceals a hesitant drawing style. (Bodley, Nov. 30-Dec. 24.)—S.T.

Milton Lunin: Lunin uses his paint like an Expressionist, but his forms are sluggish, as if they

had to be coaxd along. The color is strong, melodramatic even, with harsh sunsets that look like forest fires. Gauntness never strikes the right note of elementality. His figures have some poignancy, but their sentimental features deprive his style of impact. A cool green landscape not imposed on by effects seems to give nature something of a chance to assist the artist. (Hartert, Nov. 2-30.)—S.T.

Alfred Greco, Frances Lawner: Solemn Expressionist portraits by Greco are severely rimmed by a black line, creating values of shape that are weakened by the thin application of glazes. On the other hand, the simplicity of his forms heightens their striking power. Mrs. Lawner is also something of an Expressionist, but a buoyant one. She employs vivid color and dense brushwork in brightly fuzzy still lifes, flower pieces and a number of scenes of the city. (International, Oct. 16-31.)—S.T.

Marjorie Liebman: Bland light color falling in amorphous verticals, occasionally becoming the dissolving outline of a Mexican cathedral or of a figure, manifests an insouciance which avoids every problem and its solution. (Section Eleven, Oct. 27-Nov. 14.)—D.J.

Nathan Raisen, Robert Bek-gran: Raisen shows thirteen oil paintings, abstractions in which thinly painted areas or forms impinge, overlap and drift near each other, producing a quiet, contemplative effect. Bek-gran's water colors are of trees, rocks and mountains, all seen so selectively and with such sparseness of detail that the composition is very formal and tends toward the abstract. Fleischman, Dec. 27-Jan. 13.) . . . **Robert Whitman:** An enormous construction called *The Sofa* dominates this exhibition; the back seat of a car, a twisted bumper and strips of chrome are suspended from the ceiling over a huge muslin-draped wooden frame in the shape of a sofa. (Reuben, Nov. 27-Dec. 16.) . . . **G. Koras:** The thirty small bronzes of Koras' first one-man show are competent and handsome, and reveal a widely ranging sensibility. When he improvises upon literal themes he recalls Picasso, but Lipchitz is the prevailing influence, even in the central support of outflung components and in the combination of the ceremonial with the spontaneous. (Brata, Oct. 30-Nov. 19.) . . .

Jeanette T. Kann, Alice A. Richheimer: Kann exhibits oils and water colors, most interesting of which is *Spain*, the ghost of a street scene shimmering in the semiastract format; Richheimer shows metal sculpture of linear figures and abstractions. (Duncan, Nov. 3-15.) . . . **Judson Briggs:** The palely colored and gently modulated abstractions of this large exhibition represent a flowering of experiment in a career of varied styles; one might take them as renderings of a process out of which some new form may emerge. (Tompkins Square, Nov. 6-15.) . . . **Henry Gasser:** European street scenes are the subjects of these water colors which are remarkable for their density and richness of detail. (Grand Central, Dec. 8-19.) . . . **Jean Schier Rogers:** City and harbor scenes are described in these big water colors done with broad strokes and bold structuring. (Duncan, Nov. 3-15.) . . . **Julia F. Cohn:** Still lifes and landscapes are rendered gently and conventionally in this first one-man show. (Picwood, Nov. 2-12.) . . . **Renzo Padovan:** The monotype process of these landscapes gives an effect which lies somewhere between drawing and painting. (Arts Center, Dec. 8-19.) . . . **Esther Uhrman, Celia Uhrman:** Esther Uhrman shows bright, primitive scenes of gypsy life; the work of Celia Uhrman is abstract, moody and sometimes violent. (Duncan, Dec. 14-28.) . . . **Carmen d'Avino:** *Café Espresso* is outstanding in a group of pointillistic still lifes and interiors which combine the imaginative with the literal. (Art Fair, Nov. 17-28.) . . . **George Brecht:** Chance hap-

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IN THE GALLERIES

penings, constructions with manipulable parts, and the pleasures of free invention are made much of in this exhibition, which is a kind of reverse Dada, the artist and the gallery—instead of the public—having borne the brunt of it. (Reuben, Oct. 16-Nov. 5.) . . . **Richard Wagner:** The special interest of these handsome landscapes lies in the handling of light: it is broken up into planes, patches, blooms, dots—so that the work combines the natural and the artificial. It is redeemed from rhetoric by its obvious relation to the real look of things. (Grand Central, Dec. 1-12.) . . . **Frank Burnham:** A calligraphic intent is apparent in the sustained brush strokes of these big abstractions based on natural scenes. (Arts Center, Dec. 19-31.) . . . **Alexander Dobkin:** The oils are a wedding of Romanticism and Social Realism. The settings and subjects are from the repertory of the latter (children in front of a store, mother and infant on a deserted road, etc.), but Dobkin's treatment is evocative and lush instead of stark; his palette is warm and handsome, his texture various. (ACA, Dec. 7-26.) . . . **Louise Arkell:** Still lifes and landscapes alternate with portraits in this exhibition of small oils. (Grand Central, Dec. 15-26.)—G.D.

Milton Harley: A Jamaican artist, in his first one-man showing, exhibits heavily painted semi-figurative, semiabstract oils that convey a sense of vigor and knowledgeability that is promising for his future work; the current exhibition, however, is uneven. (Brooklyn Arts, Oct. 14-Nov. 7.) . . . **William Panchak:** Ribbons of color form images in these oils which derive an immediate, though not sustained, impact from the inventiveness of the method. (Burr, Nov. 8-21.) . . . **Itzhak Sankowsky:** A strong drawing style and a firm painterly sensibility predominate in these gouaches, drawings and paintings, particularly in *Flowerpots*, with its broken pale greens, reddish browns and yellows. (Burr, Nov. 22-Dec. 5.) . . . **Eugenia Zundell:** In an exhibition which includes drawings, paintings and pastels, the artist displays a strong talent for rich color, rather heavy, simplified figures. (Brooklyn Arts, Nov. 1-21.)—J.R.M.

Edvard Johnson: His handsomely colored landscapes, generally of Italy and France, are built up within a Cubistic scaffolding. (Little Studio, Oct. 27-Nov. 7.) . . . **Richard de Menocal:** A striking mastery of the medium is combined with a sharply realistic style in these water-color still lifes of homely objects—eggs, mushrooms, a row of delicious fruits on a crisp white napkin. (Iolas, Nov. 2-28.) . . . **Ronald Christensen:** Large, billowing sections of foliage—brilliant dabs of changing color—are set against the orderly formality of tree trunks in the most notable works. *River through the Trees* and *Yellow Leaves of Spring*. (Little Studio, Nov. 16-28.)—J.R.M.

Edgar Pillet: Extremely decorative abstract paintings, all of which are based on a motif of lattice-like webs of paint on brilliantly hued backgrounds, comprise the current exhibition of this well known French artist. (Les Artistes de France, Oct. 27-Nov. 14.) . . . **Silvano Bozzolini:** Post-Herbin geometrical oils and water colors by an Italian artist living in Paris demonstrate an intense concentration and understanding of the various weights and values of color in organizing the picture space. (Les Artistes de France, Nov. 23-Dec. 7.) . . . **Herman de Cunsel:** This Belgian painter exhibits paintings in two modes: Surrealistic landscapes of prehistoric vegetation and, curiously enough, the second an abstract commentary on an overcrowded city of small rectangular houses colored in various patterns. (Les Artistes de France, Dec. 7-19.) . . . **Thomas Blagden:** Marin's New England is reinterpreted by a mature and highly skilled painter. (Milch, Dec. 7-30.) . . . **Vaughn Flannery:** A memorial exhibition presents a Maryland painter known primarily for his portraits of horses and scenes of

racing life in the tradition of Stubbs, Marshall and Herring and also the nineteenth-century *Police Gazette* and racing prints. (Kraushaar, Nov. 30-Dec. 31.) . . . **Anne Poor:** The daughter of Henry Varnum Poor presents an exhibition of still lifes and figures notable for their linear skill. (Graham, Dec. 1-31.) . . . **Gerard Koch:** Metal sculptures reminiscent of Giacometti show figures in acrobatic poses. (Bianchini, Nov. 28-Dec. 23.)—B.B.

Joe Overstreet: A group of children playing tops stands out in this group of Expressionist studies; the painting works through the fairly schematic drawing and simplified color scheme which departs from his usually exaggerated style. (International, Oct. 16-31.) . . . **Morton:** The picturesque character of islands rising out of the sea, an exotic bird and memories of foreign places are caught in rather a spackled style by a much-traveled artist. (Crespi, Dec. 7-17.) . . . **Victor Correa, Harvey Williams:** Correa, a young Brazilian artist, shows drawings, water colors and pastels of native subjects and scenes from the U. S., where he studied; Williams is showing a number of quasi-Surrealist compositions. (Cecile, Nov. 30-Dec. 12.) . . . **Al Radloff:** Sensitive figures and faces, decidedly Florentine in feeling, are lightly painted in oils on gesso and masonite panels, creating an effect of fresco. (Bodley, Dec. 2-24.) . . . **Bruce Buchenholz:** A line drawing of a figure sharply asserts itself in this collection of startlingly naive abstract drawings of loops, webs and clusters. (Crespi, Dec. 18-31.) . . . **Jan de Ruth:** Neo-Classic nudes in stylized poses are sweepingly painted in gradations of tone and rounded off with a fine brown line that catches the salient anatomical details. (International, Dec. 1-16.) . . . **Pierre Petal:** A Canadian, Petal refracts realism into abstraction by painting separate motifs on each shard of a pattern that resembles a broken mirror. (Cecile, Nov. 30-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Oliver Messel: Well-known English theatrical designer, Messel presents his paintings for the first time, revealing a capacity for sensitive but not overly imaginative portraiture and flower studies, plus a number of his theatrical designs. (Sagittarius, Nov. 2-21.) . . . **Jean Spencer:** Portraits and flower studies are painted in a conservative style that is flexible enough to admit choice swatches of color in the rendering of fruits and blossoms—modest work, and competent. (Grand Central, Nov. 3-14.) . . . **Arthur Schwieder:** An artist who has been teaching for many years, Schwieder combines Impressionism with faceted landscape forms in these curiously tropical-looking studies of Central Park. (Rehn, Oct. 5-24.) . . . **Bennett Bradbury:** Marine paintings in a familiar style, these are successful in conveying the many moods of the sea. (Grand Central, Nov. 5-21.) . . . **Larry Griffiths:** Landscapes are swiftly carried into abstraction through the device of reducing the forms to schematic shapes stained with color and edged with a swiftly curling line. (Panoras, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Robert Franc:** Scenes from South America and Mexico are painted in an impasto style which seeks to convey the effect of strong sunlight on the landscape and architecture. (Panoras, Nov. 30-Dec. 12.)—S.T.

Tom Bahti: The pursuits of anthropology and art are combined in the water colors and prints of this Arizona artist who uses Indian symbols as the basis for his handsomely stylized designs; in a sense he attempts to preserve some of the traditional qualities so notably absent from the contemporary realistic paintings by Hopi and Navaho artists which are also on display. (Duncan, Oct. 21-Nov. 10.) . . . **David Carnahan:** The diminutive sad-eyed urchins in front of large blank walls of Carnahan's earlier works give way to cosmic soundings in the form of glacial white canvases, uniformly troweled save for the interruption of a single pale orb of slender black

linear ruptures. (Duncan, Oct. 20-Nov. 10.) . . . **Grace Leslie Dickerson:** Mexican scenes are crisply depicted in spirited water colors and less coherently in oils that often become turgid through too great a profusion of muddled colors and stylistic indecision. (Duncan, Oct. 3-13.) . . . **James Ruban:** Admittedly on the rebound from years of academic training and conventional painting, Ruban abandons all compositional order and painterly niceties in the freewheeling activity of brush and knife; only the rhythm of color repetitions saves the paintings from total chaos. (Ceceile, Nov. 2-14.) . . . **Willens, Moscovitz, Carnahan:** The imaginary views of villages and castles and verdant landscapes of Dorothy Willens' pastels have a wistful poignance not out of keeping with the naïveté of the rendering; her lack of painterly sophistication is offset by her directness and originality. Laszlo Moscovitz exhibits chunky sculptures of roughly squared-off figures in aggressive stances, and David Carnahan shows canvases similar to those described in his one-man show above. (Ceceile, Nov. 2-14.) . . . **Dankow, Glusman, Leeds:** Israel Dankow displays his competent, conventional handling of paint and subject matter in a sentimental study of a dancer, while Sidney Glusman uses the more directly expressive means of simplification and coloristic improvisation to give character to his enigmatic portraits; Leonard Leeds borrows from Cubism and other sources in the rather clumsy abbreviations of his heavily painted nudes and interiors. (Ceceile, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Michael Lemmermeyer:** A skillful painter, content with routine subjects and treatment, Lemmermeyer has a deftness of touch and freshness of color which almost lift such paintings as *Adirondack Landscape* or *Still Life with Grapes* out of the realm of the merely competent. (Kottler, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Chumm, Garfield, Naaman:** Theo Chumm shifts from gray-mantled scenes of the Nova Scotia coast to the luxuriant color of a Mexican market day to the gaiety of Haitian figures without perceptibly quickening the tempo of an essentially pedestrian approach to painting. Nancy Garfield applies bright color with vigor and directness, often detaching it from form entirely and letting it play freely around the objects depicted, such as a vase of flowers, without attempting any resolution between the abstract and figurative elements in her work. A well-modeled head of a young girl, three limp figures on a park bench and a hollow-chested seated figure are among the small terra-cotta sculptures exhibited by Miriam Naaman. (Kottler, Nov. 2-14.)—M.S.

Albert Radozy: The drawings and casein paintings of this first one-man show are ranked under such titles as *Thought Forms* and *Thought Clusters*; Radozy is a gifted draftsman and relies almost exclusively upon the finesse of his line. (Parma, Oct. 6-31.) . . . **Michel-Marie Poulain:** The figures of young girls, street scenes and flowers which dominate the artist's first exhibition in America are drawn so shamelessly from the clichés of the "art world"—and are slicked up with such confidence of effect—that they suffer a certain embarrassment by appearing in so robust a medium as oil. (Hammer, Oct. 6-17.) . . . **Allan Anderson:** The twenty-five oils of this posthumous exhibition are mostly poetic abstractions, sometimes with a feel of nostalgia, a touch of the strange; they are frequently arrestingly designed. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Nov. 21-Dec. 5.) . . . **Margot Alfandari, Louise Spelman:** The animation in Alfandari's still lifes of flowers lies in the exuberance of the brush strokes. Spelman's brightly colored landscapes are rendered with such angularity that they border upon the abstract. (Artzt, Nov. 18-30.) . . . **Theo Haupt:** Painted in the jungles of southern Mexico, these large, vivid oils use frond shapes as themes for improvisation. (Condon Riley, Oct. 6-17.) . . . **Edzard Dietz, Suzanne Eisendieck:** The two

artists of this joint show are husband and wife. Both work more or less from nature and within an Impressionistic-Intimist tradition. (Hammer, Nov. 3-14.) . . . **John Brzostowski:** The abstract, very busy and bright oils of this exhibit are in many cases framed to form diptychs and triptychs, sometimes one above the other like a T. (Artists', Nov. 7-26.) . . . **Fannie Hochstein:** The landscapes and city vistas of this first one-man show are suggestively distorted, partly by means of the heavy impasto, so that the real and the imaginative blend into one image. (Artzt, Nov. 7-17.) . . . **Harriet Bennett:** The city skyline is the subject of the small oils which make up the artist's second one-man show. The buildings are not so much depicted as used as a structural principle, for across their vertical lines there is a horizontal flow of dabs of color. (Condon Riley, Nov. 3-14.) . . . **Helen Stoller:** This second one-man show comprises paintings, collages and constructions, all pleasant and more or less in the decorative idiom which draws upon Klee, Léger and Miró. (Bodley, Sept. 28-Oct. 10.) . . . **Peter Michael Gish:** Spanish villages and courtyards are the subjects of these water colors and oils which combine classical perspective with modern brushwork; Gish has not yet found his own style, but his gifts are quite apparent. He was Kokoschka's assistant last year at the Summer Academy in Salzburg. (Artzt, Nov. 17-28.) . . . **Dorothy Paris:** The natural shapes (trees, rocks, earth contours) which appear in the deep colors of these oils seem to hover at the point of becoming abstractions; though seemingly spontaneous and free in a conventional way, these works are perhaps rather willed. (Bodley, Nov. 9-28.) . . . **Ruth H. Resnik:** Figures and still life, occasionally vivid in a quiet way, at best pleasantly naïve, are the subjects of this first one-man show. (Crespi, Nov. 23-Dec. 4.) . . . **Mortimer Slotnick:** The artificially literal quality of the outdoor scenes is redeemed in the award-winning *Pastorale*, which by its extreme simplicity catches the freshness of the naïve glance. (Artzt, Oct. 27-Nov. 6.) . . . **Louise Rosenthal:** The bright, big abstractions of this first one-man show are unsettled in technique, but are vigorous and happy and give every appearance of being open to growth. (Bodley, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Jurij Solovij:** Distorted figures and scenes of torture are among the dominant themes of the first New York showing of this young Ukrainian painter. (Arts Center, Nov. 12-25.) . . . **Vera Orban:** The sixteen oils described by the one title *Ambience* are semiabstractions in which landscapes, harbor scenes and figures are endowed with a disruptive energy; in the larger paintings the wavering of the forms breaks more openly into abstraction, with an attendant release of feeling. (Crespi, Nov. 9-20.) . . . **Michelle Stuart:** The pictorial metaphors of these accomplished abstractions are always clearly defined, and though they are frequently organized into strong masses, the feeling remains lyrical. The colors are chosen more or less to fit the theme. *Sea Flight*, for example, has the blues, blue-grays and darkened whites of a wintry sea, and the abstract shapes suggest the wings and tail of a bird in flight. (Nonagon, Nov. 5-29.) . . . **Jack Vallee:** Marine subjects are prominent in this large exhibit of water colors: gulls on rocks, lobster trap with buoys, etc. The composition tends to be asymmetrical; it is always handsome but seldom persuasive. (Bodley, Nov. 16-28.) . . . **Jon Henry:** The abstractions of this first one-man show fall halfway between pure action painting and the more composed works of the earlier abstractionists—which is to say that not all of the gestures are assimilated into the composition; yet there is a great deal of energy, and an attempt has been made to carry as heavy a burden as possible. (Camino, Oct. 30-Nov. 19.) . . . **Esther Davis:** Still-life objects and figures are used as themes for decorative, cubistic interplay of graded browns,

continued on page 73

ONE-MAN SHOW MORTON

Dec. 7-17

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NATIONAL

Brockton, Mass.: Brockton Art Association 3rd Annual Winter Show, Feb. 20-March 12, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawings, graphics, sculpture, pottery, ceramics, jewelry, silver work. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per entry. Entry cards and work due Feb. 13. Write: Robert Collins, Box 366, Bryantville, Mass.

Chicago, Ill.: New Directions in Printmaking 1960, Print Exhibitions of Chicago. Artists are invited to submit for traveling exhibition an example of one experiment in any of the print media: litho, etching, intaglio, woodcut, silk screen, monoprint. No fee. Entry cards due Jan. 1, work due Jan. 15. Write: Harold McWhinnie, Print Exhibitions of Chicago, 1341 N. Sedgwick St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 4th National Print Exhibition, March 13-April 24, 1960. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Purchase prizes. Entry cards and work due Feb. 27. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N.J.

Gloucester, Mass.: Second New Horizons in Art Exhibition, Gloucester Art Institute, Jan. 9-30, 1960. Media: all painting, small sculptures, ceramics. Fee: \$5. Entry card and work due Jan. 6. Write: Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Hartford, Conn.: Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, 50th Annual Exhibition, Avery Memorial Galleries, March 5-April 3, 1960. Media: oil, tempera, sculpture, graphics, drawings. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (\$4 for black and white). Work and entry cards due Feb. 23. Write: L. J. Fusari, Sec'y., Box 204, Hartford, Conn.

Jersey City, N. J.: Annual Exhibition, Painters' and Sculptors' Society of New Jersey, Jersey City Museum, Feb. 29-March 26, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics and sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (\$2 returned if work is not accepted). Work due Jan. 28. Write: Francis Hulmes, 15 Park Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

New York, N. Y.: Audubon Artists 18th Annual Exhibition, National Academy Galleries, Jan. 21-Feb. 7, 1960. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. \$3,000 in prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Jan. 7. Write: Mina Koeberthaler, 124 W. 79th St., New York 24, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions. Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

John Gregory Award Competition, National Sculpture Society. Open to all sculptors under 45 who are citizens of U.S. Prize of \$500 for work executed in the tradition of classic sculpture; portrait heads excluded. Photos due by Apr. 1, 1960. Write: National Sculpture Society, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Mademoiselle Magazine's 6th Annual Art Contest. Open to women under 26. All media. Jury. Prizes. At least five samples of creative work due March 1, 1960. Write: Art Contest, Mademoiselle, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Morris Gallery Winter Annual, Jan. 9-23, 1960. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes of one-man shows. Fee: \$3. Work due Jan. 4. Write: Morris Gallery, 174 Waverly Place, New York 14, N. Y.

National Academy of Design, 135th Annual Exhibition, Feb. 25-March 20, 1960. Media: oil and sculpture (by nonmembers and members), and water color, prints, photographs of architecture and murals (by members only). Jury. Prizes totaling \$12,000. Work due Feb. 11. Write: National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Oklahoma City, Okla.: Oklahoma Printmakers' Society 2nd National Exhibition—Water Colors, Oklahoma Art Center, April 17-May 15, 1960. Open to all artists. Medium: water color. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due March 25, work due April 1. Write: Oklahoma Printmakers' Society, c/o Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

Peoria, Ill.: Bradley University 8th Annual Print Exhibition, March 8-April 8, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: all print media except monotype. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$3 for two prints. Entry cards due Feb. 23, work due Feb. 28. Write: Art Department, Bradley University, Peoria, Ill.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Print Club 32nd Annual Exhibition of Lithography, Jan. 8-29, 1960. Open to all

artists. Only work completed in 1959 will be accepted. Jury. Prizes. Fee: nonmembers, \$1.75 for two prints. Entry blanks due Dec. 15. Work due Dec. 18. Write: Print Club, 1614 Latimer St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Print Club Exhibition of Woodcuts and Wood Engravings, Feb. 1960. Open to all artists. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$1.75. Entry cards and work due Jan. 15. Write: Print Club, 1614 Latimer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

San Francisco, Calif.: California Society of Etchers 45th Annual, California Palace of the Legion of Honor, April 30-May 29, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: all print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers, \$1 for members. Entry cards with fee due March 1, work due March 15. Write: Mrs. Miriam Beall, Sec'y., 700 Goettingen, San Francisco 24, Calif.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Printmakers' 31st International Exhibition, Seattle Art Museum, Feb. 10-March 20, 1960. Open to American and foreign printmakers. Media: all fine print media, except monoprint. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per artist. Entry cards and work due Jan. 20. Write: Secretary, Seattle Art Museum, Volunteer Park, Seattle 2, Wash.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Annual Spring Jury Exhibition, George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum, Apr. 3-May 1, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, prints, drawings, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (for nonmembers). Entry cards and work due March 22. Write: Mrs. Muriel LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

Washington, D. C.: Society of Washington Printmakers 23rd National Exhibition, U. S. National Museum, Jan. 17-Feb. 7, 1960. Jury. Fee: Write: Prentiss Taylor, J-718 Arlington Towers, Arlington 9, Va.

Washington Water Color Association 63rd Annual National Exhibition, National Museum, Feb. 14-March 3, 1960. Open to all artists. Media: water color, pastel, drawings, graphics. Prize jury. Fee for nonmembers: \$3. Entry cards due Jan. 31, work due Feb. 6. Write: Dorothy Loomis, 2719 Colston Drive, Chevy Chase 15, Md.

Wichita, Kans.: Wichita Art Association 15th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, April 16-May 21, 1960. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: silver, gold, glass, jewelry, ceramics, sculpture, mosaic, enamel, textile. Fee: \$3. Work due March 19. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont, Wichita, Kans.

REGIONAL

Chattanooga, Tenn.: 1st Hunter Gallery Annual, March 6-30, 1960. Open to artists of Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. Media: oil, tempera, water color, gouache, mixed. Jury. Prizes. Entries due Feb. 17. Write: George Thomas Hunter Gallery of Art, 10 Bluff View, Chattanooga 3, Tenn.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center, 7th Statewide Exhibition, June 5-July 5, 1960. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Entries due May 15. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

Decatur, Ill.: 16th Annual Exhibition of Central Illinois Artists, Decatur Art Center, Jan. 31-Feb. 28, 1960. Open to artists living within 150 miles of Decatur. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Jan. 14. Write: Decatur Art Center, 125 N. Pine St., Decatur, Ill.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Centre of the Oranges 9th Annual State Exhibition, Mar. 6-19, 1960. Open to N.J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry (limit of 2). Entry cards due Feb. 10, work due Feb. 13 & 14. Write: James F. White, 115 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Memphis, Tenn.: 5th Annual Mid-South Painting Exhibition, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, March 4-31, 1960. Open to artists now residing or having legal residence in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and in those parts of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Alabama and Louisiana encompassed within a radius of 250 air miles of Memphis. Media: all painting. Work must have been completed within past two years. Jury. Prizes. Work due Feb. 2. Write: Mrs. James McSpadden, Secretary, Mid-South Exhibition of Paintings, 209 Cherokee Drive, Memphis, Tenn.

Youngstown, O.: 12th Annual Ohio Ceramic and Sculpture Show, Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-31, 1960. Open to present and former residents of Ohio. Media: ceramics, sculpture, enamel. Fee: \$2. Work due by Dec. 13. Write: Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown 2, O.

IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 71

ivory, pearl gray. It is the artist's third one-man show. (Bodley, Oct. 26-Nov. 7.) . . . **Peter Barrett:** The pictorial reference of these recent oils is divided about evenly between Mexican peasants and big city streets, and the style varies with the subject. (Arts Center, Oct. 31-Nov. 12.)

. . . **Janice Biala:** The wide, linear, sustained brush stroke is a constant in the big abstractions of this exhibition; variety is achieved through color and by clustering the strokes into larger forms. Biala relates to both Tomlin and Guston, but puts free movement in the place of feeling. (Stable, Oct. 27-Nov. 14.)—G.D.

Robert Saxon: Stylized figures drawn in dark line depict religious subjects and encounters meant to be understood as symbols; the medium, encaustic, is so used that it holds in the light, whereas a sense of inner illumination would be more appropriate to the subject. (Panoras, Dec. 14-26.)—A.V.

The Chinese Looking Glass

continued from page 47

years. Besides, an art already so abstract offers no further possibility. One must take it or leave it so. There is something more, though, lying at a deeper level. Professor Northrop, in *The Meeting of East and West*, puts his finger on it when he pictures the Oriental painter putting "his brushes and his easel aside . . . to go off alone into nature to sit and contemplate it for hours and even days until he grasps it, in its pure, aesthetic immediacy by way of the immediately apprehended aesthetic continuum of which he is a part, from within, instead of as a partially postulated, geometrically proportioned, common-sense external object from without" (my italics). This obviously prevents Chinese paintings from being either descriptive or literary, that is, with a human mood projected on them. To the Taoist and Buddhist, man is part of nature, of the whole continuum. He has his essence, but so has every flower. Western art, not less when it is a religious art, must be anthropocentric. And this is just what Chinese art never is.

This may seem quite irrelevant today. I do not think it is. For instance, the nude, the human body, is central in Western art. Henry Moore said to me, not many years ago: "One finds all the forms one needs in the figure; and since it is ourselves it must be nearer to us than anything else." From the figure comes the principle of symmetry; and a glance at such a painter as De Kooning shows how far that still governs our art. In Chinese painting the nude has never existed. In consequence, neither has symmetry. This is replaced by the principle of balance, that is, of compensating asymmetry. The very principles of form and composition are opposed, even when, as in some of the pictures I was looking at, there are apparent parallels. This is all part, I think, of what William Willems, again in his *Chinese Art*, means when, commenting on the practices mentioned above, he writes: "Such discipline . . . fully explains the uncanny knack of seeming to step through an imperceptible barrier into the looking-glass world of their subjects, demonstrated over and over again by Sung and Yuan masters of hua niao."

The looking-glass world. Small, clear, perfect, but not human. Incapable, as the *Sueddeutsche* critic remarked, of tragedy or ecstasy—incapable too of pity or tenderness, anger or fear. An art so to speak without expression. As André Malraux wrote in *Le Musée Imaginaire*: "La sensibilité présente est loin d'être favorable à la peinture des Song. . . Elle ne correspond à rien qui nous harçole." Or, more sentimentally, the almost forgotten poet of the twenties, Humbert Wolfe, writing of another branch:

Spring, like the Chinese sculptor's art,
Has all of beauty save the heart.

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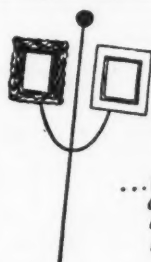
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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ALBANY, N. Y.
INSTITUTE OF HISTORY AND ART, Nov. 1-Dec. 15: Contemporary Realistic Painting; Dec. 8-27: Julius Gentelen; Dec. 29-Jan. 17: The Village Four; Dec. 9-Jan. 3: Print Club 8th Biennial

ATHENS, GA.
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Nov. 1-Dec. 20: Robert Friedwark, prints.

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOCIATION, Nov. 22-Dec. 18 Reeves

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, Dec. 6-27: 3 Regional Artists; through Dec.: Sculptors' Drawings and Prints; Bonnard and Vuillard

WALTERS ART GALLERY, Nov. 9-Jan. 3: Decorative Arts of Old Russia

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, Nov. 14-Dec. 20: Gabor Peterdi; Dec. 22-Jan. 14: Group

WRIGHT ART CENTER, Dec. 1-31: Nigerian Arts & Crafts; Bob Warren

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM, Nov. 14-Dec. 15: Seth Eastman; Dec. 15-Jan. 2: Alabama Art League

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Dec. 7-31: Elizabeth W. Mixer, silhouettes

KANEGIS GALLERY, Dec.: Modern Masters, lithographs and etchings

MUSEUM, to Dec. 13: Guggenheim

NOVA GALLERY, to Dec. 12: Yayoi Kusama

VOSE GALLERIES, Dec.: 19 Century American Portraits

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
GALERIE DAVID ET GARNIER, Carzon

GALERIE DE FRANCE, Dec.: Manessier

PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS, Dec.: Leyden

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ALBRIGHT, Nov. 4-Dec. 13: Clyfford Still

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
FOGG MUSEUM, Nov. 4-Dec. 12: Selections from the Brillon Collection

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
MINT MUSEUM, Dec. 6-31: Eugene Thomson

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
GEORGE THOMAS HUNTER GALLERY, Dec. 9-Jan. 3: Great European Printmakers

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INSTITUTE, Nov. 13-Dec. 13: Alexander Gardner photographs

PUBLIC LIBRARY, Dec. 2-30: Ryoza Ogura

CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUSEUM, Nov. 1-Jan. 15: Masterpieces from the Greer French Collection; Nov. 23-Jan. 5: Cincinnati Artists 14th Annual

CLEVELAND, OHIO
INSTITUTE OF ART, Nov. 20-Dec. 29: California Printmakers Exhibition

WISE GALLERY, Dec.: James Johnson

CLINTON, N. J.
HUNTERDON COUNTY ART CENTER, Nov. 1-Jan. 10: Holiday Exhibition

COLD SPRING HARBOR, L. I.
LAZUK GALLERY, Dec. 6-31: Paul Back

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
FINE ART CENTER, Dec. 20-Jan. 31: Mark Tobey Retrospective

COLUMBUS, OHIO
GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Nov. 23-Dec. 20: 15 Painters from Paris

DALLAS, TEXAS
MUSEUM, from Nov. 22: 4 American Expressionists

MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, Dec. 16-Jan. 11: Dallas Collects

DAVENPORT, IOWA
MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Dec. 6-27: Fritz Morrison

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, Dec. 12-Jan. 3: Ohio Printmakers, 1960; Dec. 2-Jan. 2: Phil Hodge

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, Oct. 16-Feb. 27: Structure; Dec. 6-Jan. 10: Denver Artists' 11th Annual

DES MOINES, IOWA
ART CENTER, Dec. 10-27: Graphics

DETROIT, MICH.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Nov. 24-Jan. 3: 155th Annual; Nov. 10-Dec. 22: American Prints Today; Nov. 24-Jan. 3: Biennial

WERBE GALLERIES, Dec. 6-31: W. S. Schwartz

ELMIRA, N. Y.
ARNOT ART GALLERY, Dec.: John Fell, Oke Nordgren

EUGENE, ORE.
MUSEUM, Nov. 17-Dec. 20: Arts of Southern California; George Nightingale

GREENSBORO, N. C.
THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C., Dec. 1-17: Contemporary Prints; Manijeh Tabrizi

HAGERSTOWN, MD.
WASHINGTON COUNTY MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Dec.: The Art of Yela Brichta

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, Nov. 10-Jan. 3: American Prints Today—1959; Old Master Prints

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
HOFSTRA COLLEGE, Ester Rolick

HOUSTON, TEXAS
CONTEMPORARY ARTS MUSEUM, Nov. 26-Dec. 27: Out of the Ordinary

CUSHMAN GALLERY, to Dec. 18: Yve Ganne

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
JOHN HERRON ART MUSEUM, Nov. 29-Dec. 20: German Expressionists Prints

Dec. 6-27: Wayman Adams

ITHACA, N. Y.
ANDREW DICKSON WHITE MUSEUM, Dec. 5-Jan. 10: Allen Atwell

LA JOLLA, CALIF.
ART CENTER, Dec. 6-Jan. 6: Sister Mary Corita, serigraphs; Dec. 9-Jan. 17: Dan Dickey

LEXINGTON, KY.
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, Nov. 22-Dec. 19: Graphics '59

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
MUSEUM, through Dec. 27: Fulbright Painters II

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Dec.: 19 & 20 Century British and French Paintings

PARIS GALLERY, Dec. 11-Jan. 16: Lithographs of the Ecole de Paris

WADDINGTON, Dec.: Leon Zack

LONG BEACH, CALIF.
MUSEUM, Nov. 15-Jan. 31: Primitive Art, Nov. 15-Dec. 7: Original Graphics; Dec. 13-Jan. 4: Marilyn Prior, George Jackson

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
MUSEUM, Nov. 4-Dec. 20: Aristide Maillet; Jan. Cox; Nov. 11-Dec. 20: European

ROBLES GALLERY, Dec. 7-26: Ron Blumberg

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ART GALLERIES, Dec. 10-Jan. 10: Recent Acquisitions; The Willetts J. Hole Collection

LOUISVILLE, KY.
ART CENTER ASSOCIATION, Dec. 7-Dec. 18: Two Decade Show—1939-1959

SPEED MUSEUM, Dec. 5-27: African Sculpture; Dec. 8-27: Calloot and Daumier

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE, Oct. 28-Dec. 11: Boris Margo, prints and drawings

MADRID, SPAIN
GALLERY MAYER, Dec. 15-30: John van Wicht

MEMPHIS, TENN.
BROOKS MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Dec.: Whitney Annual; American Prints Today—1959; Dorothy Doughtie

STATE ART DEPARTMENT, Dec. 4-16: Contemporary Italian Drawings and Collages; Dec. 8-16: Walter Tust

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, Nov. 19-Dec. 20: 100 Works on Paper—Europe; Dec. 22-Jan. 24: Print by Impressionists

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Nov. 25-Dec. 2: 20 Century Design, U.S.A.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, Nov. Dec. 21: Contemporary Greek Painting; Dec. 8-Feb. 3: William Blake

WALKER ART CENTER, Dec. 5-Jan. 20: American Prints Today

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
MUSEUM, Dec. 13-Jan. 10: Audubon Prints; Anna Hyatt Huntington, sculpture

MONTREAL, CANADA
MUSEUM, Nov. 19-Dec. 13: Jean Dallaire, paintings; Louis Archambault, ceramics

MUNICH, GERMANY
HAUS DER KUNST, Oct. 17-Dec. 13: Chinese Art

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, from Nov. 20: 19 Century New Jersey Paintings

NEW HOPE, PA.
GALLERY 10, Nov. 4-Dec. 15: Group

NEW LONDON, CONN.
ALLYN MUSEUM, Dec. 2-Jan. 3: Indian Sculpture; Parma Gallery

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
ISAAC DELGADO MUSEUM, Dec.: Fritz Bultman

OAKLAND, CALIF.
MILLS COLLEGE ART GALLERY, Nov. 1-Dec. 11: Lou Block, drawings and photographs

OMAHA, NEB.
JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, Dec. 11-30: The New Landscape in Art and Science

OTTAWA, ONTARIO
NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, Dec. 13-Jan. 15: Religious Subjects in Modern Graphic Arts

PARIS, FRANCE
DANIEL CORDIER, Dec.: Andre Breton, Marcel Duchamp

DENISE RENE, Dec.: Vasarely

GALERIE ARNAUD, Dec.: Martin Barre

GALERIE FURSTENBERG, Dec.: Modern Group

GALERIE H. LE GENDRE, Dec.: Contemporary Group

GALERIE JEANNE BUCHER, Dec.: Tobey

GALERIE RAYMONDE CAZENAVE, Dec.: Modern Painting and Sculpture

PAUL FACCHETTI, Dec.: Zoltan Kemeny

RAYMOND DUNCAN, Dec.: 100 Painters

PASADENA, CALIF.
MUSEUM, Nov. 10-Dec. 24: 39th Watercolor Society Annual; Dec. 15-Jan. 24: Sam Clayberger

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ART ALLIANCE, Dec. 3-27: 15 International Artists; Dec. 2-Jan. 3: Edythe Ferris

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BLACK GALLERY, Dec.: Betty Wesson
MUSEUM, Nov. 17 Jan. 17: Courbet's
Contemporaries
**PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE
ARTS**, Nov. 21-Dec. 27: Michael Mayor
Retrospective; Dec. 9-Jan. 3: Hallmark
4th International
PRINT CLUB, Dec.: Printmakers
PHOENIX, ARIZ.
MUSEUM, to Jan. 30: Aspects of the
Desert; Peter Rubel Collection
PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, to Jan. 3: Exotic
Art; Nov. 8-Dec. 8: Form Givers at Mid-
Century; Nov. 29-Jan. 3: Eliza Miller;
Nov. 30-Jan. 10: 20 Century Drawings;
Dec. 19-Jan. 17: 47th International Photog-
raphy Annual
PITTSBURGH, MASS.
BERKSHIRE MUSEUM, Dec. 8-31: 5th An-
nual Christmas Sale
PORTLAND, ME.
MUSEUM, through May: Maine Sculptors
PRINCETON, N. J.
MUSEUM, Nov. 11-Dec. 13: Albrecht
Durer, prints; Dec. 2-30: 17 Century
European Paintings
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
MUSEUM, Dec. 2-27: Edward Hopper,
watercolors; Dec. 2-Jan. 10: English
Watercolors and Drawings
READING, PA.
PUBLIC MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, Nov.
29-Jan. 10: Hiroshige, woodblocks
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
**FOYER GALLERY OF THE EASTMAN
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**, Dec.: George Bene-
dict, John Boison
MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, Dec. 15-Jan.
3: 20 Century American Paintings
ROCKFORD, ILL.
THE ROCKFORD COLLEGES GALLERY, Nov.
14-Dec. 17: Leah Bolsham
ROSWELL, N. M.
MUSEUM, Nov. 15-Dec. 13: Janet Lippin-
cott, drawings
ST. LOUIS, MO.
CITY ART MUSEUM, Nov. 5-Dec. 17:
Rockefeller Folk Art; Nov. 10-Dec. 22:
Recent American Prints; Dec. 1-27: Mis-
souri 17th Annual; Dec. 4-Jan. 4: 20
Century Art Club
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
ACHENBACH FOUNDATION, Nov. 28-
Jan. 3: Gifts and Acquisitions of 1958-59
PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,
Dec. 5-Jan. 3: Australian Art; from Dec.
12: Water Color Society 40th Annual
SAN MARINO, CALIF.
**HUNTING LIBRARY AND ART GAL-
LERY**, through Feb.: 30 Drawings from
the Gilbert Davis Collection
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
MUSEUM, Nov. 24-Dec. 20: Graphics for
Young Collectors; Dec.: Richard Haines;
A Corporation Collects; Contemporary
French Tapestries; Dec. 4-Jan. 10: Bien-
nial Acquisitions
SEATTLE, WASH.
MUSEUM, Dec. 10-Jan. 4: Religious Art;
19 Century Paintings
VITO SELIGMAN GALLERY, Dec.: Give
art for Christmas
WOESSNER GALLERY, Nov. 13-Dec. 13:
Manfred Selig Collection
SIOUX CITY, IOWA
ART CENTER, Dec. 29-Jan. 24: George
Kinet, Four Centuries of French Prints
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
MUSEUM, Dec. 10-31: Native Arts of the
Pacific Northwest
STRACUSE, N. Y.
STRACUSE UNIVERSITY, Nov. 30-Dec. 31:
The Ivory Tower Collects—Modern Paint-
ing
THE EVERSON MUSEUM, Nov. 22-Jan. 3:
The Art of the Manchus
TOLEDO, OHIO
MUSEUM, Nov. 15-Dec. 20: Old Master
Drawings from the Ingram Collection;
Dec. 6-27: 92nd Watercolor Society
TOPEKA, KANS.
MULVANE ART CENTER, Nov. 18-Dec. 18:
Missouri Valley 13th Annual
PUBLIC LIBRARY, Dec. 8-Jan. 3: The Way
of Chinese Landscape Painting
TORONTO, CANADA
THE ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, Nov.
13-Dec. 13: Canadian Group
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, Dec. 1-Jan.
10: Christmas Exhibition
TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Dec.: Everett
Spruce Retrospective; Kaethe Kollwitz,
prints and drawings; Mrs. Homer T.
Lamb; Directors' Choice
UNIVERSITY PARK, PA.
PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY, Nov.
21-Dec. 10: Invitational Print Show; Dec.
15-Jan. 12: Betty Parsons Presents
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CORCORAN, Nov. 20-Dec. 20: 14th An-
nual Area Exhibition
GREG GALLERY, Robert Neuman
JEFFERSON PLACE GALLERY, Nov. 24-
Dec. 12: Frederic Thruss; Dec. 15-Jan. 2:
Christmas Group Show
NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS,
Dec. 12-Jan. 17: Norwegian Tapestries
ORIGO GALLERY, Dec. 9-Jan. 15: Group
PHILLIPS GALLERY, Dec. 12-Jan. 3: Amer-
ican Watercolors and Drawings
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
NORTON GALLERY, Dec. 11-31: Artists'
Guild 7th Annual; Dec. 13-Jan. 2: Max-
ton School of Milan

WICHITA, KANSAS
MUSEUM, Dec. 1-31: Audubon Prints
WILMINGTON, DEL.
**WILMINGTON SOCIETY OF THE FINE
ARTS**, Nov. 13-Dec. 27: 46th Annual
WORCESTER, MASS.
MUSEUM, Oct. 31-Dec. 13: The Floating
World

NEW YORK CITY

Museums:
**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS & LET-
TERS** (653 W. 155), Nov. 20-Dec. 6:
Paintings for Hassam Fund Purchase
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Jan. 3:
Gabor Peterdi; Dec.: 4 Alumni Painters;
to Jan. 3: Ancient Art of the Americas
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53),
Dec. 10-31: Pageant of Christmas Settings
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Dec. 18-
Jan. 16: Photographic Exhibition
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), Dec.:
Museum Collection
JEWISH MUSEUM (1109 5th at 92), Dec.
13-Jan. 10: Prints
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Dec. 17-
Jan. 31: Ancient Art in New York Private
Collections
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), Dec. 3-Jan. 31:
Recent Acquisitions; Dec. 16-Feb. 14: 16
Americans; to Jan. 10: Photographs by
Alex. Liberman; through the winter:
Structures by Buckminster Fuller
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF N. Y. (5th at
103), to Jan. 3: Bemelmans
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42nd), to
Dec. 31: The Hudson River
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), to Feb. 7:
Art of Lake Sentani
RIVERSIDE (Riverside Dr. at 103), Nov.
29-Dec. 20: Brooklyn Artists Annual
**STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS &
SCIENCES** (75 Stuyvesant Pl., St. George),
Dec. 4-Jan. 8: Greek and Roman Objects
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Dec. 8-Jan. 31:
1959 Annual
Galleries:
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Dec. 6-26: Alexander
Dobkin; Dec. 28-Jan. 6: Anthony Toney
ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Nov. 30-Dec. 24:
New Work II
ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), through
Dec.: Contemporary French and American
AREA (80 E. 10), Nov. 20-Dec. 11: Ber-
nard Langlais; Dec. 11-Jan. 7: Group
ARGENT (236 E. 60), Nov. 30-Dec. 31:
Native Association of Women Artists
ARKEP (171 W. 29), Dec. 1-31: Group
ARTS CENTER (545 6th), Dec. 8-19: Renzo
Padovani; Dec. 19-31: Frank Burnham
ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th), Dec. 4-31:
2nd Annual
LES ARTISTES DE FRANCE (903 Mad. at
73), Dec. 7-19: De Cusel; Dec. 21-31:
Gallery Group
ARTISTS (851 Lex. at 64), Nov. 27-Dec.
17: Maynard; to Jan. 7: Akiba Emanuel
ARTZT (142 W. 57), Dec. 1-14: Russian
American Artists Inc.; Dec. 14-25: In-
vitation Show; Gallery Artists; Dec. 28-
Jan. 16: Modern Masters, Water Colors
BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Dec.: Group
BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Dec. 8-23:
Gallery Group
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Nov. 9-
Dec. 31: 27th Annual Christmas Show
BAYER (51 E. 80), Dec. 1-23: Treasures of
the East
BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), Nov. 23-Dec. 23:
Gerard Koch, sculpture
BODLEY (223 E. 60), Nov. 30-Dec. 24:
Rosette Jolis; Dec. 2-24: Al Radloff; Andy
Warhol
BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov. 17-
Dec. 12: Jose de Rivera; Dec. 15-Jan. 4:
German Group
BRATA (89 E. 10), Nov. 20-Dec. 10: Nich-
olas Krushenick; Dec. 10-Jan. 8: Group
BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Dec.
7-Jan. 7: Christmas Group
BROOKLYN COLLEGE, Nov. 9-Dec. 11:
American Painting—Nisenson Collection
BURR (115 W. 55), Dec. 6-19: Edith Nag-
ler; Dec. 20-Jan. 2: Malcolm Fraser
CAMINO (92 E. 10), Nov. 20-Dec. 10:
Jean Clad; Dec. 11-Jan. 7: Group
CARAVAN GALLERY (132 E. 65), Dec. 6-
26: Emily Frank
CARMEL (82 E. 10), Nov. 27-Dec. 16:
The Manhattan Group
CARNEGIE HALL ART GALLERY (57 &
7th), Nov. 9-Dec. 9: Helen Shotwell
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Nov. 24-Dec. 19:
Bernard Lamotte
CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Dec. 1-19: Paul Brach
CECILE (62 W. 56), Nov. 30-Dec. 12:
H. Williams, V. Correa; Dec. 14-28: H.
TelVardi, M. Axelrod; P. Petal
CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), Nov. 18-
Dec. 31: Jankel Adler
CHASE (31 E. 64), Dec. 1-31: Christmas
Exhibition
COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Dec. 1-31:
Christmas Exhibition
COMERFORD (117 E. 57), Dec.: Japanese
Prints by Hokusai
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Dec.
7-Jan. 26: Lorrie Goulet, sculpture
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Nov.
30-Dec. 24: Christmas Group
CRESPI (232 E. 58), Dec. 7-17: Morton;
Dec. 8-31: Bruce Buchenholz
D'ARCY (19 E. 76), through Dec.: The
Sculpture of Primitive Man
DAVIS (231 E. 60), Dec. 8-31: Drawings
DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Nov. 30-Dec. 19:
Olga Albizu
DEITSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov. 24-
Dec. 19: Christmas Selection

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), Dec. 5-31:
Small Treasures of Ancient Egypt
DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Nov. 24-Dec. 24:
Harrigan, Rivers and O'Hara
DORONA (601 Mad. at 57), Nov. 18-Dec.
15: N. Lam, M. Chabor, W. Harris
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Dec. 8-26: Ben
Shahn, serigraphs; Dec. 29-Jan. 30: New
Acquisitions
DUNCAN (90 Park at 40), Nov. 17-Dec.
10: Elza Druya-Forsu; Group; Dec. 1-14:
Norma Morgan; Jesse Soiffer, Forrest
Cooper; Dec. 14-28: Celia and Esther
Uhrman; Christmas Group
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Dec. 1-24: Leonid
DUYEEN (18 E. 79), Nov. 1-Dec. 15: Italian
Renaissance Sculpture; Dec. 15-Jan.
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Nov. 30-
Dec. 26: Previous Lowe Competition Win-
ners; Dec. 7-19: Mary Janice Thornton
EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Nov. 30-Jan. 2:
Poets and the Post
F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Dec. 1-31:
Graphic Art; Young Moderns
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Dec.: American
and European Modern Masters
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Dec. 14-31: Small
pictures from the Ecole de Paris
FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES (41 E. 57), Dec.
8-Jan. 2: Drawings and Sculpture
FLEISHMAN (84 E. 10), from Dec. 5:
Invitational Annual III; Dec. 27-Jan. 13:
Robert Bek-Gran, Nathan Raisen
FRENCH & CO. (978 Mad. at 76), Dec.
10-Jan. 2: Gallery Group
FRIED (40 E. 68), 24 Modern Masters
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), through Dec.: 19 &
20 Century Drawings
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Dec.: Primitive and
Archaeological Arts
G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), Nov. 24-Dec. 11:
Lambro Ahlas
GRAMHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Dec. 1-31:
Anne Poor
J. GRAMHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), through
Dec.: Recent Acquisitions
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43),
Dec. 1-12: Richard Wagner; Dec. 8-19:
Henry Gessner; Dec. 15-26: Louise Arkel
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad.
at 79), Nov. 28-Dec. 19: Virginia Banks;
Dec. 19-Jan. 8: Don Stacy
GREAT JONES (5 Great Jones St.), Dec.
1-20: Group; Dec. 22-Jan. 10: Sculptors'
drawings
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Dec. 1-24: Bemelmans
HARRISON BLUM (675 Mad. at 61), Dec.
1-15: Christmas Show
HARTKE (32 E. 58), through Dec.: Amer-
ican & French Paintings
HELLER (63 E. 57), Dec. 1-26: Small
Drawings and Watercolors
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Dec. 1-24: Edward
Plunkett—Invitation au Voyage
HICKS STREET (48 Hicks St.), Dec. 1-24:
Contemporary American Prints
HIRSCH & ADLER (21 E. 67), Dec. 8-31:
Exhibition
HUDSON GUILD (436 W. 27 ent. on 26),
Nov. 18-Dec. 9: Theodore Fried
IMAGE (100 E. 10), Dec. 4-30: Annual
INTERNATIONAL (55 W. 56), Dec. 1-15:
Jan De Ruth; Dec. 16-Jan. 3: Group
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82),
through Dec.: Gems of Expressionism
IOLAS (123 E. 55), Nov. 30-Dec. 30:
Braunschweig
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Dec. 15-Jan. 9:
Yasuhide Kobashi, sculpture; Group
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Nov. 24-Dec. 19:
Jensen; Dec. 1-Jan. 2: Adventure in Vision
JAMES (70 E. 12), Nov. 20-Dec. 10: Robert
Kaupeulis; Dec. 11-Jan. 7: Annual
JANIS (15 E. 57), Nov. 28-Dec. 26: Albers
JUDSON (239 Thompson St.), Dec. 4-31:
Group
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Nov. 23-Dec. 12:
Rare Graphics; Kapa, woodcarvings &
sculpture; Dec. 14-Jan. 2: Christmas Sale
KLEEMAN (11 E. 68), Dec. 2-Jan. 2: Enzo
Brunori
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Nov. 18-Dec. 12:
Rufino Tamayo; Dec. 15-31: Christmas
Exhibition
KOOTER (655 Mad. at 60), Dec. 1-30:
David Hare
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Dec. 14-26: Group
KRASNIR (1061 Mad. at 81), Nov. 30-
Dec. 12: Ruth Vadicka; Dec. 14-31: Group
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Nov. 30-
Dec. 31: Vaughn Flannery
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Dec. 2-31: Fred-
erick Franck
LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), Nov.
30-Dec. 12: Larry Cabaniss
LOEB (12 E. 57), Dec. 1-Jan. 15: The
School of Paris
LOVISO (167 E. 37), Nov. 28-Jan. 1:
Christmas Show
MARCH (95 E. 10), Nov. 20-Dec. 10: Tom
Young; Dec. 11-Jan. 7: Group
MARINO (46 W. 56), Nov. 13-Dec. 18:
Bruce MacGibney
MATISSE (41 E. 57), Nov. 10-Dec. 12: Dubuffet
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Nov. 23-Dec.
11: Man Ray; Dec. 13-Jan. 1: Group
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Nov. 24-Dec. 31:
Magul and Rajput Art
MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Dec. 8-31: Wing
Na, ceramics
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Dec. 8-26: W. Palmer
MILCH (21 E. 67), Dec. 7-30: Blagden
MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th at 13), Nov. 3-
Dec. 15: Paul Mommer, drawings
MOND (ART 719 Lex. at 58), Dec. 1-31:
Christmas Show
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Dec. 2-19: Luc-
ian Day
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.),
Dec. 10-Jan. 7: Metropolitan Young Ar-
tists

NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Nov. 30-
Dec. 19: Charles Blum; Dec. 21-Jan. 2:
Gallery Artists
NEW (50 E. 78), through Dec.: European
and American Paintings
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Dec.
14-Jan. 14: Klee
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), through Dec.:
Paintings from the Gallery's Collection
NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Nov. 18-Dec.
18: Cadoret Murals, paintings and studies
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Dec. 4-31:
Gallery Group
NORDNESS (700 Mad. at 63), Dec. 7-
Jan. 2: Christmas Show
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Nov. 30-Dec. 12:
Robert Franc; Dec. 14-26: Robert Saxon;
Dec. 28-Jan. 9: Lorraine Bolton
PARIS (126 E. 56), through Dec.: Master
Graphics
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77) Dec. 3-Jan. 9:
Art and Object
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Nov. 30-Dec. 19:
Alfonso Ossorio; Dec. 21-Jan. 9: Paintings
for Limited Space
PEN AND BRUSH CLUB (16 E. 10), from
Nov. 29: Watercolors
PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Nov. 16-
Dec. 12: Reginald Pollock; Dec. 14-Jan.
16: Medardo Rosso
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), through Dec.:
Modern Masters
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), from Dec. 4:
Christmas Show
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Dec. 1-15:
Andrew Morgan; Dec. 16-30: D. Wein-
berger
POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Dec. 1-12:
Group; Dec. 14-Jan. 2: Robert Norkin
PORTRAITS, INC. (136 E. 57), Dec.: Con-
temporary Portraits
REHN (683 5th at 54), Nov. 23-Dec. 12:
Richard Gorman Powders
REUBEN (61 4th at 9), Nov. 27-Dec. 16:
Robert Whitman
RICE (1451 Lex. at 94), Nov. 1-Jan. 1:
Group
RILEY (24 E. 67), Dec. 8-19: Ariadna Lie-
bau; Dec. 22-Jan. 9: Robert Buckner
ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Dec. 7-31: Her-
bert Kallam, sculpture
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Dec. 7-Jan. 9:
Group
SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Dec. 10-
Jan. 2: Ralf Gerard
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Nov. 9-Dec. 12:
Picasso—Faces and Figures; Dec. 15-Jan.
9: Andre Masson, etchings and lithographs
ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), Dec. 14-Jan.
16: Kaethe Kollwitz, Sculpture
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE (245 Clinton Ave.,
B'klyn.), Paintings and Creches
SALPETER (42 E. 57), Dec. 7-31: Christ-
mas Show
SCHAEFFER (32 E. 57), Dec. 7-24: Modern
American and European Drawings
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Dec.: Camille
Pissarro, drawings
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS (245 E. 23),
Nov. 20-Dec. 18: Robert Frankenburg
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Dec.: French &
American Paintings and Drawings
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), Nov. 15-
Dec. 19: Robert Cook
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Dec. 7-24:
Paul Bodin; Dec. 29-Jan. 16: Agnes Martin
SEGUY (708 Lex. at 57), Dec. 1-30: The Art
of the Woreg
SEIFERHELD (1175 Park), Nov. 9-Dec. 31:
Master Drawings
SELECTED ARTISTS GALLERIES (903 Mad.
at 73), Dec. 15-27: Clivia Morrison
SELIGSMAN (5 E. 57), Nov. 16-Dec. 5:
Master Drawings
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Dec. 5-Jan. 5: New
Acquisitions
STABLE (924 7th at 58), Dec. 15-Jan. 15:
11 Younger American Artists
STAEMPLI (47 E. 77), Dec. 1-31: 14
Contemporary European Sculptors
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Dec. 1-31:
Latin American Christmas Show
TANAGER (90 E. 10), Nov. 27-Dec. 18:
Philip Pearlstein; Dec. 18-Jan. 8: Group
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Dec.: Odd and Even
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTHAL (21 E. 57),
through Dec.: French Masters
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.),
Nov. 29-Dec. 11: Prizewinners Annual;
Dec. 14-31: Mid-Season Watercolors
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Nov. 30-Dec. 31:
Carlyle Brown, Bernard Perlman, Joseph
Rollo drawings
WALKER (117 E. 57), Dec.: Small Pictures
for Young Collectors
WARREN (867 Mad. at 72), from Dec. 2:
Young painters; Masters; Primitive Art
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.),
Dec. 7-Jan. 3: Christmas Exhibition
WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Nov. 23-Dec. 31:
Ursula Forster
WHITE (42 E. 57), Nov. 24-Dec. 12: Pier-
ro; Dec. 15-Jan. 9: Roland Wise
WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), Nov. 17-
Dec. 12: Group; Dec. 15-Jan. 9: Christ-
mas Show
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Dec. 1-31: Graves
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov.
1-Dec. 15: Eleanor Loehpseier, etchings;
Dec. 23-31: Matta, engravings
WORKSHOP (332 E. 51), Nov. 22-Dec. 12:
Bertram Katz; Dec. 15-Jan. 9: Miniatures
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Dec.
8-Jan. 9: 20 Century Watercolors, Draw-
ings & Collages; Dec. 15-Jan. 9: Albert
Chubac
ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Dec. 7-Jan. 2:
Los Angeles—New York; Dec. 28-Jan. 16:
Paul Georges

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